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COLUMBUS.

A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo. London. Murray. 1828.

MR. IRVING has here written an agreeable book; somewhat too prolix, and in many places feeble; but, on the whole, four pleasant volumes, which would be much pleasanter if they were only three. The chief and pervading fault of the book is that absence of all manly opinion—that skinless sensitiveness, that shuddering dread of giving offence, by which all the former productions of this writer are marked. In a book of tales and essays this defect, though sometimes laughable, is seldom offensive; but in a work aspiring to the rank of history, it is felt strongly in every chapter.

There certainly has been no lack of research in the preparation of this work; but its result has scarcely brought any thing more to light than had already been recorded, and in our own language, by Robertson and many others. The principal additions, as regards interest and value, consist of a series of papers, filling the greater part of the last volume, on contemporary and collateral persons and events, which influenced, or are illustrative of, the voyages of Columbus. These have by far more novelty than the narrative part of the work, and are written with more liveliness and spirit. We shall, however, begin at the beginning; and give our readers a general idea of the contents of these volumes from first to last.

The account of the early part of the life of Columbus is necessarily very imperfect. There are, in fact, no materials from which to come to any clear conclusion on the subject. The utmost that Mr. Irving has been able to give us is little more than conjecture. His narrative first assumes the form of authentic history on the arrival of Columbus at Lisbon, about the year 1470, when he was between thirty-four and thirty-five years of age. His personal appearance at this date is thus described:—

“Columbus arrived at Lisbon about the year 1470. He was at that time in the full vigour of manhood, and of an engaging presence. Minute descriptions are given of his person by his son Fernando, by Las Casas, and

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others of his contemporaries. According to these accounts, he was tall, well-formed, muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanour. His visage was long, and neither full nor meagre; his complexion fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy; his nose aquiline; his cheek-bones were rather high, his eyes light-grey, and apt to enkindle; his whole countenance had an air of authority. His hair, in his youthful days, was of a light colour: but care and trouble, according to Las Casas, soon turned it grey, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. He was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and of an amiableness and suavity in domestic life that strongly attached his household to his person. His temper was naturally irritable; but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Throughout his life he was noted for a strict attention to the offices of religion, observing rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the church; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinctured."—Vol. i. pp. 40, 41.

Columbus married at Lisbon, and became naturalized in Portugal. He continued to lead a sea-faring life, accompanying several of the expeditions to the coast of Guinea. The Portuguese were at this period the great navigators of the time: they were in high repute for the discoveries, chiefly along the African coast, that they had already made; and the world looked to them for continued enterprises of the same nature. Prince Henry, the great patron and fosterer of navigation, was now dead; but his spirit of enterprise had survived him, and was still at work among his countrymen.

Columbus shared largely in the devotion to these objects, by which he was surrounded. His mind was naturally of an active, eager, and even enthusiastic cast; and his attention had, from early youth, been devoted almost undividedly to nautical and cosmographical subjects. Indeed, his chief means of support, while on shore, was the making maps and charts, a trade at that time in much esteem, and considerably lucrative. Moreover he had married the daughter of a man very much distinguished in navigation—Bartolomeo Moñis de Palestrello, an Italian, who had been one of the foremost navigators under Prince Henry, and had been governor of Porto Santo, which island he had colonized. He had left behind him many charts, journals, and other papers relating to his voyages, and these his widow freely communicated to her son-in-law.

The first ideas of his subsequent discoveries would seem to have arisen in the mind of Columbus about this time. He went to reside with his wife in the island of Porto Santo, which had not very long been discovered; and was thus thrown into constant contact with persons going to and returning from the district in which the course of discovery then lay—namely, the coast of Africa. Moreover the prosecution of his labours in cosmography—his constant comparing of various maps and charts—and his communications with learned men upon these subjects—caused his mind to be continually at work upon the various nautical and geographical points which they embrace. The makers of maps and charts were, in those days, in high esteem among the learned, and enjoyed a large share of their confidential correspondence. At an early period after Columbus's coming to Lisbon, he became engaged in correspondence with Paulo Toscanelli, of Florence, one of the most scientific men of the age, who contributed

largely to fortifying the opinion of Columbus as to the existence of lands to the West—and who may be considered as one of the most influential supporters of his design to go to seek them.

To the circumstances we have already mentioned, Columbus added the study of geographical authors, ancient and modern. The popular rumours of the existence of islands in the Atlantic, (chiefly caused, as it is now supposed, by atmospherical delusions, one of which almost constantly cheated the eye at the Canaries,)—these rumours received, in the somewhat heated imagination of Columbus, support from the story of Antilla, a great island said to have been discovered in the ocean by the Carthagenians, and the fabled Atalantis of Plato. But as we intend to offer a few comments upon the theory which Columbus formed, we will give Mr. Irving's statement of it at length:—

“ It has been attempted, in the preceding chapters, to show how Columbus was gradually kindled up to his grand design by the spirit and events of the times in which he lived. His son Fernando, however, undertakes to furnish the precise data on which his father's plan of discovery was founded. ‘ He does this,’ he observes, ‘ to show from what slender argument so great a scheme was fabricated and brought to light ; and for the purpose of satisfying those who may desire to know distinctly the circumstances and motives which led his father to undertake this enterprise.’

“ As this statement was formed from notes and documents found among his father's papers, it is too curious and interesting not to deserve particular mention. In this memorandum he arranged the foundation of his father's theory under three heads. 1. The nature of things. 2. The authority of learned writers. 3. The reports of navigators.

“ Under the first head, he set down as a fundamental principle, that the earth was a terraqueous sphere or globe, which might be travelled round from east to west, and that men stood foot to foot, when on opposite points. The circumference from east to west, at the equator, Columbus divided, according to Ptolemy, into twenty-four hours of fifteen degrees each, making three hundred and sixty degrees. Of these he imagined, comparing the globe of Ptolemy with the earlier map of Marinus of Tyre, that fifteen hours had been known to the ancients, extending from the Straits of Gibraltar, or rather from the Canary Islands, to the city of Thine in Asia, a place set down as at the eastern limits of the known world. The Portuguese had advanced the western frontier by the discovery of the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands, equal to one hour more. There remained, according to the estimation of Columbus, eight hours, or one-third of the circumference of the earth, unknown and unexplored. This space might, in a great measure, be filled up by the eastern regions of Asia, which might extend so far as nearly to surround the globe, and to approach the western shores of Europe and Africa. The tract of ocean, intervening between these continents, he observes, would be less than might at first be supposed, if the opinion of Alfranganus, the Arabian, were admitted, who gave to the earth a smaller circumference, by diminishing the size of the degrees, than did other cosmographers ; a theory to which Columbus seems at times to have given faith. Granting these premises, it was manifest, that, by pursuing a direct course from east to west, a navigator would arrive at the extremity of Asia, and discover any intervening land.

“ Under the second head, are named the authors whose writings had weight in convincing him that the intervening ocean could be but of moderate expanse, and easy to be traversed. Among these, he cites the opinion of Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny, that one might pass from Cadiz to the Indies in a few days ; of Strabo, also, who observes, that the ocean surrounds the earth, bathing on the east the shores of India ; on the west, the coasts of

Spain and Mauritania ; so that it is easy to navigate from one to the other on the same parallel.

“ In corroboration of the idea, that Asia, or, as he always terms it, India, stretched far to the east, so as to occupy the greater part of the unexplored space, the narratives are cited of Marco Polo and John Mandeville. These travellers had visited, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the remote parts of Asia, far beyond the regions laid down by Ptolemy ; and their accounts of the extent of that continent to the eastward, had a great effect in convincing Columbus that a voyage to the west, of no long duration, would bring him to its shores, or to the extensive and wealthy islands which lie adjacent. The information concerning Marco Polo, is probably derived from Paulo Toscanelli, a celebrated doctor of Florence, already mentioned, with whom Columbus corresponded in 1474, and who transmitted to him a copy of a letter which he had previously written to Fernando Martinez, a learned canon of Lisbon. This letter maintains the facility of arriving at India by a western course, asserting the distance to be but four thousand miles, in a direct line from Lisbon to the province of Mangi, near Cathay, since determined to be the northern coast of China. Of this country he gives a magnificent description, drawn from the work of Marco Polo. He adds, that in the route lay the islands of Antillo and Cipango, distant from each other only two hundred and twenty-five leagues, abounding in riches, and offering convenient places for ships to touch at, and obtain supplies on the voyage.

“ Under the third head are enumerated various indications of land in the west, which had floated to the shores of the known world. It is curious to observe how, when once the mind of Columbus had become heated in the inquiry, it attracted to it every corroborating circumstance, however vague and trivial. He appears to have been particularly attentive to the gleams of information derived from veteran mariners, who had been employed in the recent voyages to the African coasts ; and also from the inhabitants of lately discovered islands, placed, in a manner, on the frontier posts of geographical knowledge. All these are carefully noted down among his memorandums, to be collocated with the facts and opinions already stored up in his mind.”—Vol. i. pp. 52—57.

Now, it is curious, that in this enumeration of the reasons which influenced Columbus's opinion, no mention is made of his idea that the globe needed balance, and that therefore undiscovered lands must exist to the West: or, rather, it is curious that this latter opinion should ever have been attributed to him, by such men too as Dr. Robertson ; inasmuch as it is incompatible with Columbus's real belief—viz. that the world was smaller than it really is by the width of the Pacific Ocean, and that he should reach Asia at the spot where he did reach America. The credit given to Columbus on this score has always seemed to us exaggerated and undeserved. Judging from “ a foregone conclusion,” profiting by present knowledge, the doctrine of balances has been attributed to Columbus, who never thought of, or needed, such a theory—seeing that he believed Cuba to be the extremity of Asia, to his dying day. In this statement, the life of the admiral, by his son, is quoted as the direct authority ; and yet this life was equally open to others who, in their love of system, have fallen into the error we have just exposed.

When Columbus had once thoroughly digested and moulded his theory, it is perfectly true, as Mr. Irving says, that he “ never spoke of it with the slightest doubt or hesitation, but with as much certainty as if his eyes had beheld the promised land.” Now we can very well under-

stand how this positiveness on a subject which, manifestly, was one of speculation, may have contributed to the notion which long prevailed at the Spanish court concerning him—that he was a visionary enthusiast, who, by constantly dwelling on one subject, had given to the phantoms of his mind the substance of realities. But how can Mr. Irving talk of “the glorious result having established the correctness of the opinion of Columbus.” Was his opinion correct? He expected to find India seven or eight hundred leagues west of the Canaries. Is that correct? He believed Hispaniola to be Japan, and Cuba to be China. Is that correct? In point of fact, he did not sail to discover new lands at all; but a new route to old lands. While the Portuguese were pottering along the coast of Africa, to get to India by sailing round its extremity, he wished and projected to forestall them, and to arrive there by a shorter and easier route, by sailing directly to the west. Dr. Robertson, in noticing the accidental discovery of Brazil a few years later, by the Portuguese fleet fitted out to profit by the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, says, “Columbus’s discovery of the New World was the effort of an active genius, guided by experience, and acting upon a regular plan, executed with no less courage than perseverance. But, from this adventure of the Portuguese, it appears that chance might have accomplished that great design which it is now the pride of human reason to have formed and perfected.”* Now, human reason never did any such thing: human reason was totally wrong; the “design it formed,” but never “perfected,” was, that the East Indies were where the West are: or rather, that Asia stood where the country now called America in fact stands. In seeking this illusion, Columbus stumbles upon a magnificent reality. But he no more projected the discovery of the New World as such, than did Pedro de Cabral that of Brazil, when, on his way to India, he stretched to the westward, to avoid the calms on the coast of Guinea.

Columbus having once fallen into his grand error concerning the size of the earth, and believing the eastern coast of Asia to be within the distance of a moderate voyage to the west, stored his mind with all the grandiloquent and exaggerated accounts of those regions that were then extant. Among the chief of these was the work of Marco Polo, a Venetian, who, in the thirteenth century, had penetrated to China, of which country, and all the surrounding regions, he wrote on his return a most gorgeous account. There is a very entertaining notice both of Marco Polo and his work, in the Appended Illustrations of which we have already spoken. As this work was almost a text-book of Columbus, we shall extract some parts of Mr. Irving’s account of it before we go farther:—

“The work of Marco Polo is stated by some to have been originally written in Latin, though the most probable opinion is that it was written in Italian. Copies of it in manuscript were multiplied and rapidly circulated; translations were made into various languages, until the invention of printing enabled it to be widely diffused throughout Europe.

“In the course of these translations and successive editions, the original text, according to Purchas, has been much vitiated, and it is probable many

* History of America, book ii.

extravagances in numbers and measurements, with which Marco Polo is charged, may be the errors of translators and printers.

"When the work first appeared, it was considered by some as made up of fictions and extravagances; but Vossius assures us that it was at one time highly esteemed among the learned. - - - - -

"Ramusio thinks that a great part of the third book was collected by him from narrations of mariners of the Indian seas. Athanasius Kircher is at a loss to know why he makes no mention of the great wall of China, which he must have passed, unless he visited that country by water.

"The most probable opinion given concerning him is, that he really visited part of the countries which he describes, and collected information from various sources concerning the others; that he kept no regular journal, but after his return home composed his work from various memorandums, and from memory. Thus what he had seen and what he had heard became mixed up in his mind; and floating fables of the East were noted down with as much gravity and authority as well ascertained facts. Much has been said of a map brought from Cathay by Marco Polo, which was preserved in the convent of St. Michael de Marano in the vicinity of Venice, and in which the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Madagascar, were indicated; countries which the Portuguese claim the merit of having discovered two centuries afterwards. It has been suggested also that Columbus had visited the convent and examined the map, from whence he derived some of his ideas concerning the coast of India. According to Ramusio, however, who had been at the convent, and was well acquainted with the prior of it, the map preserved there was one copied by a friar from the original one of Marco Polo, and many alterations and additions had since been made by other hands, so that for a long time it lost all credit with judicious people, until, in company with the work of Marco Polo, it was found in the main to agree with his descriptions. The Cape of Good Hope was doubtless among the alterations made subsequent to the discoveries of the Portuguese. Columbus makes no mention of this map, which he most probably would have done had he seen it. He seems to have been entirely guided by the one furnished by Paulo Tuscanelli, and which was apparently projected after the original map, or after the descriptions of Marco Polo and the maps of the Ptolemy.

"When the attention of the world was turned towards the remote parts of Asia in the fifteenth century, and the Portuguese were making their attempts to circumnavigate Africa, the narration of Marco Polo again rose to notice. This, with the travels of Nicolo le Conte, the Venetian, and of Hieronimo da San Stefano, a Genoese, are said to have afforded the information by which the Portuguese guided themselves in their voyages.

"Above all, the influence which the work of Marco Polo had over the mind of Columbus gives it particular interest and importance. It was evidently an oracular work with him. He is supposed to have had a manuscript copy by him. He frequently quotes it; and on his voyages, supposing himself to be on the Asiatic coast, he is continually endeavouring to discover the islands and main lands described in it, and to find the famous Cipango.

"It is proper therefore to specify some of those places, and the manner in which they are described by the Venetian traveller, that the reader may more fully understand the anticipations which were haunting the mind of Columbus in his voyages among the West Indian islands, and along the coast of Terra Firma.

"The principal residence of the great khan, according to Marco Polo, was in the city of Cambalu, (since ascertained to be Pekin,) in the province of Cathay. This city, he says, was twenty-four miles square, and admirably built. It was impossible, according to Marco Polo, to describe the vast amount and variety of merchandise and manufactures brought there; it would seem as if there were enough to furnish the universe. - - - - -

"But though Marco Polo is magnificent in his description of the province of Cathay and its imperial city of Cambalu, he outdoes himself when he comes to describe the province of Mangi. This province is supposed to be the

southern part of China. It contained, he says, twelve hundred cities. The capital Quinsai, supposed to be the city of Hang-chew, was twenty-five miles from the sea; but communicated by a river, with a port situated on the sea-coast, and had great trade with India.

"The name Quinsai, according to Marco Polo, signifies the city of heaven: he says he has been in it, and examined it diligently, and affirms it to be the largest in the world; and so it undoubtedly is, if the measurement of the traveller is to be taken for truth. He declares that it is one hundred miles in circuit;* that it is built upon little islands like Venice, and has twelve thousand stone bridges,† the arches of which are so high that the largest vessels can pass under them without lowering their masts. It has three thousand baths. It has six hundred thousand families. It abounds with magnificent houses, and has a lake thirty miles in circuit within its walls, on the banks of which are superb palaces of people of rank. The inhabitants of Quinsai are very voluptuous, and indulge in all kinds of luxuries and delights, particularly the women, who are extremely beautiful. There are many merchants and artisans; but the masters do not work, they employ servants to do all their labour. The province of Mangi was conquered by the great khan, who divided it into nine kingdoms, appointing to each a tributary king. He drew from it an immense revenue, for the country abounded in gold, silver, silks, sugars, spices, and perfumes.

"Fifteen hundred miles from the shores of Mangi, in the ocean, lay the great island of Zipangri, or as Columbus writes it, Cipango, and which is supposed to be Japan. Marco Polo describes it as abounding in gold, which however the king seldom permits to be transported out of the island. The king has a magnificent palace, covered with plates of gold, as in other countries the roofs of the palaces are covered with sheets of lead or copper. The halls and chambers are likewise covered with gold; the windows adorned with it; the very floors paved with it, sometimes in plates of the thickness of two fingers. The island also produces vast quantities of the largest and finest pearls, together with a variety of precious stones, so that in fact it abounds in riches. The great khan made several attempts to conquer this island, but in vain; which is not to be wondered at if what Marco Polo relates be true, that the inhabitants had certain stones of a charmed virtue tied to their arms, which, through the power of diabolical enchantments, rendered them invulnerable. The island of Cipango was an object of diligent search to Columbus.

"About the island of Zipangi, or Cipango, and between it and the coast of Mangi, the sea, according to Marco Polo, is studded with small islands, to the number of seven thousand four hundred and forty-eight, of which the greater part are inhabited. There is not one which does not produce odoriferous trees, and perfumes in abundance. Columbus thought himself at one time in the midst of these islands.

"These are the principal places described by Marco Polo, which occur in the letters and journals of Columbus. The island of Cipango was the first land he expected to make, and he intended to visit afterwards the province of Mangi, and to seek the great khan in this city of Cambalu in the province of Cathay.

"Unless the reader bears in mind these sumptuous descriptions of Marco Polo, of countries teeming with wealth, and cities whose very domes and

* "Mandeville, speaking of Cambalu, says it is ten miles of Lombardy in circuit, which makes eight miles."

† "Another blunder in translation has drawn upon Marco Polo the indignation of George Hornius, who, in his *Origin of America*, iv. 3, exclaims, 'Who can believe all that he says of the city of Quinsay? As for example, that it has stone bridges twelve thousand miles high!' &c. It is probable that many of the exaggerations in the accounts of Marco Polo are in fact the errors of his translators. Mandeville, speaking of this same city, which he calls Cansai, says it is built on the sea like Venice, and has one thousand two hundred bridges, on each of which is a tower."

palaces flamed with gold, he will have but a faint idea of the splendid anticipations of Columbus, when he discovered, as he supposed, the extremity of Asia.

"It was this confident expectation of soon arriving at these countries, and realizing the accounts of the Venetian, that induced him to hold forth those promises of immediate wealth to the sovereigns which caused so much disappointment, and brought upon him the frequent reproach of exciting false hopes and indulging in wilful exaggeration."—Vol. iv. pp. 293—303.

It appears that the project for arriving, by a brief voyage, at these realms of riches, lay some years in the mind of Columbus, without his making any very decided effort to carry it into execution. It seems, from the correspondence between him and Paulo Toscanelli of Florence, that he had conceived the idea so early as 1474; and it is eight or nine years after this period that we find him making proposals to John II. of Portugal on the subject. Here his offers met with a cool and even treacherous reception. At first, the expense, the hazard, and the natural preference to follow out the path on which they had so successfully begun, along the coast of Africa, induced the court of Portugal to listen but coolly to the scheme of Columbus. But on its being submitted to some of the council, it is asserted that Cazadilla, bishop of Ceuta, advised that the details of the plan, with the charts and other documents relating to it, should be demanded of Columbus, as though with a view to consult upon them—while, in fact, a vessel should be dispatched secretly to follow the prescribed route, and to ascertain whether the theory had any foundation in fact. This treacherous plan was executed. A vessel was despatched by way of the Cape de Verde Islands, which, after standing to the westward for some days, and seeing nothing but sea and sky, naturally gave the thing up in despair, as a wild and extravagant project.

Columbus, on discovering the plot which had been practised against him, was indignant; and refusing to enter into a new negotiation, which it is said John II. was ready to open with him, set off for Spain. His wife was dead, he was a citizen of the world, and Portugal was no longer his country. This was in the year 1484.*

For about a year after this there are no traces of Columbus. Many writers think he went to Genoa, his native place. It is said also that he proceeded to Venice. All this, however, lies hidden in great obscurity, and it now signifies but little. His first appearance in Spain is picturesquely given by Mr. Irving; we shall therefore extract it as it stands:—

"It is interesting to notice the first arrival of Columbus in that country, which was to become the scene of his glory, and which he was to render so powerful and illustrious by his discoveries. In this we meet with one of those striking and instructive contrasts which occur in his eventful history.

"The first trace we have of him in Spain, is in the testimony furnished a

* It was about this time that he dispatched his celebrated brother, Bartholomew Columbus, to England, to make similar proposals to Henry VII. Captivity and other delays long prevented his reaching England, and then his poverty was such that he was a long time before he could fit himself to appear at court. During this time, he also supported himself by making maps and charts. At last he laid his plans before Henry, who, in the most extraordinary contradiction to his paltry and penurious character, seems to have received them with great encouragement. But as Bartholomew returned to Spain, he heard at Paris of the successful arrival of his brother from his first voyage.

few years after his death, in the celebrated lawsuit between his son Don Diego and the crown, by Garcia Fernandez, a physician resident in the little sea-port of Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. About half a league from that town stood, and stands at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. According to the testimony of the physician, a stranger on foot, accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, Friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learned the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus, accompanied by his young son Diego. Whence he had come from does not clearly appear; that he was in destitute circumstances is evident from the mode of his way-faring; he was on his way to the neighbouring town of Huelva, to seek his brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.*

"The prior was a man of extensive information. His attention had been turned, in some measure, to geographical and nautical science, probably from his vicinity to Palos, the inhabitants of which were among the most enterprising navigators of Spain, and made frequent voyages to the recently discovered islands and countries on the African coast. He was greatly interested by the conversation of Columbus, and struck with the grandeur of his views. It was a remarkable occurrence in the monotonous life of the cloistered monk, that a man of such singular character, intent on so extraordinary an enterprise, should apply for bread and water at the gate of his convent. He detained him as his guest, and diffident of his own judgment, sent for a scientific friend to converse with him: that friend was Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, the same who furnishes this interesting testimony. Fernandez was equally struck with the appearance and conversation of the stranger. Several conferences took place at the old convent, and the project of Columbus was treated with a deference in the quiet cloisters of La Rabida, which it had in vain sought amidst the bustle and pretension of court-sages and philosophers. Hints, too, were gathered among the veteran mariners of Palos, which seemed to corroborate his theory. One Pedro de Velasco, an old experienced pilot of the place, affirmed that nearly thirty years before, in the course of a voyage, he was carried by stress of weather so far to the north-west, that Cape Clear, in Ireland, lay to the east of him. Here, though there was a strong wind blowing from the west, the sea was perfectly smooth, a remarkable circumstance, which he supposed to be produced by land lying in that direction. It being late in August, however, he was fearful of the approach of winter, and did not venture to proceed on the discovery.

"Fray Juan Perez possessed that hearty zeal in friendship, which carries good wishes into good deeds. Being fully persuaded that the proposed enterprise would be of the utmost importance to the country, he offered to give Columbus a favourable introduction at court, and he advised him by all means to repair thither, and make his propositions to the Spanish sovereigns. Juan Perez was on intimate terms with Fernando de Talavera, prior of the monastery of Prado, and confessor to the queen, a man high in royal confidence, and possessing great weight in public affairs. To him, he gave Columbus a letter, strongly recommending the adventurer and his enterprise to the patronage of Talavera, and requesting his friendly intercession with the king and queen. As the influence of the church was paramount in the court of Castile, and as Talavera, from his situation as confessor, had the most direct and confidential communication with the queen, every thing was expected from his mediation. In the mean time, Fray Juan Perez took

* "Probably Pedro Correa, already mentioned, from whom he had received information of signs of land in the west, observed near Puerto Santo."

charge of the youthful son of Columbus, to maintain and educate him at his convent. The zeal of this worthy man, thus early enkindled, never cooled; and many years afterwards, in the day of his success, Columbus looks back through the brilliant crowd of courtiers, prelates, and philosophers, who claimed the honour of having patronised his enterprise, and points to this modest friar, as one who had been most effectually its friend. He remained at the convent until the spring of 1476, when the court arrived in the ancient city of Cordova, where the sovereigns intended to assemble their troops, and make preparations for a spring campaign against the Moorish kingdom of Granada. Elated then with fresh hopes, and confident of a speedy audience, on the strength of the letter to Fernando de Talavera, Columbus bade farewell to the worthy prior of La Rabida, leaving with him his child, and set out, full of spirits, for the court of Castile."—Vol. i. pp. 95—100.

In Spain Columbus had most eminently to prove the truth of the axiom—

“What hell it is in suing long to bide:”

For above six years he underwent all the miseries of protracted hope, and of seeing some sudden circumstance dash his expectations at what promised to be their moment of fruition. Ridicule from the light and vain—sneers and more grave rebukes from the learned—misrepresentations from the malevolent—and adverse opinion from nearly all—such constituted the treatment which Columbus underwent at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Some thought him a mere enthusiast; and this idea was fortified by the circumstance of religious fanaticism mingling largely with the enthusiasm of the subject of his immediate solicitation. One of the points that he urged strongly, was the wealth which would accrue from his undertaking; and, as if there needed any additional inducement to obtain it, he proposed that the fruits of the new discoveries should be expended upon a new crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre! This, certainly, could not be openly sneered at in the court of the newly-declared Most Catholic King: but we can perfectly understand that even there, and indeed in the bosom of the Most Catholic King himself, such a supplement to a scheme which must then have appeared at the least enthusiastic, might have added greatly to the apparent wildness and groundlessness of the whole design. Others again believed him to be an unprincipled adventurer, whose only object was to obtain the profits arising from the necessary outfit, and who knew little and cared nothing about the ultimate object which he held out.

Mr. Irving constantly repeats on the subject of some of Columbus's fanatical and erroneous opinions, that we must not judge of him according to the knowledge of these more enlightened days. But neither ought we to judge of those who are designated his enemies by that standard. We now know that there are lands to the west: but we cannot go along with Mr. Irving in reprobating both the sense and the feeling of every member of the Spanish court in the fifteenth century, for not believing it on the mere *ipse dixit* of a poor, obscure, and unknown foreigner.

For Ferdinand and Isabella, though we have little respect for the personal character of either, and certainly none for that of Ferdinand, we must say there is a great excuse for their tardiness in listening seriously to the propositions of Columbus. At the time of his coming

to court, they were engaged in the greatest effort of their reign—in the wars, namely, which terminated in the final downfall of the Moorish power in Spain. They were, at this time, engaged in them with an engrossing ardour and energy which left them scarcely time, or mind, or money, to devote to any other object. And certainly the manner in which Columbus appeared at court, was not likely to gain him either greater or more speedy attention than ordinary. And yet, in the very thick of the war, Ferdinand referred the whole scheme to the most learned men of the kingdom, assembled at Salamanca, whose opinion was against Columbus.

It is undoubted that great nonsense was talked at this assembly: but, still, we must not judge from our present knowledge—and, again, if the doctors were wrong, so was Columbus also. Undoubtedly, it cannot be denied that the arguments used by many of them were nothing short of absurd. Quotations, not only from the Bible, but also from St. Chrysostome, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and a whole host of the fathers, were substituted for scientific facts, and logical deductions: but Columbus did the same thing. This was quite in accordance with the limited learning and extensive bigotry of that day. But why does Mr. Irving represent the same thing so differently, on the respective sides of the question? The contrast is little short of ludicrous:—

“Bewildered in a maze of religious controversy, mankind had retraced their steps and receded from the boundary line of ancient knowledge. Thus, at the very threshold of the discussion, instead of geographical objections, Columbus was assailed with citations from the Bible and the Testament, the Book of Genesis, the Psalms of David, the Prophets, the Epistles, and the Gospels. To these were added, the expositions of various saints and reverend commentators, St. Chrysostome and St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Gregory, St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and Lactantius Firmianus, a redoubted champion of the faith. Doctrinal points were mixed up with philosophical discussions, and a mathematical demonstration was allowed no truth, if it appeared to clash with a text of scripture, or a commentary of one of the fathers.”—Vol. i. pp. 121, 122.

And he goes on in the same strain for a couple of pages more. Now mark how different is the tone in which the same facts are recorded of Columbus:—

“Las Casas, and others of his contemporaries, have spoken of his commanding person, his elevated demeanour, his air of authority, his kindling eye, and the persuasive intonations of his voice. How must they have given majesty and force to his words, as, casting aside his maps and charts, and discarding, for a time, his practical and scientific lore, his visionary spirit took fire at the doctrinal objections of his opponents, and he met them upon their own ground, pouring forth those magnificent texts of scripture, and those mysterious predictions of the prophets, which, in his enthusiastic moments, he considered as types and annunciations of the sublime discovery which he proposed.”—Vol. i. p. 128.

As soon, however, as the wars of Granada were at an end, Isabella turned an attentive ear to the representations of the friends of Columbus—for some few friends, whom he had acquired at court, becoming converts to his doctrines, supported his interests warmly. His patience, however, had been wearied out, and he had actually left the court, with

the purpose of carrying his proposals elsewhere. He was, however, speedily overtaken by the joyful news that the queen had, at last, accepted them—and he returned.

The stipulations made by Columbus, and which were acceded to, were—That he should have for his life, and his heirs and successors for ever, the office of admiral in all the lands he might discover in the ocean, on the same footing as the high admiral of Castile in his district:—that he should be viceroy and governor-general over all his discoveries; that he should be entitled to one-tenth of the profits of all gold, jewels, and merchandise found, bartered, or gained within his admiralty; that he, or his lieutenant, should be sole judge in disputes arising out of traffic between those countries and Spain, provided the high admiral of Castile had similar jurisdiction within his district: and that he should be at liberty then, and at all after times, to contribute an eighth part of the expence of the expedition, and receive an eighth part of the profits.

These articles of agreement, and all other documents requiring the royal signature, were signed by both sovereigns—but Isabella, as Queen of Castile, bore separately the whole expence; and the regulation that no foreigners should establish themselves in the new territories was, during her life, enforced, with few exceptions, against even her husband's subjects.

After considerable difficulty and delay, arising chiefly from the terrors of the seafaring people to embark upon so hazardous an enterprise, three small vessels were fitted out at the port of Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. Even the peremptory nature of the royal order would scarcely have effected this, if it had not been for the personal exertions and activity of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a wealthy and eminent navigator of the place, who engaged in the expedition personally, as well as his brother—and by his influence with the seamen of Palos, and the pecuniary advances he made to Columbus, mainly contributed to equipping the armament.

It consisted of three small vessels—so small, indeed, as to render it matter of wonder how they were able to live through the violent storms by which they were assailed on their homeward voyage:—

“After the great difficulties made by various courts in furnishing this expedition, it is surprising how inconsiderable an armament was required. It is evident that Columbus had reduced his requisitions to the narrowest limits, lest any great expense should cause impediment. Three small vessels were apparently all that he had requested. Two of them were light barques, called caravels, not superior to river and coasting craft of more modern days. Representations of this class of vessels exist in old prints and paintings. They are delineated as open, and without deck in the centre, but built up high at the prow and stern, with forecastles and cabins for the accommodation of the crew. Peter Martyr, the learned contemporary of Columbus, says that only one of the three vessels was decked. The smallness of the vessels was considered an advantage by Columbus, in a voyage of discovery, enabling him to run close to the shores, and to enter shallow rivers and harbours. In his third voyage, when coasting the gulph of Paria, he complained of the size of his ship, being nearly a hundred tons burthen. But that such long and perilous expeditions into unknown seas, should be undertaken in vessels without decks, and that they should live through the violent tempests by which they were frequently assailed, remain among the singular circumstances of these daring voyages.”—Vol. i. pp. 180—182.

At length, on Friday, the 3rd of August, 1492, Columbus set sail upon his first voyage of discovery. His squadron consisted of his own vessel, which was the largest, and decked, called the *Santa Maria*; the *Pinta*, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon; and the *Niña*, commanded by another brother, Vicente Yañez Pinzon. He steered, in the first place, for the Canaries, where he was detained upwards of three weeks repairing some damages the *Pinta* had sustained on the passage. At length, on the 6th of September, he sailed from Gomera, and fairly launched upon his route of discovery. The terrors of the seamen, and the various fantasies which they conjured up to justify, while in fact they only increased them, are given by Mr. Irving in very considerable detail. We shall pass them over, however, and go at once to his arrival off the coasts of the New World:—

“It has been asserted by various historians, that Columbus, a day or two previous to coming in sight of the New World, capitulated with his mutinous crew, promising, if he did not discover land within three days, to abandon the voyage. There is no authority for such an assertion either in the history of his son Fernando, or that of the Bishop Las Casas, each of whom had the admiral’s papers before him. There is no mention of such a circumstance in the extracts made from the journal by Las Casas, which have recently been brought to light; nor is it asserted by either Peter Martyr or the Curate of Los Palacios, both contemporaries and acquaintances of Columbus, and who could scarcely have failed to mention so striking a fact, if true. It rests merely upon the authority of Oviedo, who is of inferior credit to either of the authors above cited, and was grossly misled as to many of the particulars of this voyage by a pilot of the name of Hernea Perez Matheos, who was hostile to Columbus. In the manuscript process of the memorable law-suit between Don Diego, son of the admiral, and the fiscal of the crown, is the evidence of one Pedro de Bilboa, who testifies that he heard many times that some of the pilots and mariners wished to turn back, but that the admiral promised them presents, and entreated them to wait two or three days, before which time he should discover land. ‘Pedro de Bilboa oyo muchas veces que algunos pilotos y marineros querian velverse sino fuera por el Almirante, que les prometio dones, les rogó esperasen dos o tres dias, i que antes del termino descubriera tierra.’ This, if true, implies no capitulation to relinquish the enterprise.

“On the other hand it was asserted by some of the witnesses in the above-mentioned suit, that Columbus, after having proceeded some few hundred leagues without finding land, lost confidence, and wished to turn back; but was persuaded and even piqued to continue by the Pinzons. This assertion carries falsehood on its very face. It is in total contradiction to that persevering constancy and undaunted resolution displayed by Columbus, not merely in the present voyage, but from first to last of his difficult and dangerous career. This testimony was given by some of the mutinous men, anxious to exaggerate the merits of the Pinzons, and to depreciate that of Columbus. Fortunately, the extracts from the journal of the latter, written from day to day with guileless simplicity, and all the air of truth, disprove those fables, and show that, on the very day previous to his discovery, he expressed a peremptory determination to persevere, in defiance of all dangers and difficulties.”—Vol. i. pp. 228—230.

We confess, we fully agree with Mr. Irving in these reasonings. We shall add his account of the actual discovery of land:—

“The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her

superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships ; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety ; and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of the night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and enquired whether he saw a light in that direction ; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchel of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams ; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves : or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them ; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana ; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed ; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established ; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself."—Vol i. pp. 231—234.

The newly discovered land turned out to be one of the smaller islands of the Lucayan or Bahama groupe. Columbus gave to it the name of San Salvador. There have been some disputes about its identity, but it seems to be pretty well established that it is the island still bearing the above name, though also known as Cat Island. Among the illustrations, there is an able article on this point by, as Mr. Irving states, an officer in the American navy.

The following is the account given by Mr. Irving of the first interview between the natives of the Old and the New Worlds. We extract it, partly from the interest of the scene itself, and partly from the terrible added importance which it gains from the reflection of *what* that intercourse subsequently caused. The adventures of the Spaniards in the West form one of the darkest pages in the annals of human crime and human suffering:—

"The natives of the island, when at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships, with their sails set, hovering on their coast, had supposed them some monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort ; the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to their woods. Finding, however, that there was no

attempt to pursue, nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions: all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared to them so strange and formidable, suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or that they had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.*

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colours. With some it was confined merely to some part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well-shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age: there was but one female with them, quite young, naked like her companions, and beautifully formed."—Vol. i. pp. 240—243.

It makes the heart shrink to consider the fate of these simple, generous, and confiding people. We shall have to touch, however, upon this subject in treating of that part of the history of Hispaniola which comes within the limit of this work, and it is certainly not sufficiently inviting to take out of its turn. Still, it is impossible, in reading of the first meeting of the two races, for the mind not to turn to the thought of the fate of that which had every right on its side, except that of the strongest.

Several of these natives were taken on board by Columbus, partly with a view for them to serve as guides, and partly that they might learn Spanish, in order to serve as interpreters with the natives of the countries where he might afterwards touch. But, it would seem, that in neither of these capacities were they of much use to him. For it was in consequence of his misunderstanding the words and signs of the natives, that Columbus wandered about among the West India islands, seeking for an imaginary land of gold; whereas, if he had followed the course which otherwise he would have pursued, he would, almost to a certainty, have been the discoverer of Mexico, and thus realized his

* The idea that the white men came from heaven was universally entertained by the inhabitants of the New World. When in the course of subsequent voyages the Spaniards conversed with the Cacique Nicaragua, he inquired how they came down from the skies, whether flying, or whether they descended on clouds. Herrera, decad. 3, l. iv., cap. 5.

anticipations of golden cities, though not exactly in the quarter of the globe where he expected to find them.

After passing some little time among the smaller islands, on the 28th of October he came within sight of Cuba. The apparent size of this island—the large rivers and considerable mountains, which proved its magnitude—as well as the extreme beauty of the scenery, made Columbus believe that he had at last reached the famed Cipango. The following passage gives a curious account of the causes which induced him to change his opinion. In the belief thus adopted he continued till his death; at least as it regarded the broad fact of Cuba being part of the main land of Asia:—

“After standing to the north-west for some distance, Columbus came in sight of a great headland, to which, from the groves with which it was covered, he gave the name of the Cape of Palms, and which forms the eastern entrance to what is now known as Laguna de Moron. Here three Indians, natives of the island of Guanahani, who were on board of the *Pinto*, informed the commander, Martin Alonso Pinzon, that behind this cape there was a river, from whence it was but four days’ journey to Cubanacan, a place abounding in gold. By this they designated a province situated in the centre of Cuba; *nacan*, in their language, signifying the midst. Pinzon, however, had studied attentively the map of Toscanelli, and had imbibed from Columbus all his ideas respecting the coast of Asia. He concluded, therefore, that the Indians were talking of Cublay khan, the Tartar sovereign, and of certain parts of his dominions described by Marco Polo. He thought he understood from them that Cuba was not an island, but terra firma, extending a vast distance to the north, and that the king who reigned in this vicinity was at war with the great khan.

“This tissue of errors and misconceptions, he immediately communicated to Columbus. It put an end to the delusion in which the admiral had hitherto indulged, that this was the island of Cipango; but it substituted another no less agreeable. He concluded that he must have reached the mainland of Asia, or as he termed it, India, and if so, he could not be at any great distance from Mangi and Cathay, the ultimate destination of his voyage. The prince in question, who reigned over this neighbouring country, must be some Oriental potentate of consequence; he resolved, therefore, to seek the river beyond the Cape of Palms, and despatch a present to the monarch, with one of the letters of recommendation from the Castilian sovereigns; and after visiting his dominions, he would proceed to the capital of Cathay, the residence of the grand khan. - - - - -

“It is curious to observe how ingeniously the imagination of Columbus deceived him at every step, and how he wove every thing into a uniform web of false conclusions. Poring over the map of Toscanelli, referring to the reckonings of his voyage, and musing on the misinterpreted words of the Indians, he imagined that he must be on the borders of Cathay, and about one hundred leagues from the capital of the grand khan. Anxious to arrive there, and to delay as little as possible in the territories of this inferior prince, he determined not to await the arrival of messengers and merchants, but to despatch two envoys to seek the neighbouring monarch at his residence.

“For this mission he chose two Spaniards, Rodrigo de Jerez and Luis de Torres; the latter a converted Jew, who knew Hebrew and Chaldaic, and even something of Arabic, one or other of which languages Columbus supposed might be known to this Oriental prince. Two Indians were sent with them as guides, one a native of Guanahani, and the other an inhabitant of the hamlet on the bank of the river. The ambassadors were furnished with strings of beads, and other trinkets, for their travelling expenses. Instructions were given them to inform the king that Columbus had been sent by the Castilian sovereigns, a bearer of letters and a present which he was to

deliver personally, for the purpose of establishing an amicable intercourse between the powers. They were likewise instructed to inform themselves accurately about the situation and distances of certain provinces, ports, and rivers, which the admiral specified by name from the descriptions which he had of the coast of Asia. They were moreover provided with specimens of spices and drugs, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any precious articles of the kind abounded in the country. With these provisions and instructions, the ambassadors departed, six days being allowed them to go and return. Many, at the present day, will smile at this embassy to a naked savage chieftain in the interior of Cuba, in mistake for an Asiatic monarch; but such was the singular nature of this voyage, a continual series of golden dreams, and all interpreted by the delusive volume of Marco Polo."—Vol. i. pp. 275—281.

It is not the least amusing part of this tissue of delusions, that a Jew should be chosen to go upon the embassy, on the ground that his language was by some *degrees* nearer to that spoken in the dominions of the Grand Khan than Spanish. It reminds us of the expedient of the Opium-Eater to preserve his reputation as a linguist, when he was visited by the Malay at his cottage in Westmorland. "My knowledge of the oriental tongues," he says, "is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (*madjoon*), which I have learned from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay Dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the *Iliad*; considering that, of such language as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one."

The success in both instances was the same. The Cuban chief and the Malay traveller remaining equally ignorant of the matters propounded by their European colloquists.

It was in the course of this embassy that the Spaniards first beheld the use of tobacco. It is thus recorded by Mr. Irving in a manner at once quaint and apposite:—

"On their way back, they for the first time witnessed the use of a weed, which the ingenious caprice of man has since converted into an universal luxury, in defiance of the opposition of the senses. They beheld several of the natives going about with firebrands in their hands, and certain dried herbs which they rolled up in a leaf, and lighting one end, put the other in their mouths, and continued exhaling and puffing out the smoke. These rolls they called tobacco, a name since transferred to the plant of which they were made. The Spaniards were struck with astonishment at this singular indulgence, although prepared to meet with wonders."—Vol. i. p. 287.

The inquiries of the voyagers were constantly directed with reference to gold; and they questioned the Indians most minutely concerning the place from whence they derived the small golden ornaments they wore. The Indians, in answer, pointed to the eastward, and used the words *Babeque* and *Bohio*. These, occurring repeatedly, Columbus conceived them to signify the names of islands, or rich districts, from whence the precious metal was obtained. And in search of these imaginary places, not only much time was wasted—but his coasting of Cuba was abandoned, the following out of which would, in proving it to be an island, have led him, in all likelihood, to the discovery of Mexico.

MARCH, 1828.

X

"The true meaning of these words (Babeque and Bohio) has," says Mr. Irving, "been variously explained. It is said that they were applied by the Indians to the coast of terra firma, called also by them Caritaba. It is also said that Bohio means a house, and was often used by the Indians to signify the populousness of an island. Hence it was frequently applied to Hispaniola, as well as the more general name of Hayti, which means highland, and occasionally Quisqueya, (*i. e.* the whole,) on account of its extent.

"The misapprehension of these, and other words, was a source of perpetual error to Columbus. Sometimes he confounded Babeque and Bohio together, as if signifying the same island; sometimes they were different, and existing in different quarters; and Quisqueya he supposed to mean Quisai or Quinsai, (*i. e.* the celestial city,) of which, as has already been mentioned, he had received so magnificent an idea from the writings of the Venetian traveller.

"The great object of Columbus was to arrive at some opulent and civilized country of the East, where he might establish a commercial relation with its sovereign, and carry home a quantity of oriental merchandise as a rich trophy of his discovery. The season was advancing; the cool nights gave hints of approaching winter; he resolved, therefore, not to proceed further to the north, nor to linger about uncivilized places, which at present, he had not the means of colonising. Conceiving himself to be on the eastern coast of Asia, he determined to turn to the east-south-east, in quest of Babeque, which he trusted might prove some rich and civilized island."—Vol. i. pp. 289—291.

He made sail, accordingly, in the direction pointed out by the Indians; but, meeting with strong adverse winds and rough weather, he put back to Cuba, to continue exploring its coast. In this trip, the *Pinta* left him; Pinzon, as it is supposed, being tempted by the reported wealth of an island of great riches, to which one of the Indians on board his ship offered to guide him; and, his vessel being the best sailer, he was enabled to part from his companions at pleasure.

After coasting of Cuba till he came to its eastern extremity, Columbus doubted whether he should continue along the coast, as it bent off to the north-west—which, he thought, would bring him to the civilized parts of India—or whether he should seek the Babeque, of which the Indians gave such marvellous accounts, and which they stated lay towards the north-east. While thus undetermined, he descried land to the south-east, on beholding which the Indians exclaimed *Bohio!*—which at once induced him to stand in that direction. He did so—and on the evening of the next day anchored in a fine harbour, to which he gave the name *St. Nicholas*, in the island which has, of late, regained its original name of Hayti.

This island became the nucleus of the Spanish settlements in the New World, and with its history the subsequent fortunes of Columbus were closely interwoven. On these shores, the Spaniards first caught some fish resembling those of our country. They also heard the song of a bird which they mistook for the nightingale, and they fancied the features of the country generally resembled those of Andalusia, and the more beautiful provinces of Spain. Under these impressions, the admiral named it *Hispaniola*.

After one more ineffectual attempt to discover the imaginary Babeque, Columbus returned to Hispaniola. As it was on this island that the atrocities of the Spaniards towards the natives of the New World first

were committed, it is right to notice here that, on its discovery, the kindness, amenity, gentleness, and honesty of these simple and amiable people were most conspicuous, and were universally and repeatedly acknowledged and praised by the whole expedition.

Nor were these qualities displayed only in the courtesies and kindly offices of general intercourse. A great and terrible misfortune happened to Columbus on their shores. Through the negligence of the steersman, his ship was run on shore, on the night of Christmas-eve, and all efforts to get her off proved vain. Our readers shall judge for themselves how the natives acted on the occasion:—

“The admiral and his men took refuge on board the caravel. Diego de Arana, chief judge of the armament, and Pedro Gutierrez, the king’s butler, were immediately sent on shore as envoys to the cacique Guacanagari, to inform him of the intended visit of the admiral, and of his disastrous shipwreck. In the mean time, as a light wind had sprung up from shore, and the admiral was ignorant of his situation, and of the rocks and banks that might be lurking around him, he lay to until night.

“The habitation of the cacique was about a league and a half from the wreck. When Guacanagari heard of the misfortune of his guest, he manifested the utmost affliction, and even shed tears. He immediately sent all his people, with all the canoes, large and small, that could be mustered; and so active were they in their assistance, that in a little while the vessel was unloaded. The cacique himself, and his brothers and relations, rendered all the aid in their power, both on sea and land; keeping vigilant guard that every thing should be conducted with order, and the property rescued from the wreck be preserved with inviolable fidelity. From time to time he sent some one of his family, or some principal person of his attendants, to condole with the admiral, and to entreat him not to be distressed, for that every thing he possessed should be at his disposal.

“Never, in civilized country, were the vaunted rites of hospitality more scrupulously observed, than by this uncultured savage. All the effects landed from the ships were deposited near his dwelling; and an armed guard surrounded them all night, until houses could be prepared in which to store them. There seemed, however, even among the common people, no disposition to take advantage of the misfortune of the stranger. Although they beheld, what must in their eyes have been inestimable treasures, cast, as it were, upon their shores, and open to depredation, yet there was not the least attempt to pilfer, nor, in transporting the effects from the ships, had they appropriated the most trifling article. On the contrary, a general sympathy was visible in their countenances and actions; and to have witnessed their concern, one would have supposed the misfortune had happened to themselves.

“‘So loving, so tractable, so peaceable are these people,’ says Columbus in his journal, ‘that I swear to your majesties, there is not in the world a better nation, nor a better land. They love their neighbours as themselves; and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy.’”—Vol. i. pp. 328—330.

The cacique Guacanagari appears to have been a most amiable and excellent man. Nothing could, by possibility, be more generous or more delicate than the whole of his behaviour during the transactions which followed the loss of the admiral’s ship. A series of mutual kindnesses and courtesies took place between them; the cacique being welcomed on board the caravel, and, in his turn, feasting the admiral on shore. The crews of the ships were also permitted to recreate themselves on shore; and the beauty of the country, the frank-

ness and liberality of the natives, and the example of the lazy, luxurious life they led, caused the sailors to take great delight at their stay in this voluptuous island.

It was, therefore, with great alacrity that they listened to the plan of Columbus to build a fort, and leave in it a certain garrison; which, while it would prevent the only vessel they now had left from being over crowded, would afford an occasion of a more permanent connection and trade being established between them and the Indians. These last also gladly acquiesced in the proposed arrangement. They were themselves exceedingly unwarlike, and they were in constant dread of the descents of the Caribs, a fierce, and, as many have believed, a cannibal nation, who from time to time made incursions into their island, where they committed the greatest outrages and devastation. The Haytians, therefore, having seen one or two samples of the power of the Spanish artillery, were but too happy at a portion of them being left, as it was stated, for their protection against these formidable enemies. They assisted even in the construction of the fortress, which was partly formed from the wreck of the *Santa Maria*, and armed with her guns.

While the fortress was in progress, Columbus received reports from some Indians that the *Pinta* had arrived at the eastern end of the island; and he immediately despatched a Spaniard, in a canoe furnished by the cacique, with a letter to Pinzon, making no complaints of his desertion, but urging his return. After three days the messenger came back, having been twenty leagues to the eastward, and seen and heard nothing of the *Pinta*. The loss of his own ship, coupled with the absence of the *Pinta*, tended to determine the admiral to return at once to Spain. He had now only one, and that a crazy and a small, vessel—on the safety of which depended the fate of the whole expedition. He, therefore, did not dare to risk it in farther navigating these unknown seas. Moreover, he was in strong dread lest Pinzon should reach Spain before him, and, by misrepresentations, snatch the glory of his discovery from him.

At length, in the midst of the most active courtesies and benefits from Guacanagari and his subjects, the fortress was finished; and the admiral gave to it, as well as the adjoining village and harbour, the name *La Navidad* (the Nativity), in commemoration of his having escaped from shipwreck on Christmas-day. He selected from his men thirty-nine of the most able and best behaved to remain behind. They had a sufficient number of artisans, and a physician. He named a commanding officer, and two others to the reversion of the command respectively, as death should render necessary. He gave them the most admirable regulations for their conduct towards the natives, and enjoined them to acquire a knowledge of the advantages and capabilities of the island, and to traffic with the natives to as great an extent as possible for gold, against his return.

Having taken a formal and most friendly leave of the kind natives, Columbus set sail from *La Navidad* on the 4th of January, 1493, on his return to Spain. On the 6th, he fell in with the *Pinta*. Alonzo Pinzon alleged that his desertion had been accidental and involuntarily—though it would seem to be almost beyond doubt that his avarice had proved too strong for the faith which he had kept hitherto.

Columbus would have now recommenced his search for Cipango and Cathay, but he had lost all confidence in Pinzon, and did not feel sure that he would not desert him again on the first temptation. He determined, therefore, to persevere in his intention of returning to Spain; and, after coasting along Hispaniola for some short time longer, and making several descents on shore, he once more launched into the ocean, and directed his course homeward. His voyage back proved as tedious, stormy, and dangerous, as his outward one had been fair and prosperous. He had, in the first instance, to struggle against the trade winds, and afterwards was assailed by a succession of most violent gales, in the course of which he was again separated from the *Pinta*—and this time, it is very possible, involuntarily on the part of Pinzon. He touched, in some distress, at the Azores, where his reception by the Portuguese governor was exceedingly churlish, and very nearly hostile. The King of Portugal was jealous lest the expedition of Columbus should interfere with his own discoveries; and had, therefore, sent orders to the governors of his colonies to seize and detain Columbus whenever they found him. Columbus's precautions, however, carried him safely through this danger.

It was, therefore, by no means by his own choice that the port into which he ran, on his return to the shores of the old continent, was the Tagus. But the dreadful gale of wind which he encountered after he left the Azores, rendered it a matter of necessity to run into the first port where he could gain shelter. The King of Portugal, however, did not act up to the instructions he had given to his deputies; he received Columbus with the greatest honours; and, however much he might regret having rejected his proposals to undertake this very voyage in his service, he treated the great mariner with every distinction for having achieved it. The weather having at length moderated, he again put to sea, and entered the harbour of Palos at mid-day on the 15th of March; being something less than seven months and a half since the date of his departure in the preceding year.

The triumphant reception of Columbus at Palos was but a prelude to that at court. Ferdinand and Isabella were evidently dazzled by the magnitude of the event which they owed to Columbus; and he, who had appeared hitherto at the court only in the character of an humble and almost unheeded petitioner, was now received with honours little short of regal. At the period of Columbus's return, the court was at Barcelona; whither, after receiving the most gracious answer to his dispatch announcing his arrival, he proceeded. His journey across Spain resembled a triumphant progress; the inhabitants of the towns and villages came out to greet and cheer him, and to gaze upon the strange people and produce of the New World.

A magnificent public reception awaited Columbus at Barcelona. Numbers of the nobles of the court and of the men of consideration of the city, came out to meet him. The procession was very imposing. First came the Indians, in the costume of their country; and they attracted, perhaps, more attention than all else. The inhabitants of the countries which had been thus wonderfully given to Spain, utterly dissimilar as they were, not only in feature and colour, but in some points which were reckoned generic to the human race, from all Euro-

peans, could not fail to be subjects of the highest curiosity and interest. Next came various kinds of animals, some birds, especially parrots, alive; and various others, of unknown species, stuffed. With these, were various descriptions of plants, which were believed to be of precious qualities. Last came the gold and golden ornaments which had been procured from the Indians, and which, naturally, were displayed with ostentation. Then followed Columbus himself on horseback, surrounded and followed by the brilliant escort which had gone out to meet him.

The king and queen awaited his arrival in state, surrounded by the whole splendour of their court. When Columbus entered, Ferdinand and Isabella arose, as though receiving a person of the highest rank; and, after scarcely permitting him to kneel to kiss their hands, desired him to sit—an honour scarcely ever granted in that court to any person not of royal blood. Columbus then gave an account of his voyage, narrated its chief wonders minutely, and displayed the specimens of rare, strange, and precious things which he had brought from the West. At the end of his speech, the sovereigns fell upon their knees, and with tears of joy returned thanks to heaven.

Columbus was now in the full sunshine of court favour. Arrangements went on rapidly for a second expedition. A sort of India board was established, of which the chief functionary was Juan Rodriquez de Fonseca, then archdeacon of Seville, and afterwards successively Bishop of Badajos, Palencia, and Burgos, and ultimately Patriarch of the Indies. This man seems to have had great talents for business, but to have been of a vindictive nature. He was one of the earliest enemies of Columbus, and threw many impediments and crosses in his way, during all the subsequent part of his life. This animosity, it is said, was originally caused by the complaints made by the admiral of the tardy equipment of the fleet for this second voyage.

This expedition was of a very different character from the first. It consisted of seventeen sail, three of them of considerable burden, and was furnished with every thing necessary for founding a settlement in the newly-discovered countries. Every description of person, from the high-born hidalgo to the sharking adventurer, was included in the armament. And there was also a band of missionaries—some anxious to extend the power of their church, others looking only to the propagation of the Christian faith.

The expedition set sail on the 25th of September, 1493, and steered for the Canaries, where they took in calves, goats, sheep, and hogs, to stock the island of Hispaniola; no quadruped having been seen in the New World larger than a small dog, which did not bark; which animal, indeed, with a few rabbits, formed the whole list of quadrupeds in those countries. The animals thus imported by Columbus in his second voyage thrived exceedingly; and, indeed, it is said by Las Casas, that the multitudes of swine which afterwards swarmed in the Spanish settlements, all sprang from *eight*, which Columbus now embarked at the Canaries.

The admiral stood a good deal more to the south than he had done in his first voyage, in the hope of discovering the islands of the Caribs, of which he had heard such formidable accounts in the West Indies.

In this object he was successful. On Sunday, the 3d of November, he made land; and called the island, which it proved to be, *Dominica*, from its having been discovered on a Sunday. He subsequently found, and named, *Marigalante* (after his ship), and *Guadaloupe*, from a convent in *Estremadura*, after which he had promised its monks to name some of his new discoveries. On his way to *Hispaniola*, he likewise saw and named *Montserrat*, *Santa Maria la Redonda*, *Santa Maria la Antigua*, and *San Martin*. On the 22d of November, Columbus reached the eastern end of *Hispaniola*; and on the 27th, in the evening, he arrived off *Navidad*. It being already dark, he was afraid to enter the harbour, on account of the reefs of rocks by which its mouth was clogged; but, being anxious to have tidings of the garrison he had left there, he fired guns and hoisted lights—but no answer was made from the shore. The fears to which this circumstance gave rise, were in the morning changed into certainty. The men whom the admiral sent on shore found the fortress totally destroyed, having to all appearance been sacked and burned. There were no Indians near, instead of the crowds who had been in the habit of thronging round the Spaniards on the former voyage. Upon further inspection, it was found that *Guacanagari's* village was also burned.

By degrees, however, the Indians began to come in, and, from their accounts, corroborated from various quarters and by many circumstances, there is little doubt that the following account of the fate of the garrison is in the main correct. It is true, that many on board the Spanish fleet questioned it; but with Columbus, who had personally experienced the hospitality and good faith of *Guacanagari*, it received full credit, and indeed, all the traces of the event spoke to the correctness of the representation:—

“It is curious to note this first foot-print of civilization in the New World. Those whom Columbus had left behind, says *Oviedo*, with the exception of the commander *Don Diego Arana*, and one or two others, were but little calculated to follow the precepts of so prudent a person, or to discharge the critical duties enjoined upon them. They were principally men of the lowest order, or mariners who knew not how to conduct themselves with restraint or sobriety on shore. No sooner had the departing sail of the admiral faded from their sight, than all his counsels and commands died away from their minds. Though a mere handful of men, surrounded by savage tribes, and dependent upon their own prudence and good conduct, and upon the goodwill of the natives, for very existence, yet they soon began to indulge in the most wanton cruelties and abuses. Some were incited by rapacious avarice, others by gross sensuality. They sought to amass private hoards of gold, nor were they content with their success among the Indian woman, though at least two or three wives had been granted to each of them by *Guacanagari*. They possessed themselves, by all kinds of wrongful means, of the ornaments and other property of the natives, and seduced from them their wives and daughters. Fierce brawls incessantly occurred among themselves, about their ill-gotten spoils, or the favours of the Indian beauties; and the simple natives beheld with astonishment the beings whom they had worshipped as descended from the skies, abandoned to the grossest of earthly passions, and raging against each other with worse than brutal ferocity.

“Still these dissensions were not dangerous, as long as they observed one of the grand injunctions of Columbus, and kept together in the fortress, maintaining military vigilance; but all precaution of the kind was soon forgotten. In vain did *Don Diego de Arana* interpose his authority; in vain

did every inducement present itself which could bind man and man together in a foreign land. All order, all subordination, all unanimity was at an end. Many of them abandoned the fortress, and lived carelessly and at random about the neighbourhood; every one was for himself, or associated with some little knot of confederates to injure and despoil the rest. Thus factions broke out among them, until ambition arose to complete the destruction of their mimic empire. The two persons, Pedro Gutierrez and Rodrigo de Escobido, whom Columbus had left as lieutenants to the commander, to succeed to him in case of accident, now took advantage of these disorders, and aspired to an equal share in the authority, if not to the supreme controul. Violent affrays succeeded, in which a Spaniard named Jacomo was killed. Having failed in their object, Gutierrez and Escobido withdrew from the fortress with nine of their adherents, and a number of their women; and, still bent on command, now turned their thoughts on distant enterprise. Having heard marvellous accounts of the mines in Ciabo, and the golden sands of its mountain rivers, they set off for that district, flushed with the thoughts of amassing immense treasure. Thus they disregarded another strong injunction of Columbus, which was to keep within the friendly territories of Guacanagari. The region to which they repaired was in the interior of the island, within the province of Magnana, ruled by the famous Caonabo, called by the Spaniards the Lord of the Golden House. This renowned chieftain was a Carib by birth, possessing the fierceness and the enterprise of his nation. He had come an adventurer to the island, and had acquired such ascendancy over these simple and unwarlike people by his courage and address, that he had made himself the most potent of their caciques. His warlike exploits were renowned throughout the island, and the inhabitants universally stood in awe of him for his Carib origin.

Caonabo had for some time maintained permanent importance in the island, the hero of this savage world, when the ships of the white men suddenly appeared upon the shores. The wonderful accounts of their power and prowess had reached him among his mountains, and he had the shrewdness to perceive that his own consequence must decline before such formidable intruders. The departure of Columbus had revived his hopes that their intrusion would be but temporary. The discords and excesses of those who remained, while they moved his detestation, inspired him with increasing confidence. No sooner, therefore, did Gutierrez and Escobido with their companions, take refuge in his dominions, than he considered himself sure of a triumph over these detested strangers. He seized upon the fugitives and put them instantly to death. He then assembled his subjects privately, and, concerting his plans with the cacique of Marion, whose territories adjoined those of Guacanagari on the west, he determined to make a sudden attack upon the fortress. Emerging from among the mountains, and traversing great tracts of forest with profound secrecy, he arrived with his army, in the vicinity of the village, without being discovered. Confiding in the gentle and pacific nature of the Indians, the Spaniards had neglected all military precautions, and lived in the most careless security. But ten men remained in the fortress with Arana, and these do not appear to have maintained any guard. The rest were quartered in houses in the neighbourhood. In the dead of the night, when all were wrapped in unsuspecting repose, Caonabo and his warriors burst upon the place with frightful yells, got possession of the fortress before the inmates could put themselves upon their defence, and surrounded and set fire to the houses in which the rest of the white men were sleeping. The Spaniards were taken by surprise. Eight of them fled to the sea-side pursued by the savages, and, rushing into the waves for safety, were drowned; the rest were massacred. Guacanagari and his subjects fought faithfully in defence of their guests; but not being of a warlike character, they were easily routed; Guacanagari was wounded in the combat by the hand of Caonabo, and his village burnt to the ground."

—Vol. ii. pp. 46—52.

After passing some time at Navidad, Columbus proceeded in search of a spot calculated for a settlement: and, ere long, he found one which seemed to be suited to his purpose, at a harbour about ten leagues east of Monte Christi. There was a strong position for a fort; there were two rivers, one well fitted for mills; and the whole aspect of the scene was fertile and pleasant. Here, accordingly, Columbus disembarked the colonists; and founded the first European city in the West, which he called Isabella. But difficulties already began to gather around him. Many of the adventurers had come out with the most extravagant ideas of the nature of the countries to which they were bound. Some had imagined that they were going to Mangi, Cipango, and Cathay, where riches would be had for the gathering, and where great and opulent cities would have furnished them with luxurious repose after the fatigues and privations of the voyage. Others, again, who had been bred in the Moorish wars, expected a service of romantic adventure, in which, though they should sow "the nettle, danger" they would reap "the flower," wealth. But now they found they had to undergo all the severe toil and hardships of planting a new colony. Instead of revelling in gratuitous luxuries, they had to labour heavily for the barest necessities; and this in a country which, however beautiful and fertile, speedily proved to be exceedingly unhealthy.

This leads to another point in the character of Columbus, which has, it seems to us, been always passed over far too lightly by his historians. What they term his sanguine and enthusiastic views, with reference to his discoveries, led him to exaggerated representations concerning them, bordering on the very verge of absolute falsehood. From the most vague information he drew the most violent deductions, and then promulgated the result as facts. It is very possible that he deceived himself; but it is certain that he contributed greatly to mislead others. A strong instance of this occurred at the return of the homeward fleet, in this very expedition. When the ships had discharged their cargoes, it was necessary to send the majority of them back to Spain, reserving only a certain number for the service of the colony:—

"Here new anxieties pressed upon the mind of Columbus. He had hoped to find treasures of gold, and precious merchandise, accumulated by the men he had left behind; or at least the sources of wealthy traffic ascertained, by which he would have been enabled speedily to freight his vessels. The destruction of the garrison had defeated all those hopes. He was aware of the extravagant expectations entertained by the sovereigns and the nation. What would be their disappointment when the returning ships brought nothing but a tale of disaster! Something must be done, before the vessels sailed, to keep up the fame of his discoveries, and justify his own magnificent representations. As yet he knew nothing of the interior of the island, and his sanguine imagination pictured it as abounding with riches. If it were really the island of Cipango, it must contain populous cities, existing very probably in some more cultivated region, beyond the lofty mountains with which it was intersected. All the Indians concurred in mentioning Cibao as the tract of country from whence they derive their gold. The very name of its cacique, Caonabo, signifying 'The Lord of the Golden House,' seemed to indicate the wealth of his dominions. The tracts where the mines were said to abound, lay at a distance of but three or four days' journey, directly in the interior; Columbus determined, therefore, to send an expedition to explore it, previous to the sailing of the ships. If the result should confirm his

hopes, he would then be able to send home the fleet with confidence, bearing tidings of the discovery of the golden mountains of Cibao."

Vol. ii. pp. 74, 75.

Accordingly two expeditions were dispatched into the interior; one under the command of Don Alonso de Ojeda, a very active and enterprising officer; and another under a young cavalier named Gorvalan. They found a fine country, with numerous rivers, and capable of great fertility; but the inhabitants were equally uncivilized with the rest of the islanders. They saw, however, many signs of gold; the mountains having gold-dust considerably mixed with their sands; and pieces of virgin ore, some of considerable size, also being found in the beds of the torrents. "Out of this wee egg," the admiral "cleckit" the following "muckle hen:"—

"By this opportunity, he sent home specimens of the gold found among the mountains and rivers of Cibao, and all such fruits and plants as were curious, or appeared to be valuable. He wrote in the most sanguine terms of the expeditions of Ojeda and Gorvalan, the last of whom returned to Spain in the fleet. He repeated his confident anticipations of soon being able to make abundant shipments of gold, of precious drugs, and spices; being prevented at present in the search for them by the sickness of himself and his people, and the cares and labours required in building the infant city. He described the beauty and fertility of the island; its range of noble mountains; its wide, abundant plains, watered by beautiful rivers; the quick fecundity of the soil, evinced in the luxuriant growth of the sugar cane, and of various grains and vegetables brought from Europe."—Vol. ii. pp. 79, 80.

As soon as these vessels had been despatched to Spain, discontents began to break out in the colony. Several of the adventurers, whose terms of enlistment compelled them to remain in the island, became, on the departure of the fleet, seized with a fit of *home-sickness*, which led to very serious results. A conspiracy was formed by some of them to seize the vessels in the harbour, and return to Spain. The plot was discovered before it was ripe for execution; and Columbus, placing the ringleader, who was a man of rank and consideration, in confinement, to be tried in Spain, punished the other mutineers, but with great mildness. This may be considered the prologue of the long scenes of discord which marked the government of Columbus in Hispaniola.

They were speedily resumed. On the return of the admiral from an expedition into the interior, during which he found still greater quantities of gold, and built a fort, which he named St. Thomas, in rebuke of the incredulity of some of the factious as to its existence—he found the settlement at Isabella suffering under scarcity as well as disease:—

"What gave Columbus real and deep anxiety, was the sickness, the discontent, and dejection which continued to increase in the settlement. The same principles of heat and humidity which gave such fecundity to the fields, were fatal to the people. The exhalations from undrained marshes, and a vast continuity of forest, and the action of a burning sun upon a reeking vegetable soil, produced intermittent fevers, and various other maladies so trying to European constitutions in the uncultivated countries of the tropics. Many of the Spaniards suffered also under the torments of a disease hitherto unknown to them, the scourge of their licentious intercourse with the Indian females. Thus the greater part of the colonists were either confined by

positive illness, or reduced to great debility. The stock of medicines was soon exhausted; there was a lack of medicinal aid, and of the watchful attendance which is even more important than medicine to the sick. Every one who was well, was either engrossed by the public labours, or by his own wants or cares; having to perform all menial offices for himself, even to the cooking of his provisions. The public works, therefore, languished, and it was impossible to cultivate the soil in a sufficient degree to produce a supply of the fruits of the earth. Provisions began to fail, much of the stores brought from Europe had been wasted on board ship, or suffered to spoil through carelessness. Much had perished on shore from the warmth and humidity of the climate. It seemed impossible for the colonists to accommodate themselves to the food of the natives; and their infirm condition required the aliments to which they had been accustomed. To avert an absolute famine, therefore, it was necessary to put the people on a short allowance even of the damaged and unhealthy provisions which remained. This immediately caused loud and factious murmurs, in which many of those in office, who ought to have supported Columbus in his measures for the common safety, took a leading part: among those was father Boyle, a priest as turbulent as he was crafty. He had been irritated, it is said, by the rigid impartiality of Columbus, who, in enforcing his salutary measures, made no distinction of rank or persons, and put the friar and his household on a short allowance as well as the rest of the community.

"In the midst of this general discontent, the bread began to grow scarce. The stock of flour was exhausted, and there was no mode of grinding corn but by the tedious and toilsome process of the hand-mill. It became necessary, therefore, to erect a mill immediately, and other works were required equally important to the welfare of the settlement. Many of the workmen, however, were ill—some feigned greater sickness than they really suffered; for there was a general disinclination to all kind of labour which was not to produce immediate wealth. In this emergency, Columbus put every healthy person in requisition; and as the cavaliers and gentlemen of rank required food as well as the lower orders, they were called upon to take their share in the common labour. This was considered a cruel degradation by many youthful hidalgos of high blood and haughty spirit, and they refused to obey the summons. Columbus, however, was a strict disciplinarian, and felt the importance of making his authority respected. He resorted, therefore, to strong and compulsory measures, and enforced their obedience. This was another cause of the deep and lasting hostilities that sprang up against him. It aroused the immediate indignation of every person of birth and rank in the colony, and drew upon him the resentment of several of the proud families of Spain. He was inveighed against as an arrogant and upstart foreigner, who, inflated with a sudden acquisition of power, and consulting only his own wealth and aggrandisement, was trampling upon the rights and dignities of Spanish gentlemen, and insulting the honour of the nation."—Vol. ii. pp. 181—135.

This is one of the few instances in which Mr. Irving acknowledges that any blame should be cast upon Columbus. He continues thus:—

"Columbus may have been too strict and indiscriminate in his regulations. There are cases in which even justice may become oppressive, and where the severity of the time should be tempered with indulgence. The mere toilsome labours of a common man, became humiliation and disgrace to a Spanish cavalier. Many of these young men had come out, not in the pursuit of wealth, but with romantic dreams inspired by his own representations; hoping, no doubt, to distinguish themselves by heroic achievements and chivalrous adventure, and to continue in the Indies the career of arms which they had commenced in the recent wars of Granada. Others had been brought up in soft, luxurious indulgence, in the midst of opulent families, and were little calculated for the rude perils of the seas, the fatigues of the

land, and the hardships, the exposures, and deprivations which attend a new settlement in a wilderness. When they fell ill, their case soon became incurable. The aliments of the body were increased by the sickness of the heart. They suffered under the irritation of wounded pride, and the morbid melancholy of disappointed hope; their sick-bed was destitute of all the tender care and soothing attention to which they had been accustomed; and they sank into the grave in all the sullenness of despair, cursing the day that they left their country."—Vol. ii. pp. 135, 136.

Columbus, being anxious to continue his voyage of discovery, hit upon a politic mode of diminishing the calls upon the scanty stores at Isabella. He distributed a great portion of his forces in the interior; some at the posts which he had established there; and others, under the command of experienced officers, to explore the country, and make minute surveys and reports of the country and the inhabitants. His instructions to these commanders are in great detail—and are, for the most part, wise, humane, and just. He then, leaving his two heaviest ships at Isabella, as being too large to be suited to the purposes of discovery, put to sea with the remaining three caravels on the 24th of April, 1494.

After coasting along Hispaniola for some distance, he passed over to Cuba, where the usual scenes were acted with the natives on those parts of the coast where the Spaniards were hitherto unknown. Here he was again led astray by reports of the imaginary Babeque; and, leaving Cuba, he stood directly south, into the open sea, in search of it. Ere long he reached Jamaica; "filled with admiration," says Mr. Irving, "at its vast size, the beauty of its mountains, the majesty of its forests, the fertility of its valleys, and the great number of villages with which the whole face of the country was animated." The natives of this island proved, however, less friendly and more warlike than those of Hispaniola and Cuba; and in a skirmish which ensued, the Spaniards, for the first time, let loose a dog upon the Indians—a mode of warfare which they afterwards adopted on a large scale, with such cruel and sanguinary success. Amicable intercourse was, however, subsequently restored.

Finding no gold at Jamaica, and the wind being fair to return to Cuba, the admiral determined upon so doing, and to continue along its coast far enough to determine whether it were an island or part of the main land. He accordingly continued to sail along the southern coast of the island, now entangled among innumerable islets, now navigating a deep and unimpeded sea; and, in every instance, and from even the most trivial circumstances, believing at every step more and more that he was on the coast of Asia, and expecting speedily to reach the dominions of the Grand Khan. We make the following short extract from this part of the work, for we would never have the awful consequences of European cruelty in the New World lost sight of. Mr. Irving constantly designates the discovery of Columbus as one of the greatest and most *unalloyed* (!) benefits ever conferred upon mankind. Was it so, does he think, to the natives of the West?—

"It is impossible to resist noticing the striking contrasts which are sometimes forced upon the mind. The coast here described so populous and animated, rejoicing in the visit of the discoverers, is the same that extends westward of the city of Trinidad, along the gulf of Xagua. All is now silent and deserted: civilization, which has covered some parts of Cuba with glit-

tering cities, has rendered this a solitude. The whole race of Indians has long since passed away, pining and perishing beneath the domination of the strangers whom they welcomed so joyfully to their shores. Before me lies the account of a night recently passed on this very coast, by a celebrated traveller, but with what different feelings from those of Columbus. 'I past,' says he, 'a great part of the night upon the deck. What deserted coasts! not a light to announce the cabin of a fisherman. From Batabano to Trinidad, a distance of fifty leagues, there does not exist a village. Yet in the time of Columbus this land was inhabited even along the margin of the sea. When pits are digged in the soil, or the torrents plough open the surface of the earth, there are often found hatchets of stone and vessels of copper, relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island.'—Vol. ii. pp. 173, 174.

Columbus continued to proceed along the southern coast of Cuba, entertaining at every step more lofty visions of his discovery; and, at one time, expecting ere very long to reach *Malacca!* and thence he projected returning to Europe by the Red Sea, and across the Isthmus of Suez; or, to anticipate the Portuguese in their progress round Africa, and thus make the circuit of the world! The following are the circumstances under which he abandoned this lofty enterprize:—

"The opinion of Columbus, that he was coasting the continent of Asia, and approaching the confines of eastern civilization, was shared by all his fellow voyagers, among whom were several able and experienced navigators. They were far, however, from sharing his enthusiasm. They were to derive no glory from the success of the enterprise, and they shrunk from its increasing difficulties and perils. The ships were strained and crazed by the various injuries they had received, in running frequently aground. Their cables and rigging were worn, their provisions were growing scanty, a great part of the biscuit was spoiled by the sea-water, which oozed in through innumerable leaks. The crews were worn out by incessant labour, and disheartened at the appearance of the sea before them, which continued to exhibit a mere wilderness of islands. They remonstrated, therefore, against persisting any longer in this voyage. They had already followed the coast far enough to satisfy their minds that it was a continent, and though they doubted not that civilized regions lay in the route they were pursuing, yet their provisions might be exhausted, and their vessels disabled, before they could arrive at these countries.

"Columbus, as his imagination cooled, was himself aware of the inadequacy of his vessels to the voyage he had contemplated; but he felt it of importance to his fame and to the popularity of his enterprises, to furnish satisfactory proofs that the land he had discovered was a continent. He therefore persisted four days longer in exploring the coast, as it bent to the south-west, until every one declared that there could no longer be a doubt on the subject, for it was impossible so vast a continuity of land could belong to a mere island. The admiral was determined, however, that the fact should not rest merely on his own assertion, having had recent proofs of a disposition to gainsay his statements, and depreciate his discoveries. He sent round, therefore, a public notary, Fernand Perez de Luna, to each of the vessels, accompanied by four witnesses, who demanded formally of every person on board, from the captain to the ship-boy, whether he had any doubt that the land before him was a continent, the beginning and end of the Indies, by which any one might return overland to Spain, and by pursuing the coast of which, they could soon arrive among civilized people. If any one entertained a doubt, he was called upon to express it, that it might be removed. On board of the vessels were several experienced navigators and men well versed in geographical knowledge of the times. They examined their maps and charts, and the reckonings and journals of the voyage, and after deliberating maturely, declared under oath, that they had no doubt upon the subject. They grounded their belief principally upon their having coasted for three

hundred and thirty-five leagues, an extent unheard of as appertaining to an island, while the land continued to stretch forward interminably, bending towards the south, conformably to the description of the remote coasts of India.

"Lest they should subsequently, out of malice or caprice, contradict the opinion thus solemnly avowed, it was proclaimed by the notary, that whoever should offend in such manner, if an officer, should pay a penalty of ten thousand maravedies; if a ship-boy, or person of like rank, he should receive a hundred lashes and have his tongue cut out. A formal statement was afterwards drawn up by the notary, including the depositions and names of every individual; which document still exists. This singular process took place near that deep bay called by some the bay of Philipina, by others of Cortes. At this very time as has been remarked, a ship-boy from the mast-head might have overlooked the group of islands to the south, and have beheld the open sea beyond. Two or three days farther sail would have carried Columbus round the extremity of Cuba, would have dispelled his illusion, and might have given an entirely different course to his subsequent discoveries. In his present conviction he lived and died; believing to his last hour, that Cuba was the extremity of the Asiatic continent."—Vol. ii. pp. 187—191.

The admiral accordingly returned—retracing the route by which he had come along the southern coast of Cuba; thence crossing over again to Jamaica, and coasting the southern side of that island also, beating tediously up to the eastward, which occupied him nearly a month. At length he reached the south-western extremity of Hispaniola, where the same successions of contrary winds and storms awaited his shattered ships. The conclusion of this voyage is thus interestingly given by Mr. Irving:—

"It was the intention of Columbus, notwithstanding the condition of the ships, to continue farther eastward, and to complete the discovery of the Caribbee Islands, but his physical strength did not correspond to the efforts of his lofty spirit. The extraordinary fatigues which he had suffered, both in mind and body, during an anxious and harassing voyage of five months, had secretly preyed upon his frame. He had shared in all the hardships and privations of the commonest seaman. He had put himself upon the same scanty allowance, and exposed himself to the same buffetings of wind and weather. But he had other cares and trials from which his people were exempt. When the sailor, worn out with the labours of his watch, slept soundly amidst the howling of the storm, the anxious commander maintained his painful vigil, through long sleepless nights, amidst the pelting of the tempest, and the drenching surges of the sea. The safety of his ships depended upon his watchfulness; but above all, he felt that a jealous nation, and an expecting world, were anxiously awaiting the result of his enterprise. During a great part of the present voyage, he had been excited by the constant hope of soon arriving at the known parts of India, and by the anticipation of a triumphant return to Spain, through the regions of the East, after circumnavigating the globe. When disappointed in this expectation, he was yet stimulated by a conflict with incessant hardships and perils, as he made his way back against contrary winds and storms. The moment he was relieved from all solicitude, and beheld himself in a known and tranquil sea, the excitement suddenly ceased, and mind and body sunk exhausted by almost superhuman exertions. The very day on which he sailed from Mona, he was struck with a sudden malady, which deprived him of memory, of sight, and all his faculties. He fell into a deep lethargy, resembling death itself. His crew, alarmed at this profound torpor, feared that death was really at hand. They abandoned, therefore, all further prosecution of the voyage; and spreading their sails to the east wind so prevalent in those seas, they bore Columbus back, in a state of complete insensibility, to the harbour of Isabella."—Vol. ii. pp. 211—213.

Columbus was greeted on his return by the presence of his brother Bartholomew, who had been the chief companion of his youth and manhood, but had now been separated from him for several years. He was a man of great energy and resolution; and by his firmness of determination, and activity of execution, proved a most able assistant to his brother in the troublous times that succeeded:—

“Equally vigorous,” says Mr. Irving, “and penetrating in intellect with the admiral, but less enthusiastic in spirit and soaring in imagination, and with less simplicity of heart, he surpassed him in the subtle and adroit management of business, was more attentive to his interest, and had more of that worldly wisdom which is so important in the ordinary concerns of life. His genius might never have excited him to the sublime speculation which ended in the discovery of a world, but his practical sagacity was calculated to turn that discovery to advantage. Such is the description of Bartholomew Columbus, as furnished by the venerable Las Casas from personal observation; and it will be found to accord with his actions throughout the remaining history of the admiral, in the events of which he takes a conspicuous part.”—Vol. ii. pp. 220, 221.

He arrived in Hispanola on the 4th September, 1494.

Columbus, in his present state of reduced health, immediately availed himself of his brother's arrival, and appointed him Adelantado, an office equivalent to that of Lieutenant-Governor, devolving the chief conduct of the public affairs upon him.

It is by no means our purpose to go into the details, given by Mr. Irving with even tedious minuteness, of the troubles, dissensions, and petty warfare, of all kinds, which had taken place in the island during the absence of the admiral. The paltry squabbles of the Spaniards among themselves are far too pitifully disgusting for us even to touch upon them; and the wrongs and miseries of the natives present a continued series of suffering, which it wrings the heart to think of. We shall, however, in this place, once for all, give the account of the first regular and systematized subjugation of these unhappy Indians. These are the measures to which we alluded when we said, in the early part of this article, that the regulations which caused the extermination of the native race, had originally been formed by Columbus himself. During his absence, on his voyage to Cuba, the army which he had directed to proceed on a military tour through the island, had, instead of doing so, permanently stationed themselves in the richest part of the country, and given way to the most flagrant and outrageous excesses against the natives, of every kind. These proceedings, at length, aroused the Indians, gentle as they naturally were, to resistance; and, after various partial conflicts, the whole of the caciques of the island, with the exception of our old friend Guacanagari, (who even fought on the Spanish side,) entered into a league to expel the Spaniards. Thus Columbus found matters on his return—and, marching with all the force he could collect against the native army, he completely routed and dispersed it. The following were the immediate consequences of his victory:—

“Having been forced to take the field by the confederacy of the caciques, Columbus now asserted the right of a conqueror, and considered how he might turn his conquest to most profit. His constant anxiety was to make wealthy returns to Spain, for the purpose of indemnifying the sovereigns for their great expenses; of meeting the public expectations, so extravagantly

excited ; and, above all, of silencing the calumnies of those who he knew had gone home determined to make the most discouraging representations of his discoveries. He endeavoured, therefore, to raise a large and immediate revenue from the island, by imposing heavy tributes on the subjected provinces. In those of the Vega, Cibao, and all the region of the mines, each individual, above the age of fourteen years, was required to pay, every three months, the measure of a Flemish hawk's-bell of gold dust.* The caciques had to pay a much larger amount for their personal tribute. Maniocatex, the brother of Caonabo, was obliged individually to render, every three months, half a calabash of gold, amounting to one hundred and fifty pesos. On those districts which were distant from the mines, and produced no gold, each individual was required to furnish an arroba (twenty-five pounds) of cotton every three months. Each Indian, on rendering this tribute, received a copper medal as a certificate of payment, which he was to wear suspended round his neck ; those who were found without such documents were liable to arrest and punishment. - - - - -

" In this way was the yoke of servitude fixed upon the island, and its thralldom effectually ensured. Deep despair now fell upon the natives when they found a perpetual task inflicted upon them, enforced at stated and frequently recurring periods. Weak and indolent by nature, unused to labour of any kind, and brought up in the untasked idleness of their soft climate and their fruitful groves, death itself seemed preferable to a life of toil and anxiety. They saw no end to this harassing evil, which had so suddenly fallen upon them ; no escape from its all-pervading influence ; no prospect of return to that roving independence and ample leisure, so dear to the wild inhabitants of the forest. The pleasant life of the island was at an end ; the dream in the shade by day ; the slumber during the sultry noon-tide heat by the fountain or the stream, or under the spreading palm-tree ; and the song, the dance, and the game in the mellow evening, when summoned to their simple amusements by the rude Indian drum. They were now obliged to grope day by day, with bending body and anxious eye, along the borders of their rivers, sifting the sands for the grains of gold which every day grew more scanty ; or to labour in their fields beneath the fervour of a tropical sun, to raise food for their task-masters, or to produce the vegetable tribute imposed upon them. They sunk to sleep weary and exhausted at night, with the certainty that the next day was but to be a repetition of the same toil and suffering. Or if they occasionally indulged in their national dances, the ballads to which they kept time were of a melancholy and plaintive character. They spoke of the times that were past before the white men had introduced sorrow and slavery, and weary labour among them ; and they rehearsed pretended prophecies, handed down by their ancestors, foretelling the invasion of the Spaniards ; that strangers should come into their island, clothed in apparel, with swords capable of cleaving a man asunder at a blow, under whose yoke their posterity should be subdued. These ballads, or areytos, they sang with mournful tunes and doleful voices, bewailing the loss of their liberty, and their painful servitude. - - - - -

" Finding how vain was all attempt to deliver themselves by warlike means, from these invincible intruders, they now concerted a forlorn and desperate mode of annoyance. They perceived that the settlement suffered greatly from shortness of provisions, and depended, in a considerable degree, upon the supplies furnished by the natives. The fortresses in the interior also, and the Spaniards quartered in the villages, looked almost entirely to them for subsistence. They agreed, therefore, among themselves, not to cul-

* " A hawk's-bell, according to Las Casas (Hist. Ind. l. i., c. 105), contains about three castellanos worth of gold dust, equal to five dollars, and in estimating the superior value of gold in those days, equivalent to fifteen dollars of our time. A quantity of gold worth one hundred and fifty castellanos, was equivalent to seven hundred and ninety-eight dollars of the present day."

tivate the fruits, the roots, and maize, which formed their chief articles of food, and to destroy those already growing; hoping that thus, by producing a famine, they might starve the strangers from the island. They little knew, observes Las Casas, one of the characteristics of the Spaniards, who the more hungry they are, the more inflexible they become, and the more hardened to endure suffering. They carried their plan generally into effect, abandoning their habitations, laying waste the produce of their fields and groves, and retiring to the mountains, where there were roots and herbs on which they could subsist, and abundance of those kind of rabbits called *utias*.

"This measure did indeed produce distress among the Spaniards, but they had foreign resources, and were enabled to endure it by husbanding the partial supplies brought by their ships; the most disastrous effects fell upon the natives themselves. The Spaniards stationed in the various fortresses, finding that there was not only no hope of tribute, but a danger of famine from this wanton waste and sudden desertion, pursued the natives to their retreats, to compel them to return to labour. The Indians took refuge in the most sterile and dreary heights; flying from one wild retreat to another, the women with their children in their arms or at their backs, and all worn out with fatigue and hunger, and harassed by perpetual alarms. In every noise of the forest or the mountain they fancied they heard the sound of their pursuers; they hid themselves in damp and dismal caverns, or in the rocky banks and margins of the torrents, and not daring to hunt, to fish, or even to venture forth in quest of nourishing roots and vegetables, they had to satisfy their raging hunger with unwholesome food. In this way many thousands of them perished miserably, through famine, fatigue, terror, and various contagious maladies engendered by their sufferings. All spirit of opposition was at length completely quelled. The surviving Indians returned in despair to their habitations, and submitted humbly to the yoke. So deep an awe did they conceive of their conquerors, that it is said a Spaniard might go singly and securely all over the island, and the natives would even transport him from place to place on their shoulders."—Vol. ii. pp. 275—283.

And yet Mr. Irving calls the discovery of these regions the greatest and most unalloyed benefit ever conferred upon mankind! No human heart can, we are sure, contemplate these things without a sick shudder;—and yet what follows is still more painful, because the blackest ingratitude is superadded:—

"Before passing on to other events, it may be proper here to notice the fate of Guacanagari, as he makes no further appearance in the course of the history. His friendship for the Spaniards had severed him from his countrymen, but it did not exonerate him from the general woes of the island. His territories, like those of the other caciques, were subjected to a tribute, which his people, with the common repugnance to labour, found it difficult to pay. Columbus, who knew his worth, and could have protected him, was long absent, either in the interior of the island, or detained in Europe by his own wrongs. In the interval, the Spaniards forgot the hospitality and services of Guacanagari, and his tribute was harshly exacted. He found himself overwhelmed with opprobrium from his countrymen at large, and assailed by the clamours and lamentations of his suffering subjects. The strangers whom he had succoured in distress, and taken as it were to the bosom of his native island, had become its tyrants and oppressors. Care, and toil, and poverty, and strong-handed violence, had spread their curses over the land, and he felt as if he had invoked them on his race. Unable to bear the hostilities of his fellow caciques, the woes of his subjects, and the extortions of his ungrateful allies, he took refuge at last in the mountains, where he died obscurely and in misery."—Vol. ii. pp. 283, 284.

Let our readers turn to the extract we have made of the account of this man's conduct at the time of the wreck of Columbus's ship, on his
MARCH, 1828.

first voyage! such facts are far more forcible than any comment we could make.

In the mean time, various representations had been made at the court of Spain, to the disadvantage of Columbus; and a commissioner was sent out to investigate the state of the colony. This officer, by name Juan Aguado, conducted his inquiries with much pomp and haughtiness; and Columbus, fearing the effects of his representations at court, accompanied him on his return to Spain. The gold mines of Hayna having been discovered just before his departure from Hispaniola, added considerably to the grandeur of the accounts which he rendered to Ferdinand and Isabella; who appear to have received him with great courtesy; and the accusations against him passed into oblivion. Encouraged by this, Columbus proposed a third voyage of discovery; to explore the Terra Firma which he believed himself to have discovered in Cuba. For this he required six ships, in addition to two which were to be sent to Hispaniola with supplies. They were promised to him, but great delays occurred from the state of European affairs at the moment. Ferdinand was engaged in the contest which ultimately attached Naples to Spain, and in the intermarriages which subsequently led to the vast aggregation of power in the hands of his grand-son, Charles V. The expense, and the great outfits, attending both the expeditions of war and those of matrimony, contributed to cause the protraction of Columbus's equipment. Mr. Irving, in the true spirit of a narrow-sighted biographer, sneers at Ferdinand for having preferred the furtherance of his objects in Europe to that of the enterprises of Columbus:—

"What," he asks, "in the ambitious eyes of Ferdinand, was the acquisition of a number of wild, uncultivated, and distant islands, to that of the brilliant domain of Naples; or the intercourse with naked and barbaric princes, to that of an alliance with the most potent sovereigns of Christendom? Columbus had the mortification, therefore, to see armies levied and squadrons employed in idle contests about a little point of territory in Europe, and a vast armada of upwards of a hundred sail destined to the ostentatious service of convoying a royal bride; while he vainly solicited a few caravels to prosecute his discovery of a world."—Vol. ii. pp. 335, 336.

Now, really, it is strange, that Mr. Irving should be blind to the fact, that, at this period, the discoveries of Columbus had assumed none or little of that aspect of grandeur which subsequently accrued to them. At that time, they appeared in truth to consist almost wholly of "wild, uncultivated, and distant islands," more productive of disease than of any of the advantages of commerce. But Mr. Irving knows the result, and he judges from it—forgetting that, from the data before Ferdinand, the acquisition of Naples *must* seem an object of vastly higher importance, to say nothing of the magnificent Austrian alliance. At length, however, in 1497, a general adjustment was made of all the affairs between Columbus and the crown; and, it must be owned, in a spirit of fairness and liberality on the royal part, which tends very much to fortify the opinion, that the subsequent discountenance of the sovereigns must have arisen from their attaching considerable belief to the numberless charges of misconduct brought against him.

At length, when orders were issued by the government for the outfit

of the expedition, new difficulties arose. So totally changed was the public spirit with reference to the New World, that, instead of the multitudes of adventurers which, in his second voyage, had flocked to join him, scarcely any one could be persuaded to embark. So great, indeed, was the scarcity of men, that Columbus was induced to propose to the government that convicts should have their sentences commuted into transportation to the colonies—a measure which, being adopted, crowded the settlements with gaol-birds, a description of people very ill-calculated to advance an infant establishment. All delays being, at last, overcome, Columbus set sail from San Lucar de Barrameda, with six ships, on the 30th of May, 1498. He steered his course much more to the southward than in any previous voyage, going by the Cape de Verde islands, and then standing to the south-west, till he was nearly under the equator. It had been his intention to have advanced quite to the line; but the heat, in the calms so common in those latitudes which lie between two trade winds, became so unbearably oppressive, that he was fain to bear away to the westward as fast as he could make his way. Columbus, in most of his voyages, had experienced a cooler atmosphere, and a finer climate in every respect, after getting beyond a certain line to the westward: on this he now calculated, and it proved as he anticipated. This gave rise to another of his fantastic theories, namely, that the earth was in the shape of a pear, rising in the middle towards heaven, and that this was the commencement of the ascent, and purer from being nearer the skies!

The first land he made in the New World was the island now called Trinidad—which name was given to it by Columbus. He then proceeded along the coast of Paria, the various points of which he for some time considered to be islands. The beauty, verdure, and freshness of this part of the coast induced the admiral to give it the name of the Gardens:—

“Still imagining the coast of Paria to be an island, and anxious to circumnavigate it and arrive at the place where these pearls were said by the Indians to abound, Columbus left the Gardens on the 10th of August, and continued coasting westward within the gulf, in search of an outlet to the north. He observed portions of terra firma appearing towards the bottom of the gulf, which he supposed to be islands, and called them Isabeta and Tramontana, and fancied that the desired outlet to the sea must lie between them. As he advanced, however, he found the water continually growing shallower and fresher, until he did not dare to venture any farther with his ship, which he observed was of too great a size for expeditions of this kind, being of an hundred tons burden, and requiring three fathoms of water. He came to anchor, therefore, and sent a light caravel called the Correo, to ascertain whether there was an outlet to the ocean between the supposed islands. The caravel returned on the following day, reporting that at the western end at the gulf there was an opening of two leagues, which led into an inner and circular gulf, surrounded by four openings, apparently smaller gulfs, or rather mouths of rivers, from which flowed the great quantity of fresh water that sweetened the neighbouring sea. In fact, from one of these mouths issued the great river the Cuparipari, or, as it is now called, the Paria. To this inner and circular gulf Columbus gave the name of the Gulf of Pearls, through a mistaken idea that they abounded in its waters, though none, in fact, are found there. He still imagined that the

four openings of which the mariners spoke, might be intervals between islands, though they affirmed that all the land he saw was one connected continent. As it was impossible to proceed further westward with his ships, he had no alternative but to retrace his course, and seek an exit to the north by the Boca del Drago. He would gladly have continued for some time to explore this coast, for he considered himself in one of those opulent regions described as the most favoured on earth, and which increase in riches towards the equator. Imperious considerations, however, compelled him to shorten his voyage and hasten to San Domingo. The sea-stores of his ships were almost exhausted, and the various supplies for the colony, with which they were freighted, were in danger of spoiling. He was suffering, also, extremely in his health. Besides the gout which had rendered him a cripple for the greater part of the voyage, he was afflicted by a complaint in his eyes, caused by fatigue and over-watching, which almost deprived him of sight. Even the voyage along the coast of Cuba, he observes, in which he was three-and-thirty days almost without sleep, had not so injured his eyes and disordered his frame, or caused him so much painful suffering as the present."—Vol ii. pp. 389—392.

He accordingly returned to Hispaniola; on his passage whither, and shortly after his arrival, he digested the facts which he had gathered during his voyage, and came to the conclusion that the coast of Paria must be part of a vast continent; the immense body of fresh water which poured into the gulph making it impossible that it should be the accumulation of an island. He, therefore, believed Paria to be a part of a continent—and, of course, with his ideas, that continent was Asia: but, with his usual fondness for fantastic speculation, he conceived that it stretched greatly to the southward and eastward of the parts of Asia known to the ancients; that, in conformity with his new theory of the rising of the earth, it rose gradually till it came to the apex of the world—and that this apex was the Terrestrial Paradise, from which our first parents were expelled!

Mr. Irving next treats very largely of the internal history of Hispaniola—first, retrospectively, under the government of the Adelantado; and, afterwards, of the events which succeeded Columbus's return. Into this we do not purpose at all to enter. The petty wars with the Indian chiefs, and the still pettier contests with discontented Spaniards, are anything but subjects of interest. It is here that we think Mr. Irving might have greatly improved his book by curtailing it. By far the greater part of the third volume is devoted to the details of these subjects, which are exceedingly wearisome. A rapid précis of the circumstances might be condensed into fifty or sixty pages, which would be not only quite as well, but far better.

For above a year after his return to Hispaniola, the admiral was employed in quelling a very formidable sedition, which was headed by Roldan, the chief officer of justice in the colony, who had risen against the Adelantado, and withdrawn with a considerable number of followers into a part of the island at some distance from the capital. Wishing to avoid the effusion of Castilian blood, which a battle would have caused, he procured their submission by negotiation. Roldan was restored to his rank, and many of his followers were sent back to Spain. In the mean time, complaints had been thickening against Columbus at court; and the sovereigns, from their frequency and clamour, began to give some attention to them:—

"The excessive clamours which had arisen during the brief administration of the Adelantado, and the breaking out of the faction of Roldan, at length determined the king to send out some person of consequence and ability to investigate the affairs of the colony, and, if necessary for its safety, to take upon himself the command. This important and critical measure it appears had been decided upon, and the papers and powers actually drawn out, in the spring of 1499. It was not, however, carried into effect until the following year. Various reasons have been assigned for this delay. The important services rendered by Columbus in the discovery of Paria and the Pearl Islands, may have had some effect on the royal mind. The necessity of fitting out an armament just at that moment, to co-operate with the Venetians against the Turks; the menacing movements of the new king of France, Louis XII.; the rebellion of the Moors of the Alpuxarra in the lately conquered kingdom of Granada; all these have been alleged as reasons for postponing a measure which called for much consideration, and might have important effects upon the newly discovered possessions. The most probable reason, however, was the strong disinclination of Isabella to take so harsh a step against a man for whom she entertained such ardent gratitude and high admiration. At length the arrival of the ships with the late followers of Roldan, according to their capitulation, brought matters to a crisis. It is true, that Ballaster and Barrentes came in these ships, to place the affairs of the island in a proper light; but they brought out an host of witnesses in favour of Roldan, and letters written by himself and his confederates, attributing all their late conduct to the tyranny of Columbus and his brothers. Unfortunately, the testimony of the rebels had the greatest weight with Ferdinand; and there was a circumstance in the case which suspended for a time the friendship of Isabella, which had hitherto been the greatest dependance of Columbus.

"The queen having taken a maternal interest in the welfare of the natives, had been repeatedly offended by what appeared to her pertinacity on the part of Columbus, in continuing to make slaves of those taken in warfare, in contradiction to her known wishes. The same ships which brought home the companions of Roldan, brought likewise a great number of slaves. Some, Columbus had been obliged to grant to these men by the articles of capitulation; others they had brought away clandestinely. Among them were several daughters of caciques, who had been seduced away from their families and their native island by these profligates. Some of these were in a state of pregnancy, others had new-born infants. The gifts and transfers of these unhappy beings were all ascribed to the will of Columbus, and represented to Isabella in the darkest colours. Her sensibility as a woman, and her dignity as a queen, were instantly in arms. 'What power,' exclaimed she indignantly, 'has the admiral to give away my vassals?' She determined, by one decided and peremptory act, to show her abhorrence of these outrages upon humanity; she ordered all the Indians to be restored to their country and friends. Nay more, her measure was retrospective. She commanded that those which had formerly been sent home by the admiral, should be sought out, and sent back to Hispaniola. Unfortunately for Columbus, at this very juncture, in one of his letters, he had advised the continuance of Indian slavery for some time longer, as a measure important for the welfare of the colony. This contributed to heighten the indignation of Isabella, and induced her no longer to oppose the sending out of a commission to investigate his conduct, and, if necessary, to supercede him in command.

"Ferdinand had been exceedingly embarrassed in appointing this commission, between his sense of what was due to the character and service of Columbus, and his anxiety to retract with delicacy the powers which he had vested in him. A pretext at length was furnished by the recent letters of the admiral, and he seized upon it with avidity. Columbus had repeatedly requested that a person might be sent out, of talents and probity, learned in the law, to act as chief judge, but whose powers should be so limited and

defined as not to interfere with his own authority as viceroy. He had also requested that an impartial umpire might be appointed, to decide in the affair between himself and Roldan. Ferdinand proposed to consult his wishes, but to unite those two offices in one ; and as the person he appointed would have to decide in matters touching the highest functions of the admiral and his brothers, he was empowered, should he find them culpable, to supercede them in the government,—a singular mode of ensuring impartiality.”—Vol. iii. pp. 90—94.

The consequences naturally to be expected from a commission like this, took place. Francis Bobadilla, an officer of the king's household, and a knight of the order of Catalonia, was the person selected for this service. Upon his arrival at San Domingo, instead of first investigating the conduct of the admiral, and superseding him in case of his delinquency being established, he seized upon the government first and began to investigate afterwards. Columbus was absent from the capital at the time of Bobadilla's arrival, which enabled him to do this with the greater ease and quickness. Upon Columbus's return to San Domingo, he was seized and thrown into prison ; and, as the inquest taken upon his conduct and that of his brothers was entirely partial—every complaint being received against them, and scarcely any thing being listened to on their part, the result must be manifest. Bobadilla caused the three brothers to be put into chains, and in this condition they were sent to Spain:—

“ Fortunately the voyage was favourable, and of but moderate duration, and was rendered less disagreeable by the conduct of those to whom he was given in custody. The worthy Villejo, though in the service of Fonseca, felt deeply moved at the unworthy treatment of Columbus. The master of the caravel, Andreas Martin, was equally grieved : they both treated the admiral with profound respect and assiduous attention. They would have taken off his irons, but to this he would not consent. ‘No,’ said he proudly, ‘their majesties commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name ; by their authority he has put upon me these chains, I will wear them until they shall order them to be taken off, and I will preserve them afterwards as relics and memorials of the reward of my services.

“ ‘ He did so,’ adds his son Fernando ; ‘ I saw them always hanging in his cabinet, and he requested that when he died they might be buried with him.’ ”—Vol. iii. p. 130.

But this extreme violence and indignity defeated its own end. When Columbus arrived in Spain, bound like a malefactor, from the country he himself had discovered, a sudden re-action took place in the popular mind in his favour, and even in the opinion of the sovereigns. He had addressed a long exculpatory letter to Doña Juana de la Torre, a lady high in Isabella's favour, not daring to address either her or the king, being ignorant of how far they had authorised his treatment:—

“ However Ferdinand might have secretly felt disposed against Columbus, the momentary tide of public feeling was not to be resisted. He joined with his generous queen in her reprobation of the treatment of the admiral, and both sovereigns hastened to give evidence to the world, that his imprisonment had been without their authority, and contrary to their wishes. Without waiting to receive any documents that might arrive from Bobadilla, they sent orders to Cadiz that the prisoners should be instantly set at liberty, and treated with all distinction. They wrote a letter to Columbus, couched in

terms of gratitude and affection, expressing their grief at all that he had suffered, and inviting him to court. They ordered at the same time, that two thousand ducats should be advanced to defray his expenses.

"The loyal heart of Columbus was again cheered by this declaration of his sovereigns. He felt conscious of his integrity, and anticipated an immediate restitution of all his rights and dignities. He appeared at court in Granada on the 17th of December, not as a man ruined and disgraced, but richly dressed, and attended by an honourable retinue. He was received by their majesties with unqualified favour and distinction. When the queen beheld this venerable man approach, and thought on all he had deserved and all that he had suffered, she was moved to tears. Columbus had borne up firmly against the stern conflicts of the world—he had endured with lofty scorn the injuries and insults of ignoble men, but he possessed strong and quick sensibility. When he found himself thus kindly received by his sovereigns, and beheld tears in the benign eyes of Isabella, his long-suppressed feelings burst forth; he threw himself upon his knees, and for some time could not utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings.

"Ferdinand and Isabella raised him from the ground, and endeavoured to encourage him by the most gracious expressions. As soon as he regained his self-possession, he entered into an eloquent and high-minded vindication of his loyalty, and the zeal he had ever felt for the glory and advantage of the Spanish crown. If at any time he had erred, it was through inexperience in government, and the extraordinary difficulties by which he had been surrounded.

"There needed no vindication on his part. The intemperance of his enemies had been his best advocate. He stood in presence of his sovereigns a deeply-injured man, and it remained for them to vindicate themselves to the world from the charge of ingratitude towards their most deserving subject. They expressed their indignation at the proceedings of Bobadilla, which they disavowed, as contrary to their instructions, and they promised that he should be immediately dismissed from his command.

"In fact, no public notice was taken of the charges sent home by Bobadilla, nor of the letters which had been written in support of them. The sovereigns took every occasion to treat Columbus with favour and distinction, assuring him that his grievances should be redressed, his property restored, and that he should be reinstated in all his privileges and dignities."—Vol. iii. pp. 135—138.

These, however, were not restored. Bobadilla, indeed, was removed; but a new governor, Don Nicholas de Ovando, was appointed. Mr. Irving treats this throughout as a monstrous piece of injustice and ingratitude on the part of Ferdinand; but, we confess, that, as a temporary measure at least, it appears to have been both wise and proper:—

"It was observed that the elements of those violent factions, which had been recently in arms against him, yet existed in the island; his immediate return might produce fresh exasperation; his personal safety would be endangered, and the island again thrown into confusion. Though Bobadilla, therefore, was to be immediately dismissed from command, it was deemed advisable to send out some officer of talent and discretion to supersede him, who might dispassionately investigate the recent disorders, remedy the abuses which had arisen, and expel all dissolute and factious persons from the colony. He should hold the government for two years, by which time it was trusted that all angry passions would be allayed, and turbulent individuals removed: Columbus might then resume the command with comfort to himself and advantage to the crown."—Vol. iii. pp. 152, 153.

Now, really, we must say that we think these arguments perfectly reasonable. Perhaps, indeed, the best way of all would have been

to investigate the charges made against Columbus, and to act according to the result. But this Columbus does not seem to have urged. Unqualified restoration was what he demanded; and this, we think, the sovereigns were, under the circumstances, perfectly right not to grant.

Ovando, therefore, went out to Hispaniola, with great supplies, and with regulations suited to the increasing size and importance of the colonies in the West; for the private voyages of discovery, which had now been licensed since 1495, had added considerably to the territories of the Spaniards in those regions. Columbus, in the meanwhile, remained with the court at Granada, occupying his mind with a project for a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; on which occasion Mr. Irving takes it into his head to say, that it "was in union with the temper of the times;" and that "the spirit of the crusades had not yet passed away." This piece of historical information is something new. It had hitherto been thought that the enterprises of Louis IX. had, two hundred years before, sickened Europe of those enterprises of mingled atrocity and madness. But, indeed, the whole of the chapter entitled "Proposition of Columbus relative to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre," beginning at page 167 of the third volume, is a very equally balanced mixture of twaddle and cant.

These vapours, however, speedily passed away from the mind of Columbus; and he began to apply himself once more to matters of navigation. The Portuguese had now again outrun the Spaniards in the race of discovery; for the immediate and rich returns ensuing from discovering the route to India by sea, had, in the comparison, thrown into shade the acquisition of a few uncivilized, and almost uncultivated, islands. This raised the emulation of Columbus; who, believing himself to have, when at Cuba, arrived at the eastern extremity of India, now pondered upon the means of reaching, from thence, its rich and commercial districts. He conversed with some of the navigators who had been on the coast of Paria since his discovery of it:—

"According to his own observations in his voyage to Paria, and the reports of other navigators, particularly of Roderigo Basledes, who had pursued the same route to a greater distance, it appeared that the coast of terra firma stretched far to the west. The southern coast of Cuba, which he considered a part of the Asiatic continent, stretched onwards towards the same point. The currents of the Caribbean sea must pass between those lands. He was persuaded, therefore, that there must be a strait existing somewhere thereabout, opening into the Indian sea. The situation in which he placed his conjectural strait, was somewhere about what is at present called the Isthmus of Darien. Could he but discover such a passage, and thus link the New World he had discovered, with the opulent Oriental regions of the old, he felt that he should make a magnificent close to his labours, and consummate this great object of his existence."—Vol. iii. pp. 176, 177.

After some few delays on the part of the court, some of the councillors declaring "that Columbus ought not to be employed until his good conduct in Hispaniola was satisfactorily established by letters from Ovando," he at last obtained a squadron of four caravels for his new voyage. He wished to touch at Hispaniola for supplies, and, probably, also to look after his own affairs; as he was still entitled to his dues on the revenue, and had been allowed to send out a factor

with Ovando for the purpose of collecting them. This, however, was denied him, on the ground of the probable ferment his appearance would create in the colony; but he had leave given him to call there on his return. He sailed from Cadiz on the 9th of May, 1502. He had with him his brother Don Bartholomew, and his younger son Fernando, who subsequently became his historian, and who was then about fifteen. The admiral took his departure from the Canaries on the 25th; and, meeting with most favourable winds, arrived at one of the Caribbee islands on the 15th of June. From thence he went to Dominica, and passing along the inside of the Antilles, and the south of Porto Rico, steered for San Domingo. This was in direct opposition to the royal orders, and to the original (announced) intention of Columbus himself, which was to have gone straight to Jamaica, and thence to have passed on to his search of the supposed strait. His excuse for this change of plan was, that his principal vessel sailed so ill as often to impede the progress of the squadron; and that, therefore, he wished to change it for one of the fleet which had recently gone out with Ovando. This latter had now superseded Bobadilla, who was about to go to Spain in the fleet on its return, together with Roldan and several of his accomplices, into whose case (though not into the conduct of Bobadilla) minute investigation had been made, and who were sent home for trial. This fleet, in which Bobadilla had embarked large quantities of gold, was ready for sea; when, on the 29th of June, Columbus arrived at the mouth of the river. He sent one of his captains to Ovando, to explain that the purpose of his coming was to exchange one of his vessels, and to ask permission to shelter his fleet in the harbour; as, from various indications, he expected a violent storm. This Ovando refused. It is thought that he was so instructed by the government; and, besides, the enemies of the admiral were at that moment in a state of high exasperation, on account of the proceedings which had just been taken against them. Mr. Irving states these facts himself; and yet, in the next sentence, speaks of "the ungracious refusal of Ovando." We really do not see how he could well have acted otherwise. The royal orders were precise; and Columbus's excuses for disobeying them must certainly have appeared slight and evasive. With reference to the anticipated storm, however, he was quite in earnest, for he entreated the governor, by a second message, not to allow the homeward-bound fleet to sail for some days, as the signs of a coming tempest were indubitable. This, however, was disregarded. The pilots saw no signs of bad weather; they were impatient to get to sea, and they sailed:—

"Within two days, the predictions of Columbus were verified. One of those tremendous hurricanes, which sometimes sweep those latitudes, had gradually gathered up. The baleful appearance of the heavens, the wild look of the ocean, the rising murmur of the winds, all gave notice of its approach. The fleet had scarcely reached the eastern point of Hispaniola, when the tempest burst over it with awful fury, involving every thing in wreck and ruin. The ship, on board of which were Bobadilla, Roldan, and a number of the most inveterate enemies of Columbus, was swallowed up with all its crew, and with the celebrated mass of gold, and the principal part of the ill-gotten treasure, gained by the miseries of the Indians. Many of the ships were entirely lost, some returned to San Domingo in shattered condition, and only one was enabled to continue her voyage to Spain. That one,

according to Fernando Columbus, was the weakest of the fleet, and had on board the four thousand pieces of gold, the property of the admiral.

"During the early part of this storm, the little squadron of Columbus had remained tolerably well sheltered by the land. On the second day, the tempest increased in violence, and the night coming on with unusual darkness, the ships lost sight of each other, and were separated. The admiral still kept close to the shore, and sustained no damage. The others, fearful of the land in such a dark and boisterous night, ran out for sea-room, and encountered the whole fury of the elements. For several days they were driven about at the mercy of wind and wave, fearful each moment of shipwreck, and giving up each other as lost. The Adelantado, who commanded that ship, which, as before mentioned, was scarcely sea-worthy, ran the most imminent hazard, and nothing but his consummate seamanship enabled him to keep it afloat. At length, after various vicissitudes, they all arrived safe at Port Hermoso, to the west of San Domingo. The Adelantado had lost his long boat; and all the vessels, with the exception of that of the admiral, had sustained more or less injury."—Vol. iii. pp. 194—196.

After repairing his damages, Columbus proceeded on his voyage. At an island some distance to the south-west of Cuba, he fell in with a large canoe full of people, who had more the appearances of civilization than any Indians he had yet seen:—

"They informed him that they had just arrived from a country, rich, cultivated, and industrious, situated to the west. They endeavoured to impress him with an idea of the wealth and magnificence of the regions, and the people in that quarter, and urged him to steer in that direction. Well would it have been for Columbus had he followed their advice. Within a day or two he would have arrived at Yucatan; the discovery of Mexico and the other opulent countries of New Spain would have necessarily followed; the Southern Ocean would have been disclosed to him, and a succession of splendid discoveries would have shed fresh glory on his declining age, instead of its sinking amidst gloom, neglect, and disappointment."

Vol. iii. pp. 202—203.

Columbus, however, was bent upon discovering the strait; and supposing, that as those countries were to the west, he could at any time run down to them with the trade-wind, he stood away to the mainland which lay to the south, along which it was his purpose to coast eastwardly, till he came to the strait which he believed separated this part of it from the coast of Paria. It is not our purpose to go through the distressing details of this part of the voyage. He coasted along the Mosquito shore, and Costa Rica, continuing to the eastward, constantly beating against contrary winds, and with his ships becoming more and more crazy, till the fifth of December; when, giving up in despair his hopes of finding the strait for which he searched, he returned westward to Veragua, to search there for the gold mines of which he had heard great tidings in his advance. The wind now became as adverse as it had been when his prow was directed on the opposite course, which caused him to name the shore "*La Costa de los Contrastes*."* At length reaching Veragua, the Adelantado explored the interior of the country, which seemed fertile, and to abound with gold. In the meantime the admiral formed a small settlement at the mouth of the river Belen; and, with his usual extravagant

* Mr. Irving translates this the Coast of Contradictions: the Coast of Crosses seems to us to render the meaning more accurately and idiomatically.

imagination, immediately believed himself to be in that part of Asia whither Solomon had sent for the gold wherewith to build the temple of Jerusalem.

But every thing in this voyage was doomed to disaster. The violence and licentiousness of the Europeans, whom Columbus was unable to controul, disgusted the natives, and there were constant conspiracies, stratagems, and skirmishes, to get rid of their troublesome visitors. While the admiral was cruising, the small fort was beleaguered by the natives; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to bring the garrison off; many having, in the mean time, perished at the hands of the Indians. One of the caravels, which he had left for the use of the settlement, was destroyed; and having proceeded to Puerto Bello, he was obliged to abandon another, it being so pierced by the teredo* as to render it impossible to keep her afloat. The crews were, therefore, crowded into the remaining two caravels, which, themselves, had undergone so much, as to be little better than wrecks. He was still pursued by the most extraordinary continuance of contrary winds:—

“The leaks continually gained upon his vessels, though the pumps were kept incessantly going, and the seamen even baled the water out with buckets and kettles. The admiral now stood, in despair, for the island of Jamaica, to seek some secure port; for there was imminent danger of foundering at sea. On the eve of St. John, the 23rd of June, they put into Puerto Bueno, now called Dry Harbour, but met with none of the natives from whom they could obtain provisions, nor was there any fresh water to be had in the neighbourhood. Suffering from hunger and thirst, they sailed eastward, on the following day, to another harbour, to which the admiral gave the name of Port San Gloria, but which at present is known as Don Christopher’s cove.

“Here, at last, Columbus had to give up his long and arduous struggle against the unremitting persecution of the elements. His ships, reduced to mere wrecks, could no longer keep the sea, and were ready to sink even in port. He ordered them, therefore, to be run aground, within a bow-shot of the shore, and fastened together, side by side. They soon filled with water to the decks. Thatched cabins were then erected at the prow and stern for the accommodation of the crews, and the wreck was placed in the best possible state of defence. Thus castled in the sea, Columbus trusted to be able to repel any sudden attack of the natives, and at the same time to keep his men from roving about the neighbourhood and indulging in their usual excesses. No one was allowed to go on shore without especial license, and the utmost precaution was taken to prevent any offence being given to the Indians. Any exasperation of them might be fatal to the Spaniards in their present forlorn situation. A firebrand thrown into their wooden fortress might wrap it in flames, and leave them defenceless amidst hostile thousands.”—Vol. iii. pp. 295—297.

It will scarcely be believed, that Columbus was detained here a year before succour arrived from Hispaniola. A most intrepid and faithful follower, named Diego Mendez, performed the voyage thither in an open canoe; and finding Ovando, the governor, was in Xaragua, a distant province, followed him thither. He expressed great sympathy with Columbus, and promised succour, but he delayed thus long to send it, with the cruel exception of a caravel, commanded by one of the ad-

* These are a species of sea-worm, which are about the size of a man’s finger, and abound in those seas; doing the greatest mischief to vessels that are not coppered:

miral's most notorious enemies, which he despatched to spy the condition of the Spaniards, and return at once: orders that were obeyed with a barbarous fidelity.

Columbus was received, however, at St. Domingo, by Ovando, with courtesy and distinction; though, it seems, there was but little cordiality at bottom. He, therefore, hastened his departure as much as possible; and, on the 12th of September, 1504, he left Hispaniola for the last time. This voyage was doomed to be disastrous to the last. The voyage was extraordinarily tempestuous; and his vessel could scarcely be kept together till its arrival at San Lucar, which he reached on the 7th of November. Columbus, whose health was completely broken, by the severity of the hardships he had undergone, had himself conveyed to Seville, where he hoped for both mental and bodily repose.

But this he was not destined to know. His affairs in Hispaniola had gone almost to ruin under the government of Ovando; and he, in consequence, found himself greatly impoverished. He, therefore, had to make exertions to get justice done him, in this respect. And he also pursued, with the utmost eagerness, his great object, the restitution of his dignities and privileges. His health was too much shattered to allow him to proceed to court, although he made several attempts. He was, therefore, obliged to confine himself to letters and memorials, which met with but little attention and no success. In the midst of this, Queen Isabella died. She had always been the especial patroness of Columbus, and in her he lost his most powerful support. He toiled on, through many months of painful illness at Seville, till, at last, in the month of May, he was able to reach the court, which was then at Segovia. Here he passed about a year, under continual disappointments, and suffering under constant illness, till, at last, being totally worn-out, nature sank, and he died, on the 20th of May, 1506, aged about seventy years.

Columbus was, undoubtedly, a man of very extraordinary natural endowments, to which were added, vast knowledge of both the practical and theoretical parts of his profession as a seaman, and a great extent of strange and curious learning. His temperament was enthusiastic, to a degree almost visionary; and we have shown how this disposition led him into extravagant statements, to the falsification of which may be attributed some of the causes of his disgrace at court. His perseverance was almost unlimited, and his firmness and cool practical judgment were extreme. This latter quality, indeed, shews sometimes in remarkable contrast with the wild warmth of his speculations. His religion was enthusiastic and almost bigotted; but he never appears to have stained it with any violence or cruelty, for its furtherance among the Indians. He was, also, naturally humane. The instances which appear to the contrary, are rather acts of general policy, forced on him by circumstances, and in accordance with the spirit of his age, than emanations of other than a mild and feeling heart. We have stated, that we consider his merit, in conceiving the plan for the discovery of the New World, has been over-rated; but it is still deserving of extraordinary praise; and his deserts, in carrying it into execution, cannot be stated too highly.

With regard to Mr. Irving's publication, we question whether it was

needed; and its execution, though generally creditable, is scarcely sufficiently felicitous to carry through an unnecessary work. Mr. Irving has no vigour of style and still less of thought; and there is a *fade* tone of common-place running throughout. Moreover, there are not unfrequent blemishes of grammar, which, in a writer who has gained much of his reputation by the elaborate accuracy of his style, has certainly surprised us much. On the whole, it is a book of which the first volume will be read with pleasure; the second will be thought rather, and the third very, dull; and in the fourth will be found some spirited, and, for the most part, very entertaining, notices of events, opinions, and persons, illustrative of the great subject of the work.

NEW BRUNSWICK THEATRE, GOODMAN'S FIELDS.

ON the site of this building stood a theatre which was erected in 1785-6-7, by John Palmer, the celebrated comedian. It opened under a violent opposition from the patentees of the great theatres, and struggled under succeeding managers, with various success, until a fire in April 1826, left it a hideous ruin.

In August last the present proprietors laid the first stone of a new theatre, designed by Stedman Whitwell, Esq. architect. Under his direction the works have proceeded with such unexampled rapidity, that the performances commenced on the 25th instant, (Feb. 1828.) This edifice has the disadvantage of standing in a street of very moderate width, so that from this circumstance, and the nature of the property in the rear, it was impossible either to advance the front, or to set it back from the general line of the houses. Denied, therefore, the use of the colonnade, the portico, and similar means of producing an imposing effect by large projections, the architect felt the impossibility of copying the usual models, even if he had had the disposition so to do. He therefore ventured upon an original combination, and has produced a façade approaching to magnificence, but principally distinguished by its novelty, propriety, and simplicity. In style it is a little related to the architectural compositions of the scene, and is admirably characteristic of a building devoted to theatrical purposes. Two grand piers on the flanks, surmounted by groups of *the genius of dramatic literature*, and that of *dramatic painting*, support, at a great height, an arch of noble dimensions. In the recess formed by these, stands a lofty and extensive pilastrade opening upon a balcony which extends along the whole front. Above the entablature of the order the front rises to a very considerable height; and terminates simply, but grandly, with the sloping lines of a pedimental outline without parapets or blocking courses. The intervals of the pilastrade are filled with massive bronzed treillage, studded at its intersections with pateræ. The capitals of the pilasters are original designs, and each contains a theatrical mask, varying in character and design from the others. The architrave bears the date of the present erection, MDCCCXXVIII. On the frieze, imbedded in foliage of exquisite taste, are three lozenge-shaped tablets or panels, which were

inscribed with the names of Palmer, Shakspeare, and Garrick. They are now plain. In the original design the centre recess, immediately over the entablature, had a third group—the *histrionic Muse, seated, distributing her rewards to groups of genii, who are contending for her favours*; but this has not been yet executed. On the balustrade, or parapet of the balcony, upon the area of which the inter-pilasters and the large windows in the piers open, is a series of statues and vases of great beauty, and which diffuse such a degree of splendour and embellishment on the whole front, as to leave it, even in London, without a rival among the structures of the same class. Beneath the shelter of the balcony are all the entrances to the different parts of the theatre; every one, for the first time, being entirely distinct from the others.

The ingenious distribution of the interior, by which conveniences, and an area of stage, nearly equal to the largest theatres, are obtained upon a site of comparatively small dimensions, deserves the highest commendation. This is principally managed by placing the stage upon so high a level as to give ample space beneath for the most difficult coups-de-theatre; and to furnish sufficient height for two stories around this space, containing in the one nearest the stage, the entrance, the box-office, the proprietors' and stage manager's rooms, the green-room, music-room, &c.; and in the other, dressing-rooms, divided into suites for the male and female performers, and all the necessary offices.

Before the curtain, the most striking novelties are the beautiful contour of the auditory; and the arrangement of the seats in the pit. The first is nearly the form which a vertical section of a tulip would give; it presents a very elegant curve, and sweeping round the centre, gracefully and conveniently expands as it approaches the proscenium. The seats on the boundary of the pit, instead of being strait lines parallel to the others, and descending an inclined plane until they sink behind the ends of the orchestra, follow the curving outline of the box-fronts, and continue upon a high level through their whole circuit. This preserves a parallelism and harmony between this part of the house and those above it, in lieu of the usual depressed and inconvenient position which gives to the front part of the pit the appearance of being sunk, and forces some of the nearest spectators into situations where it is impossible to enjoy any thing of the passing scene.

The interior is prepared to receive two thousand persons, and is distributed into a pit, two circles of boxes, and one of the largest galleries in London. Each has its own distinct entrance from the street, vestibules, staircases, water-closets, saloons, and places of refreshment, varying of course in character with the parts to which they are attached. The decorations are not at present fair subjects of description or criticism, from their temporary nature; but we have no doubt, that the artists engaged, as soon as they shall have had the necessary time, will produce a tout-ensemble highly honourable to their taste, and to the spirit of the proprietors.

Warned by the destruction of the former theatre, and recent accidents of a similar nature which have occurred in France even

during the hours of performance, the proprietors of the Brunswick Theatre have adopted, to as great an extent as the peculiar circumstances of their case would permit, the plans of the architect to render the principal parts of the theatre incombustible; and to provide and preserve in constant readiness, powerful means of raising and distributing an ample volume of water over the whole interior; the source of which is within the area of the walls, and therefore not depending on external and distant assistance, or a supply that might be interrupted. A fixed engine, upon an improved construction, connected with a well beneath the stage, and provided with all the necessary apparatus, is placed in a situation easy of access at all times; this sends the water to a point in the middle of the front of the stage, from whence it may be directed to play upon any part of the interior in about three minutes from the first alarm. The roof is of wrought iron, of a novel and beautiful construction. All the stairs, staircases, passages, and vestibules, between every part of the spectatory, and connecting it with the street, are fire-proof; and are of such ample dimensions as to be capable of holding the whole of a crowded house perfectly safe, even if the rest of the building, the stage, &c. were in one general conflagration. This gives a consciousness of security that no alarm of fire can disturb, and also affords great convenience to the persons who may be expecting the opening of the doors previous to the commencement of the performances. Not a single individual need suffer the inconvenience of waiting in the street, or of being exposed to the weather by his early attendance, circumstances of which the visitors of a winter theatre have frequently great reason to complain. The stairs leading to the upper circle of boxes, and to the gallery, though in perfectly distinct flights, are combined in the same staircase without increasing its dimensions, and this, independently of the economy of room, affords an extraordinary facility of access; and such is the convenience it gives of rapid exit, that the contents of any one part of the house may leave by any of the accesses of the other three, or by all of them at the same time.

The great desideratum of having the power to warm or ventilate at discretion, an interior intended for the reception of large bodies of people of either sex, both previous to their assembling and during their stay, is expected to be accomplished in this theatre. The warming and ventilating apparatus of Mr. Sylvester, so highly eulogised by Captain Parry, has been fixed under his direction; and some other peculiar arrangements and means, suggested by him, for this most desirable purpose, have been approved by the proprietors, and executed by their architect with the greatest care.

The Theatre was opened, with a very fair company, and a noisy audience, on Monday, February 25. The following address was spoken by Mr. Percy Farren, stage manager:—

Welcome! be that the first, warm, heartfelt word,
That on this stage, and in these walls, is heard.
Friends of the drama! Welcome all, once more
To find the pleasures you have found before;

To re-assume your ancient seats and laws ;
 To shine protection and to shower applause.
 Hail to this meeting ! may its influence shed
 Lasting success round every scene we spread ;
 These opening hours commence a brilliant race,
 Which years of future triumph shall embrace ;
 Exulting talent here its worth proclaim,
 And latent genius spring from hence to fame !

While thus we bid you welcome to this dome,
 Where Brunswick's glory guards the muses' home,
 Full upon memory's faithful mirror cast,
 Shines out the immortal image of the past,
 When, the great Roscius of our father's age,
 Here Garrick rose, the Shakspeare of the stage !
 Still is that name a spell, whose quenchless might
 Awakens years long sepulchred in night ;
 With new-born life arrays the storied scene,
 And makes the present what the past hath been.
 If mirth can glad you, then, or sorrow move,
 If music's voice can melt with tales of love ;—
 If every art the drama e'er essay'd,
 In ceaseless change before your view display'd,
 Can lull each charmed soul in fancy's thrall,—
 Come to this Thespian shrine and find them all !
 These invitations o'er, what more remains,
 But to invoke your sanction for our pains ;
 By Garrick's genius, then,—by Palmer's worth,—
 By Tragedy's proud woe,—Thalia's mirth,—
 Come one,—come all ! revive those famous days,
 When round our stage, wit's radiance beam'd its blaze ;
 When the long line of chariots mark'd our fame,
 And half the west, admiring, eastward came !
 Now view our efforts, and our failings spare ;
 Our worth let candour judge, and time declare ;
 Whilst in one classic line our thanks we tell,—
 Joy to you all !—applaud us !—and farewell !

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

WHITE-VESTED Goddess, that doth smiling live
 Where the lithe woodbine twines in amorous folds,
 Weaving a shadowy bower, whose fresh green holds
 All sweets that pansy, rose, or violet give ;
 If souls be dear to thee of gentle maids—
 Souls that reflect the pure and tranquil hues
 Thy nature loves—O ! quit thy springing shades,
 And here awhile a grateful duty chuse ;
 For, on these spotless leaves, a ready crowd
 May proffer friendship, honour, love, and truth :
 Keep thou the book, nor let thy Catharine's youth
 Look on the flatteries of the vain and proud—
 She is thy votary, thou her guardian be,
 Meek, gracious, heavenly-eyed Simplicity !

SONGS.

I.

WILL you think of the scenes we have gazed on together,

In far distant days, when we see them no more?

They will sprinkle their sunshine on life's clouded weather,

They will glow like bright spots on a desolate shore.

In the faithless and eddying circles of pleasure,

Forget not the thoughts which then gladden'd your heart;

They were thoughts which the wisest and purest might treasure,

They came fresh from heav'n, uncorrupted by art.

Will you think of those scenes at the soft hour of even,

When the light of remembrance floats over the soul?

There are thoughts of deep joy, which by nature are given,

To lead our faint steps on to virtue's dim goal.

They will freshen your heart when the false world is chilling

The hopes which belong to the spirit of youth;—

For, believe me, one pure thought the whole bosom filling

Must rest there for ever—a tribute to truth.

II.

THOUGH thy gales are more soft, and thy skies are more blue,

Fair France, than the land where my fathers have dwelt,

To that land and its loved ones my heart must be true,

For each joy far from *home* is a joy half unfelt.

Though rich vines crowd thy hills, and the sun's lavish light

Gives colour and perfume at each cloudless kiss—

There's a spot where the flowers are as fresh and as bright,

And that spot is the dear quiet *home* of my bliss.

But thy gales and thy skies shall still gladden my heart,

Sweet France, when beneath them no longer I roam;—

For their fragrance and brightness shall never depart

From the thought of that friendship which *here* makes a *home*.

"ANTICREED," OR "A CODE OF UNBELIEF"

KEEP your temper, gentle Christian reader—(for I hope that you are both gentle and Christian)—I am not going to advocate infidelity, or even to loosen one peg of the temporal casket, in which you may happen to keep your faith. I am too well aware of the obligations that the world is under to religion, for that; and be you Christian or Jew, or anything else, I respect your devotion, so that it is sincere and makes you a better man. There are points of a man's character, conduct, and conscience, which neither law nor public opinion can reach; and, therefore, there is a civil value in religion, altogether apart from that peculiar and eternal value which varies with the system, and points to rewards and punishments that are sublime or sensual, according as that system is more divine or more human, in its founder and its doctrines.

Indeed, it is respect for religion that has led me to the proposal of which I am about to put you in possession; and, like all other men that have hit, or fancied they have hit, upon a discovery of universal and permanent benefit, I am at this moment wondering why the thing has not been hinted at before by some of the other great men who have been born to bless mankind.

From its very nature, all religion must proceed upon the ground of faith—there being nothing on which the senses can lay hold; and, therefore, every religion—every system that extends, in any way, beyond the common actions of men in society, or has the least reference to a future state, must be founded upon a creed. The perfection of this creed consists in the confining of it strictly to the spiritual points; and all the errors and heresies, with the wrangling, ill-blood, and fighting to which they have led, have been produced by mixing points of purely civil credulity with the spiritual part of the creed. No matter what the alloy is,—be it the infallibility of the pope—the fallibility of every church and sect but one's own—the adoration of the bones of a dead saint, or the flesh of a living one—the adoration of a benefice, or of a cobbler—it is in principle all the same—wholly and utterly bad. So that, even in religion—that is, in any religion that is contained in what Dr. Chalmers would call "the frame-work of a church," it does not follow *absolutè* that a man is saved in the ratio of his faith, and damned in that of his want of it. Spiritually, he is saved by the purely spiritual part of his faith; and temporally, he is damned—cheated out of his senses; and that, I suppose, is what is meant by temporal damnation, by the temporal part of it. If the first be in excess, the man will, on the whole, be saved; if the latter, he will lean the other way; and if they be equal, the man's benefit from his faith may be put = 0.

But if, in the compound of spirituals and temporals, which goes to the formation of a man's religion, the advantage be not *absolutè* in the whole quantity of believing, but *secundum quid* in the composition and quality,—then, much more must believing be a suspicious matter, in every case in which religion does not enter. So much is this the fact, that the whole history of the errors, blunders, and follies of society, with not a little of that of the faults and crimes, is neither more nor less than a history of the evils of believing. This has been the

case with high and with low, with individuals and with nations. The workhouse, the gaol, and the gallows, are all rendered necessary and supported, just because people believe what they ought not to believe, and for no other reason.

Look into the politics and practices of mankind, either in the great world or in the small, and see what the rock is upon which the good cause is shipwrecked, and the whirlpool in which the good man is engulfed, and you will find that in every case it is owing to the error or the excess of believing. That is the grand and the only cause that fills society with quacks, impostors, and swindlers,—that pesters every science and every art with those who have no recommendation but the impudence of their assertions, and that places the honest and simple-hearted at the mercy of villains. The natural superiority of talents to mere pretensions, and of honesty to hypocrisy and deceit, is so great, that, if there were nothing but each man to contend, simply and nakedly, with others, “the word would be to the worthy,” and every man’s portion of reward, character, and honour, would be in the exact ratio of his merits.

Perhaps there is no country in which the reason and justice of the thing itself—the talents and worth of the parties—have more influence in the distribution of honour and emolument, than in England; and, as London is certainly the place where the greatest intelligence in England is concentrated, it should follow that the distribution in London ought to be more fair and just than in any other place. Possibly it is so; but then what is it? Quackery and imposture from the one end to the other. In every street, in every profession, you find instances where the man who should be high is low, and the man who should be low is high. In the medical profession, you shall find the fawning and wheedling empiric, whether he has a *regular degree* or not, riding in his carriage, and practising Malthus upon the rich; while he who devotes every hour to the study of his profession, threads the alleys on foot, and administers to the poor. Go to the divine, and who is the man marked out for rapid and elevated promotion? Is it he who devotes his hours of study to the principles of divinity, and inculcates in his homilies the glorious doctrines of Christian charity—of “good will to all the children of men?” By no means: the man of that stamp continues in his vicarage, or his curacy, as it happens; and all the memorial that he leaves upon the record of the world is the little tablet of stone by the church vault, and haply a volume of sermons, published posthumously for the benefit of his widow. The man who mounts up is the polemic—the true member of the church-militant. The sacerdotal hero is made much in the same way as the military one. His fame is in proportion to the number of the vanquished; and as we praise and pension the one, according to the number of men of other nations whom he has “done to death,” so we benefice the other in proportion to the number of those of other churches whom he dooms to damnation. This, too, without much reference to the nature of the church. Your Protestant rises in temporal renown, in proportion as he damns Catholics; and your Catholic in proportion as he damns Protestants.

It is the same in every profession and pursuit, with the exception of those that have to put all they do before the whole public, and stand

by its award. In this way the profession of the law (I mean the *bar*) is less open to imposture than any other profession that can be named; and that arises in no small degree from the labours of barristers being oral, in great part extempore, public, and exposed to the animadversions of each other. But the moment that we pass from this part of the profession, and follow any of them into office, or even into their chambers, we begin to feel the inroads of faith; and, though there be splendid exceptions, (as there, of course, are in all the cases which I have mentioned,) the men who *judge* are not, on the whole, so lofty in character and talent, as the men who *plead*.

The very orthodox Calvinists have sometimes had rather profane jokes cracked upon them for the distinction and separation which they are so anxious to make between *faith* and *sense*; but it would be well that people kept each of those matters in its place:—*faith*, in *religion*; and *sense*, and nothing but *sense*, in *every thing else*,—in the politics, the institutions, and the whole business and conduct of life. Perhaps it would be well, for the purpose of not offending those who are apt to be offended by names, that a different name should be given to that civil belief which does so much mischief, that it should be called *credulity*, or something of that kind. The name is, however, a matter of minor moment; but the quality, though differing so much in its objects and effects is, in him who exercises it, one and the same. In both cases, it is believing, without *sensible* conviction, or the evidence of reasoning reducible to observation and experience. In religion, that is not, from the very nature of the subject, attainable; but it may be either fully obtained or approximated in every thing else. Even in the moral part of religion,—as in that beautiful code of self and social government, which, independently of its higher origin and attributes, makes Christianity so conducive to the personal and national well-being of mankind—there is a separation, and sense is introduced as the ruling and only principle,—the good of ourselves and our fellow creatures, sought after with inquiry and discretion, and judged of by the result, is the ordinance; and, by the way, half, if not the whole, of the wranglings by which the history of Christianity is disgraced, have arisen from confounding the two parts of the system, applying faith to the practical duties, and endeavouring to render the mysteries palpable to sense.

Whether there be any chance that divines shall ever be able to keep this distinction clear, and thus carry on their important labours without polemics, is a consummation rather to be wished than expected; and, though it be more intimately connected with the civil prosperity and happiness of mankind than those who have not studied it may be aware of,—more time and talent being probably wasted in that way, than, if properly used, would pay the interest of the national debt; yet does not so properly fall within the province of those who confine themselves to civil matters.

But credulity in civil matters is no man's preserve,—it is patent and open to every one who chooses to express his opinion respecting it; and seeing that it neither does nor can produce any thing but mischief, the attack of it in every possible way becomes a duty. In all matters of human conduct, the universal maxim ought to be—"Believe nothing, without the evidence;" and if that were generally pro-

mulgated and acted upon, the axe would be laid to the root of the tree of imposture. Nor let it be said that this would destroy confidence, or dissolve the bonds of society; for its effect would be directly opposite. Who is the man you confide in now?—The one whom you have tried, and found worthy; or him who sets forth, in good set terms, the tale of his own virtue or merit? Amid all the exuberance of faith, the latter is even now an object of suspicion; and if matters could be brought to such a state, as that every man and every measure could be tried first, and then trusted, there would be no such thing as suspicion in society.

Why is not that the case? Why do not men spend half the labour in informing themselves beforehand, which they are compelled to spend in repentance and reparation afterwards? There are two general causes, and they ramify into and are accompanied by a number of particular ones, growing out of the circumstances of time and place. Mankind are *ignorant*, and they are *lazy*: when the head is empty of sense—and sense, rightly interpreted, is but another name for knowledge,—faith will creep in by the smallest crevice, just as air creeps into a vessel that is emptied of more solid contents. In this way, knowledge, and faith—or credulity, are the complements of each other; and how much soever of the one may be deficient is always sure to be made up by the other. A man who knows nothing may be made to believe almost every thing; while a man of information will not believe any thing, of the truth of which he does not feel convinced in his own mind. Every addition to his belief is, therefore, another truth fixed; while the successive efforts of pure credulity, in the other, turn him into a sort of pipe for the conveyance of nonsense—which nonsense he again spouts upon the rest of society; and, as the majority are, by hypothesis, and in fact, in the same empty state as himself, the one piece of nonsense soon takes possession of a thousand heads, each of which unfortunately has a tongue, and thus the *vox populi* becomes as unlike the *vox Dei* as can well be imagined.

This ignorance of mankind is wonderfully increased by their laziness. If the matter in question does not immediately affect their personal comfort, or their pecuniary or professional interest,—the only parts of human perception that appear to be constant, and not affected by the variations of knowledge and ignorance,—folks like to get at it by the shortest road. As, if any body should tell me that the Infant of Portugal had broken his mother's head with the gin-bottle, possibly I might believe it, upon very slender testimony, or without any further evidence than the floating character of the parties; but if any man told me that another had picked my pocket, the first thing that I would probably do, without any argument or inquiry, would be to thrust my hand into it, and ascertain the fact. Now, if you poll society, you will find a great many persons in it as indifferent to any subject, with the exception already stated, as I am to the squabbles of the Infant and his mother in their cups; and these persons suck in all the nonsense that may be floating upon that subject, and dribble it out again, each to a circle of hearers,—just because it is the last thing they have heard, and they wish to show that they have sources of information. Of these, many are, without doubt, quite capable of judging of the case, but they see no motive in it to induce them to take the trouble;

and as the evidence of all uneducated persons and nations proves that the natural and untrained bias lies more towards credulity than scepticism, this indolence causes many to credit that which, if they but used the knowledge and discretion that they have, they would find to be utterly false or nonsensical.

If the matters, which are received through this indolence, were to run out of the memory as fast and as unconnectedly with the party as they run in, the only mischief would be the waste of time, and the formation of the bad habit. But matters which once fasten themselves upon a man's memory are apt to come into play at one time or another, and influence both his opinions and his conduct. Every man is disposed to take the most favourable view of his own abilities—to set the greatest possible value upon his head, and all its contents; and the fewer that these are, or the less their real nature, the more time has he to spend in the admiration of them. This brings him, in time, to confound the mere infusions of credulity with the results of experience, and mistake the one for the other; and there can be no doubt that a very great portion of the nonsense that is spoken and written, and upon which private men and public companies, and sometimes even senates and kings, govern their proceedings, springs from mistakes of this kind. When the Bishop of Tuam inflicts his speech upon the Upper House, as touching the doctrines of civil and religious liberty, or when Sir Thomas Lethbridge subjects the Lower House to the same treatment, in the matter of free trade, it is wholly without the limits of possibility to suppose, or even imagine, that either the Right Reverend Father, or the Honourable Baronet, could have arrived at the matters of which he is then and there delivered, by any known or imaginable operation of investigation, inquiry or induction, or any thing connected with the operation of thought or reflection.

In their original they must have come from simple credulity; and been lumped together by tumbling in the void with that irregular motion alluded to by the poet—

*“Corpora, quom deorsum rectum per inane ferentur,
Ponderibus propriis incerto tempore ferme
Incerteisque locis, spatio depellere pallum;
Tantum, quod nomen mutatum dicere possis.”*

When thus duly tumbled and concocted, they come forth in that singular universe, which every way that you can turn glides off far beyond your ken, like the other—

*“Usque adeo passim patet ingens copia rebus,
Finibus exenteis, in cunctas undique parteis.”*

Need one add that the sense even of such men, travelling over such an extent as this, can

“Find no end, in wandering mazes lost.”

When the delusion of credulity has once come to this state, it thenceforth becomes incurable. The habit of speaking and acting upon credulity becomes confirmed, and the powers of observation and reflection become blunted and obliterated. Persons in this unhappy state, when they happen to have influence, (and there have always hitherto been numbers of them in every country which has an hereditary system, by means of which a certain portion of the inhabitants can command the adoration due to greatness, without any of the personal elements or

attributes of being great,) are stumbling-blocks in the way of all improvement. Unable to trace the laws and institutions of society to the circumstances of the times in which they were founded, and the genius and objects of the founders, they do not regard them in the light in which reason or sense regards them—contrivances for the good of the whole—merely human matters, and, as such, changeable with the changes of society; they look upon them as something conferred, and not as something made—as partaking of the immutability of the laws of nature; and to deny the abstract right, or the practical justice, of a peer's sending two members to the House of Commons, or the advantage and strength that are given to the government by starving the people in order to keep up the rent of land, is, with them, a far more horrible heresy than to deny the principle of gravitation, or the fact of the earth's rotation and revolution. Men, thus confirmed, are in a most pitiable state, and not more capable of managing their own affairs than those other unhappy persons that are handed over to the keeping of the Lord Chancellor of England; for a man who has put himself in the condition that he can neither observe nor think, cannot take one step without going wrong, or come into contact with the rest of the world without being duped or deceived. Accordingly, when we find any of them forced to come out of their strong-holds—as when they go to the Jews to borrow money, or to *hell* to spend it—we always find that they come off second best. The wormwood of all, however, is when they are deputed to do the business of other people; for then, though you cannot help laughing at the bungling and ludicrous nature of the action, you are made to feel the consequences.

To point out the mischiefs suffered and done in consequence of this credulity, would be to make a history of a considerable portion of every class in society, which would fill many books instead of one short paper; but unfortunately the evil is so very general, that every one has abundant scope for examining it within the limits of his own experience.

The great difficulty, and also the great desideratum, is to find a remedy. It is inconvenient to wait until men shall be wise; for when all that are living shall be wise, a great portion of those now living must be dead. What is needed, is, therefore, a *noncredo*—AN UNBELIEF—a list of things in which no man is to put faith. But who shall draw it up? where shall we find a man who has not some lurking incredulity of his own, or who has sufficient knowledge for so arduous a task? These questions are not easy to be answered; and though they were, one uniform “unbelief” would not do, nor would it suit in all particulars unless it were altered every day. One adapted to the meridian of Paris or Madrid would not suit in London; and it is doubtful whether a London one would be perfectly applicable in the country. In many things one for the last year would be obsolete this year; and it is to be hoped that some parts of one for this year would be obsolete against the next. Probably the best way would be to publish the leading points annually, either made up in the Almanac, or published in a supplement. Those of the Stationers' Company contain a good deal of the same sort of matter already, if they had the honesty to tell the folks so,—so much of it, indeed, that we have heard hawkers crying them for sale by the name of “Jack-the-liars.” The stuff that they contain, however, is not the proper stuff. No doubt it is false, and

sometimes filthy ; but " the Unbelief " should touch more on those matters which affect the condition of men without any stellar or lunar influence.

Until some one great enough for putting the design in execution shall arise, the way might be paved by giving a few hints now and then ; and what follows may be taken as a specimen :—

THE UNBELIEF ;

OR LIST OF THINGS IN WHICH MEN ARE TO PUT NO FAITH,

For 1828,

BEING BISSEXTILE.

PREFACE.

THAT the writer hereof is capable of forming a perfect judgment of all the matters and men hereinafter referred to.

CHAPTER I.—*Politics and Politicians.*

THAT the concession of the Catholic claims would at once, and as a charm, alter and improve the population of Ireland.

That the improvement of that population can be begun, or Ireland secured as a permanent and integrant part of the United Kingdom, until these claims are conceded.

That Canada can permanently remain a British colony, unless a different line of policy is pursued.

That the government of this country inspires the same love of liberty in other countries, as when George Canning was prime minister.

That other governments view it with the same respect.

That the prosperity of the country can be improved by the emigration of able-bodied labourers.

That the corn laws increase the wealth of the land-owners.

That the country gentlemen in either, or in neither, house of parliament shall be able to understand the nature and operation of those laws.

That there can be an over-issue of metallic currency.

That Lord Lyndhurst has the same notions respecting liberty and prerogative as John Copley the barrister.

That Lord Eldon perfectly approves of the Wellington cabinet.

That the majority of the Lords Spiritual will ever vote against the administration.

That Lord Londonderry will ever forget *that* " this is too bad."

That the East India Company was ever of any good to this country.

That the Turkish dominions in Europe will continue at their present extent.

That Lord Eldon will ever be President of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

That the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts would be productive of the smallest injury to the church.

That the Finance Committee will be permitted to probe all the abuses of the expenditure.

- That all their suggestions will be attended to.
- That the majority of the Scotch members will ever vote for liberal measures.
- That absolute despotisms shall not, upon the whole, be swayed by women.
- That the priesthood or the nobles shall ever regain the ancient ascendancy in France.
- To these might be added many others all equally unworthy of credit. Then the hints might proceed to,

CHAPTER II.—*Arts and Professions.*

- That the opinion of any reviewer should be wholly and implicitly followed.
 - That any author's opinion of his own work should be relied on.
 - That any lady now living in the metropolis is a poetess.
 - That there is one student at Gresham College.
 - That any of the lives of Napoleon yet written contains a just estimate of his character.
 - That the author of the work on "The Omnipresence of the Deity" has not been injured by the undue praise of that poem.
 - That the weekly reviewers read a sixth part of the books they decide on.
 - That it would make much difference if they got a leaf or two sent them by the publisher, and never saw the books at all.
 - That there ever has been a knot of so keen satirists as the Scribblers' club.
 - That anybody reads the Gentleman's Magazine.
 - That any man now believes in Cobbett.
 - That the longitude will ever be discovered by the Board bearing that name.
 - That the Royal Academy tends very much to promote the higher art of painting.
 - That it does not mightily flatter the vanity of the sitters, and thereby mightily increase the number of every-day faces.
 - That there is any chance of a new classical drama being successful at either of the great theatres.
 - That any of the inventions, for which the Society of Arts shall award its medal, will come into general use.
 - That the Royal Society adds any thing to real science.
 - That praise can keep a bad book alive, or abuse kill a good one.
 - That mere calculating mathematicians are not very dull fellows.
 - Ditto, of mere linguists.
 - Ditto, of men any-one-things.
 - That the useful in science is not displacing the speculative.
 - That any specific shall be found for *itch in the palm*, save the *aurum portabile*.
- In the perfect book, this chapter might bear subdivision into many sections, and if the antifaith in the men as well as the subjects were given, it would be piquant withal, and produce a great sensation.

The newspapers would, if treated at length, demand a chapter for themselves; but probably the best way of dealing with them is either to believe the whole or none at all, farther than official documents, and those resolve themselves into the parties from whence they issue.

Domestic economy would make some capital sections; and young persons of both sexes would derive much information and guidance from a full statement of the unbelief of love and flirtation; and even when the author had treated as he thought of unbelief in *omnibus rebus*, he would find room for an

APPENDIX—*De quibusdam aliis.*

That notwithstanding the quantity of organic, and, therefore, inflammable matter, which, upon analysis, its water is found to contain— notwithstanding the compounds of hydrogen with carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus, and, therefore, inflammable gases, which its waters give out—and, notwithstanding the general fact that the constituent parts of water, in the very proportion in which they enter into that fluid, are, the one the most inflammable, and the other the most inflammatory body known,—yet that the corporation of London or its officers, and more especially Mr. Alderman Bridges and the Recorder, will ever ignite the Thames, or put the city to the expense of insuring that river at any of the fire-offices.

That the present Board of Works will in any degree improve the architectural taste of the country.

That the palace which they are altering and amending at Buckingham Gate will be the cheapest, most convenient, and most durable ever erected.

That any two physicians of eminence shall agree as to the treatment of any one disease.

That any reason shall be assigned for the fashion of a lady's bonnet.

That any charitable institution in the metropolis shall be supported without dining.

That there shall be a select vestry without jobbing.

That the whole sum raised in rates in any one parish shall be expended impartially upon the poor.

That all the taxes levied upon the people shall be accounted for to the Treasury.

That there shall be a borough election without bribery.

That Joseph Hume, Esq., shall be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

That a Scotchman shall be found on the great north road with his back to the south.

That the Rev. Edward Irving shall see the commencement of that millennium which he has predicted.

That the Thames Tunnel shall pay five per cent.

That *my* opinion is better than *yours*.

Right or wrong, these hints will furnish some idea of the kind of article wanted; and as some of the annual patchbooks may break down, the wights and women thrown out of service might do worse than club for "The Unbelief."

MASSANIELLO:

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

Scene I.—*A Street in the Suburb of Naples, on the Beach. A Fisherman's Hut in the Foreground.*

DON FERDINAND and DON JOSEPH.

Ferdinand. O monstrous profanation! Say you then
That one of these, who bears the stamp of man,
Was born for you, or me, or any high one,
Without an end or hope beyond our wills?—
In what dark school of creeping selfishness
Found you this despot's creed?

Joseph. Right learned sage,
In pleasure's glorious school—for there no qualms
Of blind compassion for the paltry slave
Who toils to fill our cup, no doubting contrast
Of velvet and of rags, e'er came across
The broad sweep of our tempers.

Ferdinand. Here we stand
Full in the haunts of woe: here squalid sloth
Sits side by side with famine;—here more frequent
At set of sun the outworn peasant brings
The hard-earn'd morsel to his famish'd babes—
Ye reckon not these—ye count not in your riots
The bitter agonies, revolting sins,
That Poverty entails.

Joseph. I blame not Heaven
For sorting men so strangely!

Ferdinand. Mock ye at Heaven,
Ye proud ones? Cloak not thus your own misrule
In Heaven's eternal justice. Lords of this city,
Low have ye bow'd to Spain's unholy yoke!
But ye were wise—for when ye offered up
Your country's freedom, and the tyrants ask'd
For more substantial gifts, ye gave not then
Your jewels and your silks, your gold and mansions,
But, shame! ye brought a hundred thousand bodies,
Stout in their healthful peace, and slyly whispered,
'Screw ducats from their sinews.' Ye were right—
Meagre and gaunt they lie—but ye are sleek!

Joseph. Bravo, my beardless preacher! O 'tis fine
To see the hot blood of your fiery spirits
Blaze out in patriot ravings, and the cant
Of green philanthropy. Such glorious themes
Oft have I heard from younglings fresh from school,
Full of the talk which idle pedants teach
Of Grecian liberties and Roman rights:—
Boldly they talk'd, till wiser orators

Shew'd them the key that opes Preferment's gate—
 Anon their wild notes were subdued to sing
 The sweet monotonous strains of caged birds—
 Of birds in golden cages.

Ferdinand.

Frigid scorner!

If some were not to hold the narrow path
 Of high and blameless honesty, where, think you,
 Would state and empire, and the general mass
 Of social compacts fall? Grovelling beneath
 The pitiless foot of luxury and pride,
 The tyrant will, the pestilent command,
 Of self-idolaters.

Joseph.

There let them fall,

So I be uppermost.

Ferdinand.

Ah! trust misplaced—

Tottering when most secure. Sure those who walk
 With bloated look and arrogant step where men
 Lie famishing, on beds of lava tread,
 Like the thin crust on yon volcano's side,
 Fit to engulph them. Oh! there is a spirit
 Rankling in flinty breasts within these walls,
 Which, stirr'd too much, may dash your boasted pomp
 Down to its nothingness. Beware!

Joseph.

Of what?—

Ferdinand. Of pushing misery to desperation:—

Man is a patient animal, but man,
 Press'd down with heavy loads of toil and want,
 Writhes when he sees the ox that toils no more
 Well-stall'd and fed, and whilst the common mother
 Smiles in his face, and shakes her liberal horn,
 Nor forms, nor statutes, nor long-charter'd rights,
 Can make him tamely starve, while such as we are,
 Heap up earth's fruit with an all-grasping hand,
 And call it our prerogative.

Joseph.

Ridiculous!—

Young man, you grow disloyal, and my fame
 Will catch a taint from such audacious converse.
 Be cautious, or my duty must unmask you.

[Exit.

Ferdinand. Disloyal!—Oh! the tawdry shine of prudence
 That sensualists adore!

(Pauses—a guitar sounds.

That gentle sound,
 Heard in these haunts of woe, is like the harp
 That pours its fitful strains when rough winds sweep
 Across its answering bosom. Still it comes—

(Song from within.)

AGNES.

Go, number all the aching hours
 Which Pleasure's brightest years may know—
 Go, strew your path with fairest flowers,
 Ye still shall tread on thorns of woe:

Why ask ye, then, if want and pain
Have cares that cut the heart in twain?

Bear up my heart, though fate may lower,

It is not wealth's supreme controul,

It is not pride, it is not power,

That raise to hope the fainting soul—

'Tis innocence and peace of mind,

And these the lowliest lot may find.

Ferdinand. There is some grief within : the nightingale,
As poets feign, sings sweetest when the thorn
Goads her soft breast. *(Enters the cottage.*

SCENE II.

Agnes. What noise is that? *(Ferdinand enters.)* Your
pardon, Sir.

Ferdinand. 'Tis mine
To crave forgiveness for this rude approach,
Where so much grace and harmony reside,
I fear, with sorrow.

Agnes. Ah! good, Sir, 'tis true,
That sorrow here inhabits.

Ferdinand. You are poor?

Agnes. Yes, very poor—but that is not the worst—
Oh! we are desolate—the care-worn master
Of this low hut in vain returns at night
With hard and painful earnings—no fond wife
Dries his wet weeds, or calls the rising smile
From his forgetful heart—no anxious mother
Comforts her clamorous babes with promis'd food—
No tender sister claims my duteous care.

Ferdinand. Is then the wife, the mother, sister—dead?

Agnes. Oh, no! she lies despairing in a prison—

Ferdinand. A prison?

Agnes. Yes!—imprudent, but not guilty—
Her children ask'd for bread, and she had none.
She wandered on the beach, seeking her husband,
Who went to cast his net by the moon's light—
A boat approached the strand; the crew were smugglers—
Her husband came; and for his evening's toil
They gave a tub of meal; she bore it home,
Whilst he remained to gather up his nets—
The officers of custom traced her here,
And dragg'd her to a dungeon—there she lies
Till we can pay a heavy, heavy fine—
A hundred rials—'tis impossible!

Ferdinand. It shall be not impossible—but tell me,
What is your brother's name?

Agnes. Thomas Anello—
My sister's husband.

Ferdinand. Will he soon be here?—

Agnes. This is the hour he gives a pause to toil—
 To think and sigh but not to be refreshed.
 Oh! Sir, his mind is noble, but weigh'd down
 By long affliction to a seeming harshness.
 We had not always been thus mean and wretched:
 Poor Beatrice and myself, Sir, were well born,
 But, when our parents died, our scanty pittance
 Could not shut out the storm—Anello saw us—
 He tilled a little farm; my sister loved him,
 For in his heart dwelt all the manly virtues,
 And many towering thoughts to charm a maiden.
 They married and were bless'd—one evil day
 Anello's lofty spirit ill could brook
 The insults of a feudal lord, who claim'd
 Base homage from the poor—his words were gall—
 Anello in a frenzy shut his door,
 And we were forced to fly. Two years in Naples
 With uncomplaining labour he has striven
 'Gainst bitter poverty—but, hark!
 I hear him hanging up his nets without.
 He comes.

Enter ANELLO. (Looks suspiciously at FERDINAND.)

Anello. Agnes, these walls are dark—the eye of pride
 Might keep its sunshine for less blighted regions—
 Your business, Sir?—

Ferdinand. Chance brought me to your dwelling—
 My duty keeps me here—I know your lot,
 And would relieve it.

Anello. Spare me then the pain
 Of sinking one step lower, in the thought
 That wealth presumes to chuck its crumbs to me—
 A thing for almsgiving.

Ferdinand. You treat me harshly—
 I claim no privilege from wealth—why then
 Should you be proud of poverty?

Anello. What else
 Has greatness left me to be proud of?—

Ferdinand. Honour,
 Th' unconquerable spirit, the contempt
 Of Fortune's idle freaks, the blessed love
 Of one who shares thy sorrows.

Anello. That was my own
 I thought beyond control—but power rush'd in
 And dragg'd her from me—yes, her minist'rings
 Made me rejoice in woe—th' unclouded smile
 Of hearts at ease may fill up common loves,
 But oh! the kiss upon the bed of anguish,
 The mutual consolation, the warm look
 That shuts out earth and all its gaudy nothings—
 Ye envied me, that toil, and want, and rags
 Had joys which gold and purple could not buy.

Ferdinand. Has greatness then no sympathy with virtue?

Anello. Oh no, it sears the heart—it parches up
The tide of love that gushes from the fount
Of nature. Frozen is the stream that creeps
Through my cold veins—the chill of grief is on it—
But one warm gleam would bid it melt again
In general charity.

Ferdinand. But would not wealth
Corrupt thee too?

Anello. Oh never let me bask
In the full sun of power, for I have seeds
Deep planted in my heart, which, warm'd and ripened,
Would grow to poison.

The curse of pride was on me from my birth—
The haughty boy that spurn'd a brother's rule
Has not plucked out by years of wretchedness
The green ambition of his spring-tide dreams!

Ferdinand. A brother's rule—some mystery surrounds you!

Anello. My secret is my own—I told it not,
Lest men should pay that homage to my ancestry
They will not give my rags.

Ferdinand. Strange is thy talk,
And strange thy thoughts—where learnt you such abstractions?

Anello. I have communed with nature—in her wilds
I gazed on beauty, and my spirit bowed
In awe and admiration. In the walks
Of art, in crowded towns, I learnt contempt—
It was my armour when the dainty fools
Spurn'd such a worm as I am.

Ferdinand. I will not spurn you;
I ask your friendship. Agnes, take this purse,
And free your sister.—

Anello. Mark me, generous man,
I, too, have felt the holy joy of blessing
The suffering soul with what such dross can give—
But gold I will not take—no, not a ducat,
If my poor Beatrice were to pine a life
In her cold cell—I have already earn'd
Half her hard fine; a few more days of labour
Buy me the joy of freeing her myself;
If you would have Anello for your friend,
Seek not to make him a dependant slave.

(AGNES returns the purse.)

Ferdinand. I prithee dash not comfort from you thus—
'Twixt friends, these baubles should be as the counters
With which they play the idle game of life—
Chance threw them in my lap, while yours was empty;
Then use them freely.

Anello. Worldlings hold them fast
With a clutch hand—but you, Sir—you are young;
I would not borrow from your inexperience
What grey-beards would refuse me.

Ferdinand. Oh you said true,

The curse of pride is on you. But farewell!—
 We'll argue this in happier days. Farewell! (*Exit FERDINAND.*
Anello. 'Twas a hard struggle!
 Why did this youth thus come across my steps,
 To make me hate the tribe of fortune less,
 And strike less sure!

SONNETS.

I.

O YE great forms of nature; O, thou sun
 Uprising or descending; O, vast sky,
 Whether thy infinite expanse on high
 Enlarges our dim minds in open noon,
 Or that thou gatherest, in thy mighty hall,
 The other worlds, a still assemblage dread,
 And the invisible God in midst of all—
 Do ye not, O ye wonders, thus outspread
 On all sides, fill this heart? O sky, O earth,
 I've lov'd you, and ye forest greeneries
 From which trees rise, ye branches of the trees,
 Ev'n till I knew not if I had gone forth
 Among you, or still liv'd—But as before
 This heart for ever longs for something more.

II.

ON A GEM OF ENDYMION SLEEPING.

A LOVELY youth there sits, with moon-bright hair,
 Alone on Latmus' top; his shoulder white
 Uncover'd, and his perfect form left bare
 To the descending of the insatiate light.
 He sleeps—his neck and face are gently bow'd
 As though in sleep. Poor dog, you bark in vain
 Against the silence; thy complaining loud
 He will not hear, or feel thy touch again!
 But his own name in music came to him,
 Endymion, murmur'd in an unknown voice;
 Whereat a smile fell on his eyelids dim,
 And stirr'd his lips; Diana 'gan rejoice,
 Still, still more sweetly, that lone hill above,
 Streaming (ah! me) her unavailing love.

DIARY
FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

1st. In a former Diary I laid down the proposition, that the government of the world is the ancient province of the fools; and endeavoured to show by what a beautiful economy it is so ordered, that men utterly incapable of regulating their own concerns, are perfectly able to direct the affairs of a nation. It is an admirable feature in the plan of nature, that nothing is made in vain; every thing, no matter how apparently mean its being, has its use and properties of curious worth, which need only the due application for their developement. It is here, however, that men fail—the virtues of things lie long hidden for want of the lucky contact which may call them forth, and discover them to the eye of observation. For ages, surely, was the spark in the flint before the iron struck it out. Just so too, the capacity of statesman exists in the fool long before the conjunction of power calls it forth; but no sooner is the poorest pigmy of humanity affected by this test, than, as if touched with Ithuriel's spear, he springs up into a giant and potent spirit of mischief. Cervantes had surely remarked this political phenomenon when he says of Sancho Panza's decrees, "And in this instance we see that governors, though otherwise fools, are sometimes directed in their decisions by the hand of God." We have had the experience of many generations added to that of Cervantes; and the result is, a conviction that for the fools is the government of mankind intended; nor in tracing the page of history do we find that the purpose has been often crossed. It is a sound maxim that, when we have means sufficient for an end we should not look for others. It is a corollary, that if the fools are competent to govern the world, it were idle to employ wise men for the same object. Why should the wisdom be wasted, where the folly is all sufficient? There are persons who would not earn six-pence a-day by the best labour of their wits or their hands, who yet being placed in high station by fortune, are able, by the mere virtue of their position, to guide our affairs. They would have been beggars had they not been born prosperous gentlemen; but being born prosperous gentlemen, with parts for begging, they are glorious ministers of state. Such is the virtue of power acting upon men, as Cervantes remarks, "otherwise fools." Understanding, we may observe on the other hand, is not only thrown away upon office which can dispense with it, but actually seems to undergo some disqualifying change when it comes into conjunction with power. Consider the intellectual character of the Tory party of this country—as compared with the Whigs, or rather the Liberals, bearing about the proportion of worth which a turnip bears to the head of a Newton—and yet observe the miserable failures of the Talents in office, in contrast with the credit with which the Logs have administered affairs. Who will compare a Fox with a Sidmouth or a Perceval, a Lansdowne with a Liverpool, as individuals; yet the governments of the common-place ministers will not excite the sneer or sarcasm which is ever ready at the mention of the brief disasters of their more talented opponents.

MARCH, 1828.

2 A

The Whigs indeed seem to have been themselves convinced of the truth of my theory, and persuaded that wisdom was out of place in office, and consequently they dismissed it from their councils to the utmost of their powers. They seem to have felt that they held office much on the same condition on which Sinbad the Sailor was to be safely ferried over the sea in the iron man's boat, namely, that on the mention of any good thing the bark would instantly founder. Sinbad guarded his tongue for a long space, but at last blest Alla, and was in the next breath struggling with the waves. The Liberal Ministry too was extremely careful to avoid, as mortal, the mention of good for a season; and but for the judicious arrangements at last proposed for a measure of public advantage, the iron man would have sullenly rowed on with them to the voyager's barren end.

Now, however, we have returned to the ancient order of things, and have again got ministers in power who will not have to labour under a plethora of wisdom, or a painful suppression of good intentions; and who will give the nation the full benefit of parts applicable to no other earthly business than the guidance of its affairs. Here is no waste force—no superfluous sagacity. Intelligence is again in the sphere of its operation, and vacuity is the only station in life it would not disgrace.

On consideration I must qualify the assertion, for Huskisson and Lord Dudley are certainly *extravagances*.

There has, perhaps, been no statesman of the present century who has found so much favour in John Bull's sight as Lord Liverpool; and it is vulgarly imagined, that he was a person of great ability; but the fact is, that intellectually he was a very common-place man. None of his associates will deny the justness of this description of him. His early friendship with Mr. Canning has been much dwelt on; and "the kindred minds," thus in the dawn of life attached to each other, have been naturally exalted in the set forms of admiration usual on such occasions. The truth is, that Canning, Jenkinson, and Lord Morley, were great college cronies; and Canning made his two friends his two butts, giving the preference to Jenkinson, whom he never suspected of possessing "a master-mind," but liked as a good fellow, and cultivated as a patrician, a character for which Canning had always a mighty reverence. Once on a time Mr. Jenkinson, wearied of being a butt, and envying his companion's amusing qualities, which had so often been called forth at his expense, gravely applied to him for some instruction in the art of wit. Canning greedily laid hold of the idea, and handed about a lampoon in the form of the desired instructions for the use of his friend, which made him the jest of the university for some days.

Those who know these circumstances—and there are many acquainted with them, for one of the three, who has no character for genius to keep up, makes no reserve of his anecdotes—will enjoy the joke of seeing, in the due course of history, the two great souls described as holding high communings together, and mingling their kindred spirits as they paced the groves of Academia. These are the comely lies with which the world is amused.

The theory I have broached, of the fitness of folly for office, is curiously supported by an authority referred to in an anecdote I have just stumbled upon in Bacon's *Advancement of Knowledge*; and which

would go to the extent of proving that wisdom works in every man an absolute disqualification for the government of this country.

"It was pleasantly and wisely said, though I think very untruly, by a nuncio of the Pope returning from a certain nation, where he served as lieger; whose opinion being asked touching the appointment of one to go in his place, he wished in any case they did not send one that was too wise, because *no very wise man* would ever imagine what they in that country were like to do."

There is more than a joke in this. Wise men are apt to err in their conjectures and their plans, from giving the world credit for more wisdom than it possesses. Minds of a more vulgar order, better understand the vulgar, and form more accurate judgments of what is practicable. The genius has always been the jest of society. A certain mediocrity is a grand secret of success in life. Why is a Scarlett a more successful advocate than a Brougham? Because there are twelve Scarletts in the jury box, of smaller minds indeed, but of the same material and structure—miniatures as it were of the giant common-place. For the same reason a Peel is better adapted to rule this country than a Canning, for there are thousands of Peels thronging the streets, under the names of Johnsons, and Thomsons, and Smiths, and Browns; and very respectable men they are in their ways, though by no means of that intellectual order suspected of any capacity for setting the Thames on fire.

— An immensity of exceedingly proper indignation has been vented on the establishment of the Pandemonium in St. James's-street. The public mind could have endured the idea of six shabby little hells in Pall Mall with tolerable ease and composure; but its patience sinks under the load of so big and fine a house in St. James's-street. From a similar kind of sentiment, the lady objected to the project of sweeping chimnies by means of drawing up a goose flapping, and floundering, and struggling against the string; but readily consented to the employment of a pair of ducks in the same agreeable office. Gambling is undoubtedly a horrid vice, and it were desirable to prevent it by law; but when it is found impossible to put a stop to any mischief by law, the next best thing is to regulate it. The French government, knowing that man will gamble, takes the cards into its own hands—the proceeding is a sore scandal in the judgment of foreigners; but is it attended with worse consequences than our system of prohibiting what we cannot prevent? In Paris, where the gaming-houses are licensed, they are open to the whole world. If, therefore, a father wants to know whether his son gambles, if a merchant desires to discover whether his clerk or partner plays, he has nothing to do but to visit the houses and he ascertains the point, and takes his measures accordingly. Here there is really as much gaming, (in pecuniary amount at least,) and no such opportunity of detection. The law cannot stop the play, but it succeeds in barricading the doors against those interested in discovering the players. The only persons who have access to these fortresses are the gamblers; and their very first encouragement is often the secrecy which they know necessarily belongs to them. Were they thrown open, hundreds who now haunt them—sons, husbands, clerks, partners in mercantile houses, &c.—

would be driven away from their doors by the fear of discovery. Would the toleration invite others to occupy their places? This seems doubtful: "A wilful man will have his way." Those who have the itch of gaming on them will never lack the means; and the probability is, that there is as much play at this moment as the appetite of society allows of. The law's prohibition is *brutum fulmen*. Prudence and a respect for good morals are the only real checks on the vice. The alarmist will object, that the law's toleration of gaming-houses would change the public opinion of the practice. The law tolerates Judaism: has it tempted any man to become a Jew? Toleration is neither the same thing as recommendation or countenance. We need not go so far as the French, and make the government actually ministerial to the vice.

Crockford's is certainly a fine example of the march of the devil's hoof; and yet when they were about the establishment of so highly respectable a hell, I wonder that they did not do the thing still better. The fault I perceive in Crockford's is simply that it is Crockford's. It is a club on the plan of all other clubs, with this striking exception, that there is an individual profit to the amount of a lion's share, which is against the principle of all clubs. Crockford keeps the bank, and necessarily draws from the society an immense and certain gain. Why did not the club give itself the benefit now derived by Crockford? Why could not the club have held the bank out of a common fund, and thus the individual losses would have gone to the common advantage—nay, a portion of the losses would have in this case returned with interest to the losers. This arrangement would have made it a kind of joint stock gambling concern, the particular losses going to a fund, on reaching a fixed amount, divisible among the members. The profit of the bank being absolutely certain, the society could incur no risk in holding it.

It may appear unnecessary criticism to find a fault in the arrangement of hell; but it is at least curious to observe Satan wanting in ingenuity. But, perhaps, the defect was not one of clumsiness, but arose from a personal regard to Crockford, and a desire to favour him.

Considering the becoming reprobation which had been poured out on "the Pandemonium," it was quite edifying to observe the eagerness which virtue manifested to get a peep at the temple of vice. The house was a show thronged with beauty, fashion, and decorum, for a week or ten days before its opening to the members; and the furniture and decorations were extremely approved, even though the morality was so dreadful. The hangings were beautiful, though the projectors deserved to be hanged. The lantern magnificent, though the revolutionary sentence of "*à la lanterne*" was never better merited by aristocrats than by those distinguished persons whom it was to light to their orgies.

A fête was given too the night before the devils began business, which was the most desirable thing of the season, up to the present hour, that is to say. Tickets were scarce, and every body was "dying to go to hell." There was one, "one only way," for some among the number to obtain their wish, but they declined it, feeling that there may be too much of a good thing, and not desiring to become permanent

members. The debt of nature is a disagreeable price to pay for a ticket for any place of fashionable resort. The news that hell was full, notwithstanding the disappointment, seemed to be received with much pleasure in St. James's streets; and the idea appeared to convey to many minds what Addison calls a secret satisfaction, and to wrap them for a moment in the delights of a fool's paradise. Such power have words. It was like the effect of seeing the libertine turned out of the infernal regions in Giovanni in London, which contributed so greatly to the popularity of that piece.

The national idea of bad places may certainly be materially deranged by the composition of Crockford's, seeing that great as is the public respect for morality, the respect for rank is still more considerable. I fear that too many of us are of the way of thinking of Machiavel, of whom this story is told, showing his affection for the company of the great. When lying at the point of death he was seized with a phrenzy in which he saw a company of poor, half-starved, ragged, ill-favoured wretches, who he was told were the inhabitants of Paradise, of whom it is written, blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. After these had retired an infinite number of grave majestic personages appeared, who seemed as sitting in council and debating upon important affairs of state. There he saw Plato, Seneca, Plutarch, Tacitus, with many others of the like character, and when he asked who those venerable persons were, he was informed they were the damned, the souls of the reprobated—*Sapientia hujus sæculi inimica est Dei*. After this, being asked to which of the companies he would choose to belong, he answered he would much rather go to hell where he might converse with those great geniuses about state affairs than be condemned to the company of such lousy scoundrels as had been presented to him before. He would rather be sent to the infernals, because he should find nobody in heaven but a parcel of beggars, monks, hermits, and apostles; but in t'other place he should live with cardinals, popes, princes, and kings.

— The Nursery Historian who deludes young children in an account of the late war, makes a bold attempt to bamboozle grown gentlemen in a representation of a recent political event, which he puts forth under the signature of "a Whig-hater," in Blackwood's Magazine. He has actually the beautiful confidence to affirm, that Lord Grey's speech in the House of Lords of the 11th of May was the destruction of Mr. Canning!—

"The new Premier had suffered the common fate of those who trust to intrigue and dexterity, rather than to bold and manly sincerity: he had no *real* friends, no one to throw their shield over him in his hour of need, and save him from the stern vengeance of his haughty enemy—*Lord Grey saw his opportunity, and smote him to the earth*. The newspapers of the day give no adequate idea of the wonderful effect of Lord Grey's speech of the 11th of May. While he was speaking, and pouring forth invectives, which fell, like a torrent of bitter waters, full upon Canning's devoted head, the House of Peers, which was extremely crowded, hung with breathless attention upon his words; and when he had concluded, no man rose up to gainsay that which

he had spoken. Mr. Canning's party stood aghast at the fearful castigation of their leader, and the Tories felt that anything more would be superfluous. In a few minutes the House was empty—men's minds were too full of what they had heard, [and their stomachs too empty, the writer should have added,] to allow them to address themselves to the ordinary business of the House, and it adjourned almost immediately, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour. *The news flew about as swift as the wind, that Lord Grey had destroyed Mr. Canning in the House of Lords*, and it soon reached the Premier himself. The iron entered into his soul."—And in due course he took to his bed and died. Such is the substance of the sequel.

Really the writer should, in common prudence, postpone his history to the period when it may be supposed that time has a little impaired men's memories. Every body knows that, excepting the fact that Lord Grey made a severe speech on Mr. Canning, there is not a syllable of truth in the above quoted representation. It is notorious that Lord Grey's speech gave general offence; and, with the exception of the ultra organs and the narrow ultra coteries, there was not a newspaper, or a social circle, which was not full of disapproval of it. The noble speaker was, indeed, perfectly sensible when delivering his Philippic, that he had no sympathies which he could honourably acknowledge enlisted on his side, and accordingly expressed his regret that "he was now almost without political connexions of any kind;" and in continuation confessed that, "he felt some distrust of his own judgment on finding himself so opposed to his noble friends." There were good grounds for this diffidence. The attack was considered as a *coup manqué*; and it was commonly said that Lord Grey had *lost himself*. His influence was suddenly in abeyance, and he sunk into a cypher for a season, disregarded as a man of spleen, who would rather serve the cause of his enemies than witness the success of a Canning. My own opinion was, and is, that Lord Grey was right in the substance of this speech, and wrong only in the time and temper of it. He was comforting the enemy when their utter rout and confusion were the earnest object of every true and intelligent friend of his country; and he was also indulging in a virulence of observation which was obviously of a personal character. But with the multitude Mr. Canning was an idol, and the matter of the attack was deemed as objectionable as the spirit was bad, and the period impolitic. With what face then does this "Whig-hater," while all the circumstances of the impression are yet fresh in the recollection of all, declare that in the opinion of the public, Lord Grey destroyed Mr. Canning? If Mr. Canning was a Cæsar, Lord Grey was certainly not his Brutus; and for my own part I am persuaded, that after all the fine and moving things that have been said in his eulogies, repletion and negligence had much more to do with his death than the daggers of lath of Londonderrys, Ellenboroughs, and Dawsons. It is edifying, however, to observe the spirit of history in these particular examples. Five hundred years hence it may be a recorded fact, and firmly believed, that Lord Grey destroyed Mr. Canning with a pointed speech, that Mr. Brougham murdered the Marrs and Williamses, that Malthus cut Sheen's child's head off, and that Sir Francis Burdett throttled the king's black swan in the Regent's Park,

— In his life of Lord Byron Mr. Leigh Hunt gives a very animated and amusing account of his voyage out to Italy in a small trader, a class of vessels the management of which he describes in these terms :

“The business of these small vessels is not carried on with the orderliness and tranquillity of greater ones, or of men of war. The crew are not very wise ; the captain does not know how to make them so ; the storm roars ; the vessel pitches and reels ; the captain over your head stamps and swears, and announces all sorts of catastrophes.”

This is extremely exact with the single exception of the description of the crew as “*not very wise*,” (of course nautically speaking.) The fact is that the best sailors we have are the sailors of small craft, who being obliged to turn their hands to every thing where there are few persons to exercise many duties, are men of resource, and of the most extensive nautical accomplishments. Men educated in large ships are appointed to a particular service, and understand it well, but beyond its demands they have small skill. Coasters, colliers, and fishing smacks are the schools of our able seamen.*

— The Morning Chronicle has favoured us with a curious statement, from which it appears that sixteen Scotch deserters had not a mouth among them ! This is a feature which we should never have suspected the Scotch of wanting :

“National distinctions.—In the Hue and Cry of January 22, a list of one hundred and two deserters is advertised. Of these there are—

“English thirty-four. Irish fifty-two. Scotch sixteen.

“Of the sixteen Scotch six have long necks ; fifty-two Irish twelve ditto ; thirty-four English seven ditto. Most of the Irish are described as having short necks. Described as having large and wide mouths. English, three ; Irish, nineteen ; Scotch *none* !”—*Morning Chronicle*.

13th. An ingenious contemporary critic refers the success of the new comedy, *The Merchant's Wedding*, among other causes, to the excellence of the scenery and costume, “picturesque and of a peculiar interest,” he observes, “being old English, and exhibiting our ancestors as they lived in-doors, and the streets as they walked about them.” Of the streets I will say nothing, but certain I am that no such dresses

* Since the above was in print, the Duke of Clarence made this statement at a public meeting :—

“The mercantile marine and the navy were essentially connected together, and the one would not flourish without the other. The navy must go hand in hand with the mercantile marine, for the mercantile marine was the nurse of seamen ; and good seamen could not otherwise be formed. The navy was maintained at the public expense, and its numbers were necessarily limited to what was wanted at the time. It could not make seamen as they might be required, and must therefore depend on the mercantile marine. His royal highness then mentioned, in illustration, as we understood it, of the skill of the mercantile seamen, and their knowledge of the most dangerous parts of the coast, that he had observed, on one occasion, when four hundred sail of merchantmen were passing through Yarmouth Roads, that there was not one man or boy in the chains, and a distinguished seaman at table had made the same remark.”

as Charles Kemble's and Miss Chester's were ever worn out of theatres in any age. They, however, walk the scenic streets in them, and without a *cortège* of ragged disengaged boys at their heels, which is absolutely necessary to *vraisemblance*. It so happened that I saw this comedy last Saturday, when attracted to the theatre by the intellectual allurements of the pantomime—which I must observe by the way found favour in my sight—and I was mightily struck by the verisimilitude of one scene in the piece. Miss Chester, a disdainful lady of condition, encountering her suitor, Charles Kemble, in the streets, and being importunately wooed by him, turns to, and fairly "blows out upon him;" abusing his clothes, reproaching him with their fashion, charging him with a second-hand possession of them, and lastly, from his outward proceeding to his inward man, she reviles his proportions and vituperates his complexion. And this is nature! when it is found in old authors, that is when the monstrosity, the outrage against custom, do not strike us because the time is far distant from our own, and the proprieties consequently not present to our minds. Let us suppose, however, the effect of a scene in a play pretending to describe the manners of the present day, in which a lady of quality should meet her lover in the Park, and turn upon him with such upbraidings as these:—

"You an Exquisite, indeed! You!—Why that shirt collar is a false one, and shirt you've none. Your cravat is unstarched, and looks as blue upon you as your unpaid washerwoman. Then for your coat, 'twas made in Cheapside, and exhibited on a block, priced two pound two. Your waistcoat sure 'twas bought of a Jew hawker for five poor shillings—a brimstone yellow with copper buttons by this light. Your unnameables a mile too short, unstrapped, and bagging at the knee—too scant for trowsers, wide for pantaloons, type of the narrowness of your means, th'excess of your pretension. Then for your boot 'tis counterfeit—a mere extravagance of shoe. Your gloves are York tan—fittest for a hedger. That chain too tackles to no watch, 'tis gingerbread. And for your face—go to! you're bilious man. You an Adonis! Take Abernethy's pill. You'll win no beauty to your wife. Ah, marry no!"

There is a discourse which, *mutatis mutandis*, exactly tallies with what I heard Miss Chester deliver to the unspeakable delight of a judicious audience.

By the way, on this night Mr. Charles Kemble took it into his head to scold the gallery in a manner very acceptable as it seemed to the public. Some two or three fellows were making about the average quantum of noise, when he very coolly turned from Miss Chester, and as if he had been in his own apartment, without stirring from the stage, said to a person in the wings, "Pray be so good as to send some one up to those people there." The gods continuing their high debate, he then looked fiercely up to them, and rated them roundly. This was obviously very respectful to the company, and therefore according to custom it was vehemently applauded.

Galleries are certainly nuisances. The patent theatres ought to have none. In which case to be sure the performers would get no applause. The pot-boys are the great encouragers of histrionic talent, and also

of musical skill, I must add. The other night at an oratorio I observed one of that influential class of persons, the ragged boys, who sitting in the front of the gallery, procured by his own individual exertions three repetitions of a song by Miss Love. This dirty young gentleman in his shirt sleeves, represented the public taste, and the performer retired no doubt brim full of pride at such worthy approbation. Oh that the Brahams, Pearmans, Stephenses, and Loves, could but see, drawn out in foul array, the authors of *encores*, and they would not deprave their execution, and excruciate our ears to win them!

— Sir Everard Home was lately employed in taking a survey of the person of his majesty's giraffe, an account of which he set forth in a paper intended to illuminate the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society. In this curious composition he stated that Nature had made the surface of the giraffe's tongue black for its better endurance of the rays of the sun. It never occurred to Sir Everard that Nature, contrary to her custom, would have taken in this instance a very unnecessary precaution, as the giraffe had a mouth which would serve all the purpose of a parasol. But the idea reminds me of an impudent story told by the John Bull of a certain royal duke, who being, when out riding, caught in a shower of rain, complained to one of his attendants that the rain rained into his mouth. "Perhaps," suggested the gentleman, "if your royal highness were to shut your mouth, you would not experience that inconvenience." The duke tried the experiment, and exclaimed, "You're right, you're right. It is as you say indeed. Shutting my mouth does prevent it. Well, it is very odd that often as I have been annoyed in this way I never thought of the remedy."

Nature might safely have entrusted the giraffe with a tongue of any colour, assured that it would shelter it within its mouth whenever it was unpleasant to loll it. The parrot's tongue is black, though from its shortness it is always in the shade. Negroes are indeed black outside, but whether for the better endurance of the sun's rays, or in consequence of their action on the race, may be questionable. Those breeds are possibly done brown—roasted over-much. Certainly black is the hottest colour; and, therefore, it is not easy to understand why Nature should prefer it where the sun makes himself disagreeable. The skin of the blacks is more oily, and is good wear for frying, but it is difficult to understand why it should be black except as a consequence of baking, not as a preparative against it.

It is a pity that the world is not a little more equally subjected to the sun's favours. When a cook roasts a joint of meat, she turns it on the axis of the spit, till it is done longitudinally, and afterwards sets the ends to the fire. We want this last finish. We are roasted like an apple twisting on a string, burnt to a coal about the middle, and raw at both ends.

Mr. Hobhouse should take up the matter in the House of Commons, and move a reform. Apropos of Mr. Hobhouse in imitation as it would seem of the glorious example of a king of France, who, with twenty thousand men, marched up a hill, and then—marched down again, he

made a motion respecting the Navarin affair the subject of a cruelly long speech, and in due course *withdrew it*.

"*Que les gens d'esprit sont bête !*" says Figaro, "What overgrown schoolboys are the integral parts of our collective wisdom !" "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." How they delight and revel in a phrase. Mr. Hobhouse got hold of one upon this occasion, and was never weary of repeating it. Mr. Law, the present Lord Ellenborough, the gentleman with the head of hair, and the doctrine that the punishment of innocence is as beneficial as that of guilt, this person it seems described the Battle of Algiers thus, "it was a noble enterprize brilliantly achieved in a great cause." This was well said ; said as schoolboys would surely have said it in themes : as editors would certainly have expressed it in leading articles ; as blue ladies would infallibly have worded it at conversaziones, but Mr. Hobhouse brings it forth as of rare and wonderful merit, and trots it up and down his speech with the most childish delight conceivable. Mathews, if I mistake not, makes one of his characters repeat common-places with rapture ; and it is indeed by no means uncommon to meet persons in the world who present positive *niaiseries* to one with the unction of bon-mots. I remember to have journeyed in a stage coach with a bookseller of Piccadilly of strong cockney peculiarities, who promised his companion a witty anecdote, which he narrated pretty nearly in these words :—

"Dick - - - - met me one day as I was going along Parliament-street ; 'where are you going S - - - -' says he ?—'Why, I am going to the House of Commons,' says I. 'Going to the House of Commons,' cried Dick, 'you'd better go to Tothill Fields—ha ! ha ! ha !' That was what he said, gentlemen ; 'You'd better go to Tothill Fields,' ha ! ha ! That was his remark. You'd think it was a made thing, but it was not ; it was the real observation Dick made to me when I told him where I was a going. It's not an invented story, but a genuine fact, though I dare say you'll scarcely credit it. But Dick had a power of genius. 'You'd better go to Tothill Fields,' ha ! ha ! ha ! That was his remark. It was indeed."

The same worthy person amused me much by stating the physiognomical signs by which he discovered whether a man drove a gig. "The instant," he said, "a man comes into my shop, I can tell whether he drives his *chay* or not, for if they drives their *chay* they've such fire in their eyes !"

Mr. Hobhouse's "noble enterprize, brilliantly achieved, in a great cause," so dwelt on as a gem of eloquence, is similar to the "you'd better go to Tothill Fields," chuckled over as a spark of wit. In a stage coach it would have been tolerably in place though a little tedious, but in the senate it was a ludicrous puerility.

It happens whimsically enough, that the very best thing that has been said on the battle of Navarin is attributed to Mr. Hobhouse himself. When asked what people thought of it, he replied, "Why, you know, every body says it's a d—d shame, but every body's d—d glad of it."

Lord Ellenborough may return the Member for Westminster's com-

pliment, and with the dignity of the House of Peers say:* "My Lords, the question asked by Mr. - - - - - was answered by an ingenious young gentleman of great talent and eloquence, Mr. Hobhouse. What has become of that young gentleman, whether in his maturer years he has realized the promise of his more youthful days, it does not become me to inquire. Mr. Hobhouse in the course of his observations on the occasion to which I have alluded, made use of this appropriate phrase:—'Every body says it's a d—d shame, but every body's d—d glad of it.' My lords, I beg to say that these words of that eloquent young gentleman, Mr. Hobhouse, are strictly applicable to the common sentiment on the battle of Navarino, 'it's a d—d shame, but every body's d—d glad of it!'"

17th. A good example appears in the John Bull of this day, of a representation of facts so managed as to have all the effect of misrepresentation with those unacquainted with the nature of the facts stated:—

"Some further proceedings were had in Chancery on Tuesday, in the extraordinary and (to every parent) most interesting case of Mr. Long Wellesley's children. The tutor of his boys—the approved tutor of the Misses Long too—accompanied them to Eton, whence indisposition one day drove him upon such sort notice, that he neither communicated his departure to the head master, nor to their father, with whom, since the young ladies choose to treat him as a nonentity in regard to his own children, Mr. Pittman did not think it at all worthy his while to communicate; and *there were these boys*, for whose virtue and piety their irreproachable maiden aunts have expressed such anxiety, and in defence of which they have so assiduously exerted themselves, *left without any tutor—except the tutor of the boarding house—and without any guardian, except the husband of their dame*; and *in this state* they remained until Christmas, when they were again taken home by their aunts."

Good folks who know nothing at all about the matter, will, on reading this paragraph, turn up their eyes with compassionate horror, and exclaim, What a dreadful desertion!—poor little boys!—"left without any tutor, except the tutor of the boarding house—without any guardian, except the husband of their dame; and in this state" to remain till Christmas! The babes in the wood were surely carefully tended, compared with these poor little Long Wellesleys. However, the fact is, that these boys without any tutor—except the tutor of the boarding house,—and without any guardian excepting the husband of their

* We give a part of Mr. Hobhouse's speech:—

"The motion made by Lord Castlereagh [on the battle of Algiers] was seconded by an ingenious young gentleman of great talent and eloquence; Mr. Law. What has since become of that young gentleman, whether in his maturer years he has realised the promise of his more youthful days, it does not become me to inquire [a laugh]. Mr. Law, in the course of his observations on the occasion to which I have alluded, made use of this appropriate phrase:—'It was a noble enterprise, brilliantly achieved, in a great cause.' Sir, I beg to say that these words of that eloquent young gentleman, Mr. Law, are strictly applicable to the battle of Navarino; it was 'a noble enterprise, brilliantly achieved, in a great cause.'"

dame, were just in as good condition as nine tenths of the boys in the school, about whose plight no one thinks it necessary to go into fits, and no newspaper editor weeps, wails, and gnashes his teeth.

In the John Bull's remarks on the decision in the Wellesley case, I fully concur, and I quote its just concluding observations, regretting that their force should have been impaired by the tricky commencement of the article:—

“If the Court of Chancery, sitting as an inquisition into the morality of private individuals, is to have the right of separating parents from their children, and of alienating the affections of children from their parents, upon the allegations and asseverations of relations and connexions, mixed up in domestic differences and family quarrels; then the negro slave of the West Indian planter, the object of so much solicitude to the saints of the age, is better provided for, by the new colonial regulations, which prohibit the division of families in the sale of blacks, than the white children of Britain, with all their boasted freedom and all their vaunted privileges.

“It seems to us the most monstrous anomaly to break the tenderest ties of nature, to make the child rebel against the parent, and tear asunder the sweetest link of humanity, and assign as a reason for such a mighty outrage—the support of morality.”

— Such is the march of refinement that the inmates of our poor-houses wear drop ear-rings:—

WINDSOR POLICE.—MONDAY.

“A fine healthy-looking country girl was brought before the magistrates this day upon the following charge:—It was stated that she had been passed from Colnbrook in the regular way, and taken into the poor-house here; that yesterday (Sunday) morning, as they were preparing to go to church with the master and mistress of the house, she came in dressed out with long drop pendants in her ears. The mistress objected, and immediately ordered her to take them out; the girl refused to obey; when the master insisted upon her compliance. She, however, continued obstinate, and being further pressed, replied, ‘I’ll be —— if I do.’ The master told her that that was not an expression such as he was accustomed to hear; and he would give her ten minutes to reflect upon her conduct, and consider whether she would obey. She continued obstinate, however, and the master thought it right to confine her; and afterwards went to church with the rest of the inmates. On his return, however, he found that the prisoner had stolen out of her prison by removing some of the bricks in the wall.”

We shall soon hear that a tyrannical overseer has forbidden paupers to wear pearl necklaces, or diamond tiaras.

All this struggle for finery in a poor-house is mightily ridiculous; but the mayor of Windsor's remarks on the occasion make us lose all sense of the absurdity, and impress us only with feelings of respect for the discretion, and kind, considerate temper of the magistrate. I had no idea that such a mayor was to be found.

“The mayor then said, Mr. Green, I don’t much care whether the young women in your house wear ear-rings or not; it would, no doubt, be more consistent with their situation that they should not; but I do think it very necessary, that the strictest impartiality should be observed, and that a rule should not be enforced in one instance, in consequence of any feelings on the part of the master, and relaxed in another. You should be very cautious too, how you confine people without advice on the subject. In the peculiar situation in which this young woman seems to be, the violent excitement her feelings must have undergone, might have produced very serious consequences. You say that no girl in your house wears ear-rings; now I must remark, that when I went up into one of the wards the other day, to see a poor person, among the rest, I particularly remarked a girl wearing a pair of very fine ear-rings indeed. If you have a general order to that effect, let it be enforced generally, and let these trinkets be taken out of all the girls’ ears; but do not, for God’s sake, let one poor creature be selected to be pointed at. If she was abusive, that was a separate matter. I am quite aware of the importance of supporting the governor in maintaining the observance of the regulations, but at the same time it is equally important, that they should be enforced with an even hand.”

— Among the improvements of the age is to be numbered a journal setting forth all the cases of distress deserving relief in the metropolis. It might be supposed that this sheet would be as large as the bed of Ware; but such is the prosperity of the country, that it does not exceed the size of a page of foolscap paper.

I should propose the publication of an Advertiser stating the condition of a superior class of sufferers.

For example:—

CRUEL CASE OF DESERTION.—There is at this time at Long’s Hotel, a young gentleman of good family, left without any attendants, except the servants of the house, and without any major domo—except the landlord; and in this state he has remained since the London season commenced, and is likely to remain until he leaves town in July, in no private carriage, but a hack chaise and four!

At Stevens’s there are three young persons unable to keep their cabriolets, and reduced to nightly hackney coaches. For days together they have been seen *walking* in the Park, to the great distress of feelings vastly superior to their fortunes; and it is weeks since they set their feet in even a friend’s Stanhope.

CASE OF MELANCHOLY PRIVATION.—Peter Walbeck, Esquire, of Paradise-row, South Lambeth, inhabits a house with two windows in front, and cannot afford to drink champagne. Has a wife without a carriage, and four girls who have never touched a harp or learned a word of Italian! Also two sons, bountifully endowed by nature with whiskers and mustachios, and credited with spurs, who are nevertheless without blood horses, or the commonest necessities of life.

CASE OF FRIGHTFUL DESTITUTION.—Scott, Earl of Eldon, of Hamilton-place, in the parish of St. George, out of place at the advanced

age of seventy-eight, and though extremely anxious for employment, disappointed in all his expectations of procuring the same. His pension is only four thousand a-year, and not a dinner has been dressed in his house within the memory of man! He has a wife to support, and a son to provide for, who holds only eight appointments. He walks about the streets complaining of having been tricked out of work by a soldier; and is altogether a very pitiable object.

VIRTUOUS SELF-DENIAL.—There is at No. 214, Portland-place, a person named Miles Barnardine, Esquire, who having to maintain a wife and thirteen children, has rigidly denied himself the elegant irregularity of an Alpha cottage and appurtenances, or a bird-cage, &c., in the King's Road. A couple of thousand a year, in aid of his narrow means, would, with a little management, make this poor man happy.

APPALLING DISTRESS.—There are now in this metropolis, the seat of ease and luxury, seventeen briefless barristers, twenty-one reluctant law-students, five unemployed physicians, and four hundred and thirteen bald-headed half-pay captains, who with the best dispositions are unable to play crown-points at short whist! The number of shilling point players is incredible, and shocking to humanity.

The affliction is indeed so extensive that nothing but a national subscription, or a vote of Parliament, can mitigate this frightful mass of mortification.

John Gregson, a footman who has taken office under a learned author in Dover-street, is denied the use of the library, or the perusal of the newspaper, and is in a state of complete intellectual starvation. His salary is but twenty-five pounds a-year, and a box at Newington, and a current score for necessary spiritual refreshment, leave out of it no means for satisfying the cravings of the mind. A subscription opened for this poor man with Messrs. Saunders and Ottley would be a real charity.

— No one can form a proper idea of the importance of the Times newspaper without deriving his estimate of it from its own impartial columns. That the paper is a very good newspaper, sometimes able in comment, and always an engine of power from its wide circulation, nobody can deny; but I had no notion till I saw it set down in its own pages, that it was the intellectual guide of the British nation,—the fugalman who directs the motions of a people's minds. During the month, most of the Greek letters have sallied out of the alphabet to make this unsuspected fact appear.

Lambda writes thus to, and of, the editor:—

“ I perceive by your *energetic and eloquent call* upon the people to-day, that you are fast abandoning your preconceived hopes of this military minister.”

Further, laying it on still thicker—

“ I cannot repress, sir, my deep admiration at the patriotic and commanding attitude which you have at length assumed. Your late line of argument and language had caused much uneasiness to the friends of liberty; but now that the momentous crisis is arrived, England perceives, with joy, that you are not forgetful of your old allegiance. The magnificent appeal of *The Times* is

gone forth, like the fiery cross, into all her homes and houses; and the gathering cry against the oppressor will be answered, sir, as becomes her freemen.

Kappa is perfectly miserable in his mind because The Times is silent on its merits:—

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“ Sir,—I perfectly agree with you in the opinion you have so recently given of the different members of the existing administration; but it has struck me as a piece of forgetfulness on your part, not to remind the public and your numerous readers and admirers (of whom I am one), of the perfect truth and exactness of every part of the statement you made at the time of the rumoured resignation of Lord Goderich, when such statement was totally denied to be the fact by some part of the press,—Chronicle, Courier, &c.—and doubts thrown on it by the remaining part of it. *Pray, Mr. Editor, do yourself justice in this respect:* it is no more than your duty, to let the public see which paper possesses the best sources of intelligence.—I am, sir, yours very respectfully,

“ KAPPA.”

“ Friday morning, Feb. 15.”

Semi-Lambda now blows the trumpet, or to speak it more profanely, the newsman's horn:—

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“ Sir,—I think you pursue a wise course in regard to the Wellington cabinet, and that ‘ Lambda ’ is rather too precipitate in his thunders. If the ministers mean well, your bolts, as yet, would be only *bruta fulmina*. If ill, then, *with what augmented force can you come down upon them*, it being obvious that the tree was left to grow, as long as its blossoms were of promise, and that the axe was not applied, but only had its edge prepared, till proofs were given of the rottenness? - - - - -

“ If the Finance Committee is not as honest as the best names in Parliament can make it, away with your forbearance. If the Horse-guards continue much longer in co-partnership with the Treasury, away with your neutrality. If more ‘ untoward eyes ’ are turned to Navarino and the East, away with every thing but the strong hand of English opposition. *Write, Mr. Editor, as you have written—strike as you have struck. You will appear again in arms, and the people of England will recognize their ancient leader.*

“ SEMI-LAMBDA.”

“ *Recognise their ancient leader!* ”—Good Lord, who would have thought it!

Lambda again:—

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“ Sir,—Your ready insertion of my late expostulatory letter, and the remarks with which you are pleased to accompany it, *are proofs of impartiality which do you honour*. Your pledge especially, ‘ not to slacken in your opposition ’ to the Wellington Cabinet, should it ‘ deviate from the principles of Mr. Canning's,’ *cannot but have been read with intense interest*. It is a security, if not for their good behaviour, at least for your constancy to the people; and the people will look to you for its plenary and unequivocal redemption.

“ But though *I honour you for an impartiality that you have thus fearlessly exercised*, there is not the less between you and me,—on the subject of the existing Ministry,—a wide gap,” &c. &c. - - - - -

“ Your citation of the duke's self-condemnatory speech, after the government of England was actually removed to the Horse-guards, was by no means sufficient. It ought to have been followed up with *that power of uncompromising exprobaton, which in the people's cause, has been hitherto beyond all your contemporaries, so imprescriptly and peculiarly yours*. But all at once, as if some tacit armistice had been concluded between you and the Captain-

Minister, the fact of his unexampled and potentous appointment is suffered to die away like a nine days' wonder. The accession, too, of the whole batch of Ultras was announced with a striking indifference, *and not made the subject of your usual vigorous comments*; nor was your want of sympathy for the overthrown friends of freedom the least remarkable.

"I put it to yourself: when, *since The Times has commanded the attention of all liberal Europe*, has it advocated, with one sustaining swoop, as it now does, the Wellingtons, the Bathursts, the Peels, the Melvilles, the Goulbourns, the Dawsons?"

Algernon now takes up the *parole*.

"Sir,—*The admiration I have for your talents*, and the respect I entertain for your judgment, have naturally induced me to hesitate before I pursue a course in some degree at variance with that opinion with which you have this day prefaced *your powerful observations* on the explanations of Monday night;" — — — — —

"Sir, I must not trespass too much on your valuable time, nor encroach too far on pages always devoted to *the best interests of the country*."

I had no notion that there was so much merit in the world as seems to reside in the person of The Times editor. The little reproaches which preface the praise are of admirable ingenuity. For the alleged culpable slowness to censure is surely an amiable weakness in the giant leader of the people.

— It will be remembered that the Rev. Mr. Buckland distinguished himself a few years ago, by discovering a cave at Kirkdale, which he proved to be the dining-room of antediluvian hyænas, that had in this retreat feasted upon elephants and water-rats, and left nothing but the teeth of these tit-bits, just as records of their good living, and bones of contention for future naturalists and cosmogonists. The same ingenious gentleman has lately had the good fortune to find a piece of red sandstone, bearing on it the traces of an antediluvian tortoise's footsteps. The whole geological world has been in raptures at this discovery; and in order to make sure of the fact, that the steps traced in the stone were the steps of a tortoise, a meeting of the society was held, and some soft chalk was prepared, on which a modern tortoise might make his mark, and thus authenticate as it were the signature of his ancestor. Every thing being ready for the demonstration, and the interest of the scientific company wound up to the highest pitch, the tortoise was placed on the chalk, and, first of all, he flatly refused to stir a step. The members, upon this, very properly waxed impatient, got in a rage, and began kicking and banging him about, and maledicting him in an extremely moving manner. They had much better, however, have refrained from these stimulants; for when the tortoise was at last prevailed on to walk, he insisted on walking as straight as an arrow; whereas the antediluvian tortoise's march was as crooked as a ram's horn! The society were aghast at the discrepancy. Various arguments, however, were used to console them. It was suggested that the tortoise might have forgotten the true manner of walking while confined in the ark; and that owing to this circumstance the proper step might have been lost by his descendants. Or it might be, that chastened by the deluge, his slow race had returned to the path of rectitude, which they had, in the universal degeneracy,

wilfully deserted for devious ways. Or perhaps, they had one way of walking on red sandstone, and another on soft chalk: one manner in private, and another before scientific beholders. Or, probably, the march of mind might be the cause; and tortoises, quicker than Tories, may have rejected the maxim, *Stare in antiquas vias*, and studied, like Utilitarians, the shortest means to the proposed end. Any supposition, in short, was preferable to the suspicion that the marks in the sandstone were not the traces of an antediluvian tortoise's steps.

— Mr. Huskisson has raised a curious question respecting the rapid granulation of the wounds of friendship. In August his wounds were "too green and fresh to admit of his serving in the same ministry with those persons who had deserted the service of their country, when the ministry of his friend, Mr. Canning, had been formed." In January we see the sufferer whole in skin and place, and the question naturally arises by what art so quick a cure has been effected. We believe that it is to be attributed to a curious practice called the sympathetic surgery, which was believed of great virtue in the middle ages, and is elaborately described by Walter Scott in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The lady of Branksome, it will be remembered, when Deloraine is wounded, procures the head of the lance that gave the blow, and lays it carefully in salve, and by this tender treatment of the instrument, the wound of the knight presently heals. A similar system has doubtless made whole Mr. Huskisson.* The instruments that inflicted his wounds being salved with office, the secretary's sores were instantly cured.

— In my last Diary I copied a statement from a morning paper representing Mr. Hume as having had a pecuniary interest in the success of the deceased London Free Press. It appears that this statement was unfounded, and therefore Mr. Hume is acquitted of the charge of having so indefatigably puffed the paper with a view to his own profit. What other motive may have actuated Mr. Hume, it is not now worth while to inquire, but as the Irish judge said when discharging a prisoner caught in the act of setting a house on fire, "I hope he will be more cautious in future."

25th. A celebrated wit observes, that the late political events should give peculiar fervency to the supplication—

"From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, HERRIESSES, and schism, good Lord deliver us."

* "She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she staunch'd the blood.
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound:
No longer by his couch she stood;
But she had ta'en the broken lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore,
And salv'd the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine in trance,
When e'er she turn'd it round and round,
Twisted as if she gall'd the wound.
Then to her maiden did she say,
That he should be whole man and sound
Within the course of a night and day."

Lay of the Last Minstrel, canto 3. xxiv.

INUNDATIONS IN HOLLAND IN 1825.

A GREAT part of the fertile and cultivated soil of Holland, as is well known, has been anciently redeemed from the ocean, or from the stagnant waters of the rivers, by which it is intersected; and this uncertain domain is still, at short intervals, claimed by its former masters. Its present proprietors, therefore, unable to rely on their prescriptive rights, are obliged always to guard their possessions with vigilance; and often to repel encroachments with activity and vigour. From the port of Ostend to the mouth of the Ems—along a line of coast which, including the circuit of the islands at the mouth of the Scheldt, the Meuse, and the Zuider Zee, extends several hundred miles—there is no barrier against the invasion of the sea, except a continued range of dykes or mounds of sand, raised by the art, and preserved by the industry, of man. By miracles of enterprise and perseverance, the Hollanders have thus been able to say to the raging ocean, without presumption or blasphemy, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Within this line we find fertile fields, extensive meadows, magnificent pleasure-grounds, noble parks, smiling villages, and populous cities. No landscape is more rich or striking—no country of the same extent supports such a number of inhabitants, or contains such an accumulation of the fruits of industry and the materials of happiness. From the top of several of the town spires you can see nearly all the great cities of Holland, spread out before you on a surface as level as the ocean; and can trace the line of the ocean itself by the range of yellow sand eminences, destined to act as a bulwark against its waves. At flood-tide, or with the wind blowing in a particular direction, the level of the waters beyond the dykes becomes higher than the dry land within them. You may, therefore, hear the waves beating against the barrier above your head, and see that nothing but its height and strength can protect you from their violence. To this enemy from without, the Dutch have to add, one frequently no less terrible from within. "Your kingdom," said Napoleon to his brother Louis, "may be defined the *alluvium* of the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt; the great arteries of my empire." The contents of these great "arteries," are drained off in a thousand minute ramifications, (so as to form canals and lines of communication between city and city, between village and village, nay, even between street and street, and field and field,) and pass with diminished power, and by almost imperceptible degrees, into the German ocean, or the Zuider Zee. But when their volume is violently increased by storms in the higher regions of Europe, or their discharge interrupted by tempests on the coast, a great part of the country is exposed to as much danger from their overflow as from the agitated waters of the sea. The soil of Holland, thus rescued and protected, bears every where the marks of its origin. It consists either of pure sand, as if it had recently been raised from the bottom of the sea; or of a mossy black mould, as if formed from the inundation of a river. If ever the exaggerations of poetry could be justified, as applied to the effects of sober industry, the existence and preservation of Holland would offer a fit subject for them. The

mythological impiety, therefore, contained in the following verses of Dr. Pitcairn, may be pardoned on account of that portion of undeniable truth which they beautifully express:—

“Tellurem fecere Dei, sua litora Belgæ,
Immensæque patet molis uterque labor.
Dii vacuo sparsas glomerarunt æthere terras,
Nil ubi, quod cœptis posset obesse, fuit;
At Belgis Maria, et terræ, naturaque rerum
Obstitit; obstantes hi domuere Deos.”

The care of supporting the dykes, and protecting the land which is liable to be inundated several times every year, by the sea or the rivers, is intrusted to a permanent administration, called the *Waterstaat*. Obligated to watch their dykes, sluices, and water-works, as the garrison of a besieged fortress stations centinels on its ramparts, this body must be always ready and always efficient. Its chiefs compose, under the present government, an important branch of the Ministry of the Interior. It consists of two inspectors-general, one inspector, and about a dozen of engineers attached to the general administration, besides provincial and local colleges of engineers and officers. From the earliest times, this necessary branch of provincial and local administration has existed. The *dyke-grave*, or count of the dykes, was as necessary an officer in Holland, as the *lord of the marches* in some other countries during the barbarous turbulence of feudal times. Accordingly, we have a list of these regularly kept for the last five hundred years, from the days of William, the 15th count of Holland, who was elected king of the Romans, till the end of last century. These officers presided over a board, called the college of Rhine-land, consisting of councillors and curators of the dykes. A clear and distinct description of this institution is given by Guicciardini in his statistical account of the provinces of Holland, called *Belgica Fœderata*. “Sunt prætor ordinarias jurisdictiones in superiore atque inferiore Batavia, inter Mœsam et Vahalim, in insulis Bomelii ac Thilæ, marginibus Velayiæ ATQUE ALIBI, aggerum præfecti ac septem-virijurati (DYK-GRAVEN EN HEEMRADEN), quibus aggerum muniendorum ac conservandorum adversus maris ac fluminum æstuantium inundationem cura commissæ est. Hi, ex perpetuis principum edictis, quum res poscit, obequitantes aggeribus, aquæ ductus ac cataractas perlustrant: si quod dissipatum, convulsum, concussum vel obrutum sit, instant, omnibus instaurandis incumbunt, multas indicunt, prædia neglectis aggeribus obnoxia evincunt, ac publica licitatione, ac omni reliqui clientelari, censuali, vel hypothecæ, onere libera, ac penitus purgata, minimum exigenti addicunt. Suntque hæc aggerum muniendorum jura in multis admodum rigida, atque exorbitantia idque ob publicam securitatem.”

Louis Buonaparte, in the memoirs of his brief Dutch reign, informs us, that on his accession, he found the administration of the dykes involved in the greatest intricacy and confusion. “There was no general system,” says he; “every different town, village, or lordship constructed dykes and drained marshes on its own account. It merely required, as a matter of form, the approbation of the supreme council, which was composed of five members. Engineers were employed on these partial works, which, however, were often left

to the principal workmen of the place, who had no other guide than a blind routine, and a sort of traditionary knowledge. The functions of the general administrations of the dykes were almost wholly confined to the raising and regulating the employment of the funds necessary for these works, determining disputes which arose on the subject, judging of the necessity of the works and the distribution of the assistance granted by the government, and making the arrangements necessary for a great number of partial loans, required by the land-holders to enable them to defray their shares of the expenditure. The head-engineers themselves, men of ability and zeal, were frequently employed in these affairs of mere pecuniary management." During the administration of Louis, he had unfortunately too many occasions to put the efficiency of the existing system, and the skill of the existing officers, to the test, to remain ignorant of their merits, or inattentive to their improvement. Accordingly we find that more was done, or projected, during the four years of his stay in Holland, than had been done for half a century before.

On the accession of the present family, the direction and superintendency of the dykes and canals were provided for by enactments of the Fundamental Law, or articles of the existing constitution of the Netherlands. These articles, to which we can only refer, compose the ninth chapter of that charter, and seem studiously framed to combine the efficiency and impartial operation of a general system, with the respect due to local privileges and provincial arrangements.

But notwithstanding all this care, and all these precautions, to resist or to repel their watery enemy; notwithstanding this well-organised body of inspectors and engineers—notwithstanding the ample funds and great physical force placed at their disposal, and ready to be employed at their bidding—the violence of the elements often sets all their vigilance, skill, and power at defiance, sweeping away their strongest bulwarks, and threatening their country with a general inundation.

The end of the year 1824, and the commencement of 1825, will be long remembered in other parts of Europe as well as in Holland. About the beginning of the winter months, extraordinary storms prevailed on all parts of the continent, but particularly in its higher regions and mountain ranges. Water-spouts and torrents of rain descended in Switzerland and the Black Forest, not only sufficient to damage the districts on which they fell, but to overthrow dykes and embankments, to cover whole valleys, and sweep away whole villages with their inhabitants and cattle. Wirtemberg, Baden, and the countries situated near the Alps, first felt this dreadful visitation. The valleys of the Neckar and the Rhine towards Heidelberg and Mannheim were entirely overflowed, and dreadfully damaged. Similar calamities were experienced in Hanover, Prussia, and other parts of Germany. While all the rivers that discharge themselves into the North Sea and the Baltic were thus carrying to their shores the evidences of their violence, a tempest which swept along the whole of these seas from west to east, concentrating its fury in the gulf of Finland, produced the most unheard-of calamities at Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, sweeping away or nearly destroying the harbour, the fortresses, the arsenal, and the imperial magazines of the former place,

dashing the shipping in pieces, or throwing it out on the land; and demolishing in the latter wholly or in part about 5000 houses, destroying an incalculable amount of private and public property in warehouses and magazines, and drowning or overwhelming amid the ruins of their dwellings 480 individuals.

The people of Holland heard such accounts with dismay, particularly the intelligence of the ravages committed by the Rhine in the upper part of his course. In his irresistible fury he had overleaped, or demolished his embankments a thousand feet above the level of the sea; and what might not be dreaded from the force of his accumulated waters, descending on the Dutch territory, the highest point of which is only about thirty-two feet above the same level. The height of their dykes and causeways along his banks is not more than twenty-four feet; and if the water exceeded this elevation, their wealthiest towns and most prosperous villages—their homes and harbours—their fields and gardens, the fruits of their industry, and the monuments of their power, must have been overwhelmed in one common ruin. The water in most places had actually ascended to the top of the dykes. In some parts of the country these ramparts threatened to yield; in others they had even been slightly broken: every stream was covered with wrecks—every canal leaned against a tottering embankment. In a few days the greater rivers must have overflowed the causeways, and Batavia must have returned for a time to the state in which it is described by Tacitus. A wind suddenly springing up, and blowing these accumulated waters into the sea, saved it from the threatened inundation. This blessed wind was aided by the most active exertions of the *waterstaat*. Breaches in the dykes were filled up, the wind-mills assisted the discharge, and the threatening danger was for the present averted.

It was not for nearly six weeks afterwards—and then not from the same quarter, that devastation and misery came. The third, fourth, and fifth of February, 1825, were the fatal days for the coast of Holland, and a tempest occurring at spring tide was the cause. On the first and second of that month, the wind blew from the south-west, and the weather was extremely mild. The waters of the canals and rivers were thus discharged into the sea in great abundance and without danger. On the evening of the second, the wind veered round to the north-west, where it continued till the night of the fifth. The direction of the wind, the violence of the storm, and the state of the tide, caused at Amsterdam, and along the whole sea-coast, the greatest alarm on the morning of Wednesday the third. The flood of Wednesday rose higher than any ordinary spring tide. But a greater tide was still to be dreaded, and on the morning of Friday (the fifth) the water rose twenty-six inches higher than on any former day. The wind still continued in the north-west, accompanied with storms of thunder and lightning; so that from the direction of the gale, the waves did not subside at low water to more than half their usual ebb. The tide of Friday evening (the fifth,) was to be the highest, and was looked forward to with proportional alarm. It rose higher by six inches than during the destructive tempests of 1808, and higher than any of which there are authentic records. The cause of this no doubt was the accumulation of waters in the North Sea and Zuider Zee, by the pre-

valence of south-west winds, and their precipitation on the Dutch coast by the change of their direction from south to north. In the night of the fifth, all was confusion and terror at Amsterdam. In some places the waves had surmounted their barriers, and the cellars of some of the lower parts of the town were flooded. In other places the water had got up to the doors. The alarm-bells sounded, and the inhabitants were called to provide for their common safety. Some ran to the dykes with all the materials which they could collect to heighten or strengthen them. Some took up their carpets, and were preparing to carry the most precious portions of their furniture to the higher quarters of the town, or the upper stories of their houses. The authorities were all at their post to direct the employment of the means of safety, or to preserve the public tranquillity. On every side terror and dismay prevailed. Every one anticipated from the raging waves a destruction, from which he saw no prospect of escape. Half an hour longer of continued storm, or the slightest rise in the tide, must have laid the greatest part of the Dutch capital and of its treasures under water. Nothing could have prevented this catastrophe, but the change of wind which suddenly took place a little after midnight.

The capital was thus saved; but as soon as the tempest permitted communication from without, the cry was heard from the opposite side of its harbour, that a *door-braak* of the dykes had taken place, and that the fairest portion of its neighbourhood was inundated.

On the fourth, the violence of the waves had burst through the causeway or mole of Dürgerdam, a village on the Zuider Zee, about six or seven miles east of Amsterdam, and poured irresistibly upon North Holland, spreading from the dyke which encloses one side of the harbour of Amsterdam, to the beautiful town of Alkmaar on the north-west, to Edam on the east, and to Beverwyk on the west. The inundation thus spread over more than a third part of North Holland, extending upwards of twenty miles from north to south, and about twenty-five miles from east to west, and covering a space of more than twice the size of the sea of Haarlem, which is stated to contain about 60,000 acres. Within this circuit are the considerable towns of Edam, Monnikendam, and Purmerende, which became a prey to the deluge; the celebrated village of Brock, the manufacturing villages of Wormerveer, Zaaddyk, and many others, whose names are unknown to the general reader, were likewise overflowed. The inundation did not, of course, rise to an equal height, or produce an equal havoc over the whole of this space. Two or three of its most fertile districts were entirely protected by their own local dykes, propped up, repaired and defended by the enterprise and activity of the peasants.*

* The Beemster, a district consisting of nearly 10,000 acres, which was entirely a lake or marsh in 1612, and which, being drained in four years afterwards, constitutes now one of the most beautiful spots in North Holland, was of this number. It is traversed by high dykes at short intervals, which, crossing each other at right angles, form it into regular divisions like the squares of a chess board. Sir W. Temple was struck with the beauty of this district, in less than a century after it was redeemed from the stagnant waters. He tells us, "that the Beemster is so well planted with gardens, orchards, rows of trees, and fertile enclosures, that it makes the most pleasant landscape ever seen." What can withstand the enterprise and industry of such a people! Happily this delightful spot and "pleasant landscape" remained untouched amid the deluge, owing to its high dykes and active peasantry.

In some other quarters of it the waters did not rise so high as materially to damage the houses, while over a large portion of its southern and eastern divisions, the waves mounted nearly to the tops of houses and trees, and produced a total devastation. The wretched inhabitants were in general saved by the rapidity of their flight to the nearest little eminences above water, or the activity of the boatmen of Amsterdam, joined to those of their own neighbourhood. A great portion of the cattle were likewise rescued by the same means. So that by this part of the inundation, not more than five or six persons were drowned, and about a thousand head of cattle lost. The damage, however, in other respects, was immense. The lands of an extensive country were laid under water, from which they will not be for years entirely cleared: woods, and ranges of trees, and shrubberies, and nurseries, and pleasure-grounds, and gardens were entirely destroyed; whole villages were thrown down or rendered uninhabitable; manufactories and mills were swept away; farm-houses and villas, with their furniture, their stores, their provisions, their carriages, and agricultural implements, the fruits of last year's industry, and the hopes of this, were all overwhelmed in one common ruin.

When we saw this scene of devastation in the beginning of August 1825, a large portion of the ground towards the north and west had been partially cleared. To the north of the causeway or dyke, which leads from Amsterdam to the celebrated village of Brock, the higher ridges of the meadows had risen above the water, and were again replenished with cows, which the peasants came in boats to milk. The same appearance was presented by all the country around the populous and manufacturing town of Zaardan, and towards the east and north. But towards the right of the causeway leading to Brock, and as far as the Zuider Zee, all was a raging flood. The sight of this unfortunate district was then as well calculated to impress the spectator with an idea of the frightful calamity by which it had suffered, as on the day after the inundation. The broken and shattered causeway, over which you pass, acted like an embankment to the great remaining lake, and bore evidence of having been under it. The almost uninterrupted range of villas and garden-trees, which covered its side for five or six miles, were half immersed in water. The houses had either been undermined, and partially swept away, or were left supporting their roofs by fragments of walls and portions of their frame work. Sometimes the lower story was washed away, and the ground-floor was under water; while the second story and attics rose, like a beaver's retreat, above the flood. The glass, though partially shattered, was still in the upper windows—the cheerful Delft-tile chimneys or fire places was seen through the ruins, and the planks or boarding of the floors were either lying on the ground, or scattered like sea-wrecks along the dyke. All these things seemed left in the state in which the inundation placed them—showing either that their unfortunate proprietors, having lost their habitations and their grounds, disdained to pick up the meaner fragments of the ruin, or that they waited with patience till, by the withdrawing of the sea, they could again return to their ancient residence. Even the damaged hay-stacks which had been provided for the winter food of the cattle, now destroyed or dispersed, rose, untouched and unpillaged, from the waters. The

rows of trees which shaded the houses on the side of the causeway, or adorned the gardens towards the meadows, came bare and leafless out of the waves; their roots being destroyed by the sea-water, and their branches covered with mud.

The gates of many of the villas were still standing, and retained inscriptions, (such as "*lust en rust*," pleasure and repose,) which contrasted strangely with the frightful and deplorable visitation which interrupted the retirement, and dispersed the families of their terrified inmates. On several of these gates the pride of the little Dutch Nimrod of snipes and wild-ducks still remained emblazoned, in the seignorial intimation of "*privativ jaght*," (preserved sporting ground,) by which he warned off poachers and intruders from his manor. The distinctions of manorial property had ceased at the bottom of this new sea, and the sportsman required no license where the waves would pay attention to no notice. Abundance of curlews and other aquatic birds, together with flocks of sea-fowl, then sported over the waters which cover his meadows, or sheltered themselves among the ruins of his habitation.

As the waters were drawn off, however, the ancient land-marks of property appeared; and towards the east of Brock, the verdure of the extensive ranges of meadow-ground, which had been cleared, was variegated with the white gates and stiles which marked the limits of farms and enclosures.

It would have been happy for the Dutch if this had been the whole or even the greater part of the damage done to their country at the beginning of February, 1825, but this was only a small portion of the calamity. The same high tide, the same violent tempest of wind and rain, and the same irresistible pressure of the water against the dykes, extended round the whole interior of the basin of the Zuider Zee. In many places its sea-bulwarks were driven down, in others the waters rose above them and poured over them with a full flood, into the devoted country below, for five or six hours, without obstacle or interruption. The consequence was, that a large portion of the extensive provinces of Overijssel, Friesland, and Groningen, was deluged in a single night, and filled as brimful to the level of the sea, as if no barrier had existed to check its fury.

In East Friesland and Overijssel especially, the inundation was terrific, and the damage immense. Out of the thirty-two lordships of which the former consists, only five escaped the flood. The rest were all partly or entirely overflowed, and more than 100,000 acres of their most fertile land converted into a salt-water lake. The flood in this quarter rose four feet above the dykes, and poured in upon the country below in a continuous stream. It was impossible to resist, and difficult by the most rapid flight to escape its fury. Men, cattle, and every living thing fell a sacrifice to its rage. In many of the villages and farm-steadings not a house was left standing, nor was a head of cattle saved. The number of men who perished in the waters, or were crushed to death by their falling houses, amounted to about one hundred. In one lordship only the number of black cattle drowned amounted to more than a thousand. We have before us a popular little work, published by a native of Friesland, giving an account, partly from official papers, and partly from personal obser-

vation and correspondence, of the extent of the inundation in each separate lordship or district of his own province, and of the amount of the loss occasioned by it; mixed with some striking and circumstantial details of the chief *door-braaks* and *over-loops* of the dykes, of the progress of the waters, of the means adopted by the inhabitants to save their lives when they had lost their property, and of the appalling wretchedness which they endured from hunger, thirst, and cold, before they could be finally rescued from their perilous situation. In some places the villages and churches were raised a little above the level of the fields and meadows. Thither the peasants, therefore, ran for safety. In the church of the village of Wolvega, for instance, four hundred of these wretched beings took refuge from the surrounding flood, without being able to carry with them a single article of food, or rag of clothing, and remained benumbed with cold, or perishing with hunger, till the arrival of the means of relief.

In other cases, four or five hundred of them were found crowded together, in the market-place, among falling houses—exposed to the inclemency of a wintry sky, and every sort of physical destruction. In one case, where a multitude had retreated to the shelter of a church, its roof was set on fire by lightning. The miserable victims of the inundation thus saw their lives contested by the two fiercest elements of nature, and were threatened to be burned in the midst of the deluge. These sacred edifices, though often raised on higher ground, and made of more durable materials, than the cottage of the peasant or the houses of the village, were sometimes, like them, unable to withstand the weight of the flood, and, falling down, again exposed the wretched refugees to the inclemency of the storm. Sometimes, when the houses left standing were sufficient to receive the shivering outcasts of those which had fallen, the churches were converted into cow-houses or stables for the remnant of the rescued cattle;—for such deep and overpowering calamities confound all conventional distinctions of places and things, and substitute an irresistible and unreasoning necessity for sentiment and feeling. The devouring element, which had swallowed up the dwellings of the living, and even disinterred the coffins of the dead, left neither time, power, nor inclination to attend to the sacredness of an open asylum. The churches, where found standing, were therefore converted indiscriminately into hospitals, stables, or storehouses. To what other purpose could they now be destined? The dreadful catastrophe happened near the close of the week. In a few hours the Sunday approached, and the village bell would have called the people to the house of prayer. But it had previously sounded the tocsin of alarm, and hastened them to other scenes. Instead of indulging in peaceful worship, they were now called to fly from their homes, or to struggle for their lives—to hear the bellowing of their drowning cattle, or the crash of their falling houses—to escape in crowded boats over their flooded farms, or to attempt a safe standing on the labouring dykes, against which they saw their household furniture, their agricultural implements, their winter stores, their all, dashed like the foam of a surf. In such a scene of suffering, in such an immeasurable desolation, “waste and wild,” the strong walls of the churches, instead of being profaned, were doubly consecrated by offering a place of refuge. Many of the houseless outcasts of the

inundation continued to occupy this kind of retreat till the middle of March, supplied with clothes and food by the charity of their less suffering neighbours.

As the district called *Hestslellengwerf* suffered more than most of the other districts of this province, we may just state the amount of the damage. It lost 836 horned cattle above two years old, and 549 below that age, or in all 1385; 18 horses, 265 sheep, and 54 goats; 15,177 roods of peats, and more than a million of pieces of timber. Besides this, 166 farm steadings and hamlets were injured, damaged, or entirely swept away. The lordship of *Lemsterland* sustained nearly as great damage. In one of its minute divisions, out of 182 houses only twenty-five remained entire, and fifty were entirely swept away. In two small hamlets 400 cattle were lost. In two other districts upwards of a thousand of the previously wealthy inhabitants remained towards the middle of March, deprived of all their property, destitute of every thing, and dependant for their daily support on the charity of others. The breaches made in the dykes, the carrying off of farm produce, the loss in provisions, fuel, and furniture, the destruction of trees—whose roots the salt-water had withered—and the ruin of more than twenty square miles of excellent land, for a year or two to come, presented an overwhelming mass of damage, in this province, of which it would be difficult to calculate the amount.

But the devastation of Friesland was small compared with that of Overijssel, though the extent of the inundation was greater. In the latter province, according to official reports, more than 250 men were known to be drowned, and others had disappeared who were supposed to be lost, 90,000 acres of the best land were deluged, 1500 houses were entirely swept away, and double the number greatly damaged; 14,000 large cattle destroyed, besides sheep and smaller animals; and 4000 families, previously in wealthy or comfortable circumstances, entirely ruined, and left to depend on public charity or national compensation. The loss in manufactories, magazines, tanneries, salt-works, windmills, stores, trees, dykes, and other establishments, was almost incalculable.

In the higher province of Gelderland, the inundation was likewise frightful and destructive, though not so extensive nor ruinous as in the two bordering states. It drowned about thirty persons, and carried off more than 1000 cattle. It advanced so far as to threaten even the dykes of the province of Utrecht. Groningen, East Friesland, and Emden, likewise suffered severely; all the country at the mouth of the Ems, and for several miles into the interior, being laid under water, both from the sea and the river.

We have only room further to mention, that a province, with some parts of which Englishmen are better acquainted, namely, that of Zealand, which includes Walcheren and the other islands at the mouth of the Scheldt and the Meuse, sustained great damage in the breaches made in its dykes and bulwarks, and in the destruction of inanimate property, though only one life was lost, and no extensive ruin occasioned. The streets of Middleburg and Flushing were laid under water, and considerable injury was done to the houses. The activity of the burgomaster, and the zealous co-operation of the inhabitants of the latter port, prevented more extensive calamities, by filling up the

breaches as soon as they were made. The whole island was in most imminent danger. The islands of Schowen, Tholen, and South Beveland, had likewise to lament the violence of the storm, and the pressure of the waters upon their bulwarks. But the most extensive inundation which took place on the western side of the United Provinces was that which proceeded from the overflowing of the Bieschbosch near Dort, itself an inland sea, proceeding from a similar convulsion, which is said in 1421 to have occasioned the destruction of seventy-two villages and the death of 100,000 inhabitants. The deluge of February, 1825, covered about 6000 acres of fertile land, and threatened with destruction the city and island of Dort. The water rose ten feet in the streets of the suburbs. Considerable damage was done both here and on the Meuse, at Rotterdam.

All along the coast of the German ocean, from Ostend, the ramparts of which were partially damaged, and seriously endangered, to the Helder, in North Holland, and the islands which act like breakwaters at the entrance of the Zuider Zee, the tempest extended, and the sand-banks and dykes were injured. At the Helder, the immense blocks of granite, brought from Norway to compose a durable sea-wall, were unable to withstand the violence of the waters, and were scattered about like pebbles. Most of the cluster of islands which we have mentioned (we mean the Texel, Flieland, Terschelling, and Ameland), were inundated and greatly damaged.

Since the year 1170 there have been nine great inundations of different provinces of the Netherlands, more or less destructive, namely, those of 1170, 1404, 1421, 1470, 1531, 1532, 1570, 1592, and 1633; but none of them, with the exception, perhaps, of that which created the great lake near Dort, in 1421, committed such dreadful havoc on the defences of the country and the property of the people, as that of February, 1825. Only a wealthy and industrious people could repair the public injury, or enable the sufferers to support their individual losses.

And, perhaps, if there has seldom occurred a similar calamity, there has seldom been displayed more generosity or greater munificence to alleviate its pressure. Every boat at Amsterdam was put in requisition, and every hand that could pull an oar was engaged, to save the lives and rescue the property of the inundated districts in the neighbourhood of the capital. Clothes, food, drink, necessaries of all kinds, were liberally supplied for the use of the sufferers. The gratitude of the inhabitants for their own deliverance seemed to overflow in charity to their less fortunate brethren. In two days after the inundation, nine hundred human beings, and twelve hundred cattle, were received, housed, fed and protected by the benevolence of the citizens of the capital. The same feeling of generosity was as universal as the distress which called for its exercise. We find it relieving at the houses of the wealthy, or supporting in the churches and hospitals of Friesland, Overijssel, and Gelderland, hundreds of wretched outcasts whose "homes were in the deep." The feeling became general in the nation, extending from the king down to his least affluent subject—from the capital to the most retired village.

As we have now given a brief and popular outline of the calamities suffered by the Netherlands in 1825, from the inroads of the sea, it

may not be superfluous to some of our readers to advert in a few words to the last great invasion of one of the rivers. This occurred in the beginning of 1809, and was rendered additionally remarkable by the personal presence and active exertions of Louis Buonaparte, at that time King of Holland, who has himself given us a description of the scene. Before the Rhine reaches Arnheim, and begins its divided and sluggish march to the ocean, it separates itself into two branches which form and surround the Delta, or island called the Betuwe. The southern of these branches, called the Whaal, joins the Meuse at Gorcum, and afterwards flows into the sea by Dort and Rotterdam, under the name of the latter river. The Leck flows more to the northward. The island thus formed lies lower than the rivers which surround it, and is therefore protected from inundation only by its dykes. A third small river, called the Linge, rises in the upper part of this Delta, and after having traversed nearly its whole extent, falls into the Whaal at Gorcum. A strong dyke called the Diefdyk, has been carried across the Betuwe, opposite Gorcum, to protect the lower part of the island, called the Five Lordships, from any inundation that may take place in the higher. Towards the end of January, 1809, the flood of the Whaal had broken through the dyke of the Betuwe at two points, and joining the Linge, had overflowed the island as far as the Diefdyk. This directed the inundation on the town and fortress of Gorcum, which was threatened at once by it and by the Whaal. We shall give the outline of the subsequent facts in the king's own words, confirmed as we have heard his statement by persons who accompanied him to the scene. "It was to this Diefdyk that the king first repaired with the officers of the Waterstaat. What a melancholy scene was exhibited by the sight of this new sea, the waves of which were perpetually rising and beating against the long and feeble rampart of a high and narrow dyke, that trembled at every shock of the waves, now nearly risen to its level! The peasants, assembled in a body, according to the custom of the country, were ranged in a line along the dyke, and boldly labouring to strengthen it. After having inspected this part and the town of Gorcum, the king crossed, on the 28th of January, not without difficulty, the mouth of the inundation and of the Linge, and found himself on the grand dyke of the Whaal, at the villages of Wieuren and Dalem. The dyke had here been perforated, to allow the escape of the inundation which flowed in fifteen leagues higher.

"The towns, villages, and single houses were completely blocked up. The buildings situated at the foot of the dyke had this refuge alone: and what refuge was a narrow causeway, threatened by a furious tide on one hand, and on the other by a newly-formed sea, that was incessantly rising? If to this feature be added that of the wretchedness and gloomy despair of the inhabitants, fallen suddenly from a state of happiness, and wanting the necessities of life, we may form some idea of the theatre of desolation. The king traversed the whole of it during two days and a night, and arrived at Gorcum on the 30th of January." In the night of the 30th, as the king was preparing to take some rest, he was informed that the town was threatened with the inundation. He returned to the place endangered, and gave the necessary orders. The streets were unpaved, some

houses were knocked down, and the materials were employed in stopping a breach that had been made in the walls. The Diefdyk could no longer be preserved, though Gorcum was saved. There were no means of preventing the entire inundation of the Betuwe. "All the workmen," says the king, "were then dismissed, to attend to their own concerns and the safety of their families. No human precaution was neglected for the safety of the inhabitants. The villages of Nieuport and Vianen were entrenched, fortified, and victualled, to serve as places of retreat for the inhabitants and their cattle. Asylums and assistance were provided in addition all along the right bank of the Leck, where many of the inhabitants of the island took refuge. Young and intelligent naval officers were appointed to keep up communication between the inundated places. It was an affecting sight to behold the inhabitants assembled round their solitary houses, or at the entrance of their villages, and sorrowfully repeating '*Dus de dyk es door*,' 'thus the dyke is broken through.' The loss here was immense." And King Louis adds, as every narrative of the late calamities must likewise do, that "the Dutch nation on this occasion distinguished itself by its generosity. There was not a person who was backward in contributing to the relief of his countrymen; children were seen to offer their savings, soldiers their pay, workmen and servants their wages. The city of Leyden alone, which had scarcely recovered from the disaster of 1807, contributed nearly fifty thousand florins."

In the autumn of 1825 the repairs of the dykes had advanced so far as to remove all apprehension of danger in the ensuing winter. Great progress had been made in draining off the water from the inundated lands. More than two-thirds of the flooded territory was already dry, and accessible to its ancient proprietors. These proprietors, and their local authorities, being every year liable to invasions from the same enemy, have acquired the mechanical knowledge, the practical skill, and the patient habits necessary for such emergencies. They have likewise at all times in readiness the machinery and materials requisite for repelling an attack, repairing a breach, or counteracting a successful irruption. Their engineers are the best in the world, and their administration of the *Waterstaat* is zealous and well-organised. The king, who is extremely partial to the provinces so long connected with his family, and who is, moreover, a practical man of business, takes a great interest in every thing which tends to relieve the distress, or promote the prosperity, of his Dutch subjects. The funds, therefore, voted by the states-general, or contributed by public subscription, were employed, not only in restoring the inundated districts to their former condition, but in providing for their future security, by strengthening and elevating those stupendous bulwarks, which are thus practically shown to be their only protection.

Such partial calamities, and perpetual vigilance or labour to guard against or repair them, as we have above described, are the tax which a Dutch citizen must pay for an internal commerce by which he has rendered the industry and productions of every land tributary to his convenience, and a system of internal communication, by which he is compensated for all the disadvantages of his marshy soil and inhospitable climate. This tax every wise man would be willing to pay for preserving that beautiful and well-cultivated region, as remarkable

for its political as its physical arrangements—raised from the bosom of the deep, by an industry without parallel,—and exhibiting on its limited territory, more wealth, more enterprise, more happiness, and more virtue, than perhaps were ever exhibited within the same space in ancient or modern times. It is thus that intelligence and industry, under a free government, can surmount all the disadvantages of natural position, and convert a swampy waste into smiling abodes of happiness and plenty.

PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM DESIGNED BY POPE.

[The following sketch we understand to be from the early pen of one of the most celebrated writers of the present age.]

THE poem was to have been entitled *Brutus*; as *Æneas* was famed for his piety, so his grandson's characteristic was benevolence, the first predominant principle of his character, which prompted his endeavours to redeem the remains of his countrymen, the descendants of *Troy*, then captives in Greece, and to establish their freedom and felicity in a just form of government.

He goes to Epirus, from thence he travels over all Greece, collects the scattered Trojans, and redeems them with the treasures he brought from Italy.

(Geoffrey's account is here more adapted for poetry than Pope's. The Trojans, enslaved by violence, should, in poetical justice, be liberated in the same manner.)

Having collected his scattered countrymen, he consults the oracle of Dodona, and is promised a settlement in an island, which from the description appears to have been Britain.

(Here again the historian is the most poetical.) He then puts to sea, and enters the Atlantic ocean.

The first book was intended to open with the appearance of *Brutus* at the straits of Calpe, in sight of the pillars of *Hercules* (the *ne plus ultra*): he was to have been introduced debating in council, with his captains, whether it was adviseable to launch into the great ocean on an enterprize bold and hazardous as that of *Columbus*.

One reason, among others, assigned by *Brutus* for attempting the great ocean in search of a new country was, that he entertained no prospect of introducing pure manners in any part of the then known world; but that he might do it among a people uncorrupt in their manners, worthy to be made happy, and wanting only arts and law to that purpose.

A debate ensues. *Pisander*, an old Trojan, is rather for settling in *Betica*, a rich country, near the straits, within the Mediterranean, of whose wealth they had heard great fame at Carthage. *Brutus* apprehends that the softness of the climate and the gold found there would corrupt their manners: besides that the *Tyrians*, who had established great commerce there, had introduced their superstitions among the natives, and made them unapt to receive the instructions he was desirous to give.

Cloanthès, one of his captains (*fortemq. Cloanthem*), out of avarice and effeminacy, nevertheless desires to settle in a rich and fertile country, rather than to tempt the dangers of the ocean out of a romantic notion of heroism.

This has such an effect, that the whole council, being dismayed, are unwilling to pass the straits and venture into the great ocean; pleading the example of Hercules for not advancing farther, and urging the presumption of going beyond a god. To which Brutus, rising with emotion, answers, that Hercules was but a mortal like them, and that if their virtue was superior to his, they would have the same claim to divinity, for that the path of virtue was the only way which lay open to Heaven.

At length he resolves to go in a single ship, and to reject all such dastards as dared not accompany him.

Upon this Ærontes takes fire, declares he will attend him through any dangers—that he wants no oracle but his own courage and the love of glory—

(Εἰς οὐρανὸς ἀριστὸς ἀμυνέσθαι περὶ πατρὸς)

that it was for merchants like the Tyrians, not for heroes like them, to make trading settlements in a country for the sake of its wealth.

All the younger part of the council agree with the sentiments of Ærontes, and from the love they bear to Brutus determine to be the companions of his enterprise, and it is resolved to set sail the next day. That night Hercules appears to him in a vision, applauding and confirming the sentiments he had that day delivered in council, and encouraging him to persevere in the pursuit of the intended enterprize.

The second book opens with a picture of the supreme God, in all his majesty, sitting on his throne in the highest heaven. The superintending angel of the Trojan empire falls down before the throne, and confesses his justice in having overturned that kingdom for the sins of the princes and of the people themselves: but adds, that after having chastised and humbled them, it would now be agreeable to his mercy and goodness to raise up a new state from their ruins, and form a people who might serve him better.

The prostrate angel is raised by the Almighty, and permitted to attend upon Brutus in his voyage to Britain, in order to assist him in the reduction of that island.

In pursuance of this commission, he flies from Heaven to the high mountain of Calpe, and from thence causes an east wind to blow, which carries the fleet out of the straits westward to the Canary Islands, where he lands.

Here was to have been a description of Teneriffe, and of the volcanoes; as likewise of a most delicious island which is described to be without inhabitants. A great part of his followers are disposed to settle here. What more (say they) can we wish for ourselves, than such a pleasing end of all our labours? In an inhabited country, we must perhaps be forced to fight and destroy the natives; here, without encroaching upon others, without the guilt of a conquest, we may have a land that will supply us with all the necessaries of life. Why then should we go farther? Let us thank the gods, and rest here in peace.—This affords room for a beautiful description of the land of laziness.

Brutus, however, rejects this narrow and selfish proposition, as incompatible with his generous plan of extending benevolence, by instructing and polishing uncultivated minds: he despises the mean

thought of providing for the happiness of themselves alone; and sets the great promises of heaven before them.

His persuasions, being seconded by good omens, prevail: nevertheless, they leave behind them the old men and the women, together with such as are timid and unfit for service, to enjoy their ease there, and erect a city. Over this colony, consisting of about three thousand persons, he proposes to make Pisander king, under such limitations as appears to him wisest and best. To this proposal they all assent with great satisfaction: only Pisander absolutely refuses to be king, and begs, notwithstanding his age, that he may attend Brutus in his enterprise. He urges that his experience and councils may be of use, though his strength is gone; and that he shall die unhappy if he does not die in the arms of his friend.

Brutus accepts his company with great expressions of gratitude; and having left his colony a form of pure worship, and a short and simple body of laws, orders them to chuse a government for themselves, and then set sail with none but resolute and noble associates.

Here, by way of episode, was to have been introduced the passion of some friend, or the fondness of some female, who refused to stay behind, and determined to brave all hardships and perils rather than quit the object of their affections.

Providence sends his spirit to raise the wind, and direct it to the northward. The vessel at length touches at Lisbon, or Ulyssipont, where he meets with the son of a Trojan captive of Ulysses. This gives occasion for an episode; and among other things furnishes an account of Ulysses settling there, and building of Lisbon; with a detail of the wicked principles of policy and superstition he had established; and of his being at length driven away by the discontented people he had enslaved.

(Why was the wise, the much-enduring man, whose only failing was too much prudence, to be reviled by the translator of the *Odyssey*? Rather let the mean dastard, the pious *Aeneas*, be handed to infamy; and let the generous Trojan commend the virtues of his foe.)

Brutus is afterwards driven by a storm raised by an evil spirit, as far as Norway. He prays to the supreme God. His guardian angel calms the seas, and conducts the fleet safe into a port; but the evil spirit excites the barbarian people to attack them at their landing.

Brutus, however, repulses them, lands, and encamps on the sea shore. In the night, an aurora borealis astonishes his men; such a phenomenon having never been seen by them before.

He endeavours to keep up their spirits, by telling them that what they look upon as a prodigy may be a phenomenon of nature, usual in those countries, though unknown to them and him; but that if it be any thing supernatural, they ought to interpret it in their own favor, since heaven never works miracles but for the good. About midnight they are attacked again by the barbarians, and the light of the aurora is of great use to them for their defence. Brutus kills their chief leader, and *Ærontes* the three next in command: this discourages them, and they fly up into the country. He makes prisoners of some of the natives, who had been used to those seas, and inquires of them concerning a great island to the south-west of their country: they tell him they had been in such an island upon

piratical voyages, and had carried some of the natives into captivity. He obtains some of these captives, whom he finds to be Britons. They describe their country to him, and undertake to pilot him.

In the next book Brutus touches at the *Ærcades*, and a picture is given of the manners of the savages. The North Britons he brought with him from Norway relate strange stories concerning one of the greatest of their islands, supposed to be inhabited by *dæmons*, who forbid all access to it by thunders, earthquakes, &c. Eudemon relates a tradition in Greece, that in one of the northern islands of the ocean, some of the *Titans* were confined, after their overthrow by Jupiter. Brutus, to confound their superstition, resolves to land in that island.

He sails there in a small vessel of six oars, attended only by *Ærontes*, who insists on sharing with him in this adventure. When the boat approaches the shore, a violent hurricane rises, which dashes it against the rocks, and beats it to pieces. All the men are drowned but Brutus and *Ærontes*, who swim to land. They find a thick forest, dark and impenetrable, out of which proceeds a dreadful noise.

All at once the sun was darkened; a thick night comes over them; thundering noises and bellowings are heard in the air and under ground: a terrible eruption of fire breaks out from the top of a mountain; the earth shakes beneath their feet: *Ærontes* flies back into the wood, but Brutus remains undaunted, though in great danger of being swallowed up, or burnt by the fire. In this extremity he calls upon God; the eruption ceases; and his guardian angel appears to Brutus, telling him, that God had permitted the evil spirit to work seeming miracles by natural means, in order to try his virtue, and to humble the pride of *Ærontes*, who was too confident in his courage, and too little regardful of Providence: that the hill before them was a volcano: that the effects of it, dreadful though natural, had made the ignorant savages believe the island to be an habitation of fiends: that the hurricane which had wrecked his boat was a usual symptom preceding an eruption: that he might have perished in the eruption, if God had not sent him his good angel to be his preserver.

He then directs him to seek the south-west parts of Great Britain, because the northern parts were infested by men not yet disposed to receive religion, arts, and good government; the subduing and civilizing of whom was reserved by Providence for a son that should be born of him after his conquest of England.

Brutus promises to obey. The angel vanishes. He finds *Ærontes* in a cave of the wood, so ashamed of his fear, that he attempts to kill himself. Brutus comforts him, ascribes it to a supernatural terror, and tells him what he had heard from the angel; they go down to the coast, where they find Hanno with a ship to carry them off.

The ensuing book describes the joy of Brutus at sight of the white rocks of Albion. He lands at Torbay, and in the western part of the island meets with a kind reception. The climate is described to be equally free from the effeminacy and softness of the southern climes, and the savage ferocity of the northern. The natural genius of the natives, being thus in the medium between these extremes, was well adapted to receive the improvements in virtue he meditated to introduce. They are represented worshippers of the sun and fire, but of good and gentle dispositions, having no bloody sacrifices among them.

Here he meets the Druids at an altar of turf, in an open place, offering fruits and flowers to heaven.

(The real religion of the Druids is far more exalted.)

Then follows a picture of the haven, which is succeeded by an account of the northern parts, supposed to be infested by tyrants, of whom the Britons tell strange stories, representing them as giants, whom he undertakes to assist them in conquering. The poet takes notice of the island Mona groaning under the lash of superstition, being governed by priests. Likewise of another, distracted by dismal anarchy; the neighbours eating their captives, and carrying away virgins; which affords room for a beautiful episode, describing the feelings of a lover, who prevailed on Brutus to fly to the rescue of a favourite fair one, whom, by his aid, he recovered from the arms of her brutal ravisher.

He also speaks of a third under the dominion of tyranny, which was stronger than the rest, and defended by giants living in castles, high rocks, &c. Some he names, as Corinæus, Gogmagog, &c.

(Why is Corinæus, Jack the giant killer of history, ranked among the monsters he destroyed? The character of Ærontes is that of the real Corinæus. Pope errs against history, tradition, and justice.)

Here he proposed to moralize the old fables concerning Brutus, Gogmagog, &c.

Brutus is opposed in his attempt by priests, conjurors, and magicians. The priests had the use of gunpowder. His kinsman, young, fierce, and ambitious, is for conquering the natives. He seizes a woman betrothed to a Briton; a revolt follows; and a faction is raised by him, which the wisdom and firmness of Brutus suppresses. He reduces the fortresses of superstition, anarchy, and tyranny; and with his victory all concludes.

Ærontes, valiant, ungovernable, licentious, but generous, and, when free from passion, good and humane. Pisander, born before the rape of Helen, like Nestor. Hipomedon, bloody, violent, cruel, killed by the giants. Cleonthes, rapacious and lustful, killed by a woman. Eudemón, a physician, once captive to Machaon, leaves the court of Ærestes, whose physician he was, to follow Brutus; a character of uncommon philanthropy, learning, and virtue, but devoted to the memory of Æsculapius, out of gratitude to the memory of his son. Goffarius, an artful, politic prince, without virtue; trusting more to stratagem than force. Magog, contemptor deorum, like Mezentius and Capaneus. Corineus, valiant, proud, bloody, subtle, avaritious, and dissembling.

“*Heu quantum differt ab illo!!!*”

Sagibert, favorite to Goffarius, a gay, agreeable young man; vicious, spirited, and brave: such as the Duc de Joyeuse, killed in the wars against the king of Navarre. Hanno, a man of a severe republican virtue; high spirited, and great knowledge of men and manners, from having been much abroad in his different commands.

Such is the sketch of the celebrated Pope. He had begun the poem in blank verse; fortunately, perhaps, for his reputation, he did not finish it. Pope was a rhymers.

THE DRAMA.

THERE have been several new pieces this month—a new comedy and a new after-piece at Covent Garden, and a new “extravaganza” at Drury Lane.

The comedy, like most new plays of the present day, is made up of old plays; but they are put together with some spirit, and altogether the piece is lively and passable enough. There are, to be sure, many faults of taste in it; and one so gross, that we wonder it did not cause the destruction of the piece the first night. The hero is in pursuit of an heiress, who secretly likes him, but, in her capacity of a “scornful lady,” which she affects, has repulsed him. He, by surreptitious means, gets into her bed-chamber at night, and then vows she must marry him, or he will destroy her reputation. The audience, however, took this quietly enough, and only began to find out that it was indecent when the gentleman, on the arrival at the door of some of his accomplices, proceeds very calmly to undress, which operation he carries to a pitch that at last becomes somewhat alarming. The lady then consents, and signs a marriage-promise; but it turns out that she had, as ladies were wont to do, not in the days, but in the plays, of James and Charles I.’s reigns, declared she never would marry any one who did not win her by stratagem. The lover declares that *this* is his stratagem, and destroys the promise; on which the lady is so charmed with the delicacy and humour of his plot, that she renews her promise voluntarily, and accepts him on the instant. Truly, this is a nice scene for our fastidious days. But, as the audience had not previously been *told* it was naughty, as they are in the case of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, they bore it with exemplary fortitude—whereas they would hiss *Love for Love*, or the *Provoked Wife*, off the stage in five minutes.

But this comedy, the *Merchant’s Wedding*, has a good deal of merit notwithstanding. We should be thankful to it, were it for no other cause than that it gives Farren an opportunity for some of the finest acting we have ever seen on the stage. He is an old merchant, who, in anger at the extravagances and heartlessness of his nephew, determines to marry and disinherit him. The young man, hearing of this, gets up a plot to frustrate his uncle’s object. His sister, who is just married to a twaddling lover, who has also been injured by the usurious merchant, personates a Puritan, and is, by a sham ceremony, united to the old man. She then forthwith breaks out into declarations of the most violent profligacy and profusion, and frightens her unfortunate bridegroom almost out of his wits. It was in this scene that Farren’s acting rose to the very highest order of the art. It was not comedy—unless Sir Giles Overreach be comedy—unless Shylock, when he hears of his daughter’s extravagance, be comedy; it was the most powerful delineation of passion of this kind—a delineation more admirable and exquisite than that given by any Shylock or Sir Giles we ever saw. It proves Mr. Farren to be fully equal to this line of parts, and we think the public ought to be gratified by seeing him in them.

Charles Kemble, as the gallant, and Keeley, as the gull, were both of them excellent: but this is a pleonasm; for, saying they played a

gallant and a gull, respectively, is in itself saying they played them admirably. Indeed, the *ensemble* of the play was excellent, as, at this house, it nearly always is.

Next, in date, comes the "extravaganza," Juan's Early Days, founded upon the first five cantos of Lord Byron's poem, at Drury Lane. Here again we have to complain. If you will represent indecency and immorality, do, in the name of Vice, let it be witty indecency and brilliant immorality. Do not discard our great comic writers, not because they are indelicate, but because they are comic—at least, we must suppose that to be the reason, when we see such pieces as this brought forward, in which there is plenty of indelicacy and no comedy at all. The story adheres pretty closely to that of the poem, of which it retains all the incidents, which are in themselves quite sufficiently coarse; and omits all the poetry, all the wit, all the spirit, all the humour, in which those incidents are so wrapped, as to pass under the veil of the charming drapery which covers and conceals their natural deformity. Some incidents, however, are added—the catastrophe, especially, of the merit of which we must not deprive this author. (Author! every man with a pair of scissors and a paste-pot is called an author now-a-days. A dramatic author might be defined "a person who spoils another man's works.") When Juan is in the seraglio, the sultan comes in and surprises him; he orders the youngster's head off forthwith; but, on the instant, the seraglio is stormed and carried by an English man-of-war's boat, to which Will Johnson has swum off! Query: is this an "untoward event?"

The music was pretty, and Miss Love sang well, acted with liveliness, and was admirably dressed. But no woman is able to act Don Juan, (heaven forbid she should be!) Even Madame Vestris cannot; we do not use the word "even" from the excess of her talent, but from the absence of all feminine delicacy: this may make a woman masculine, but not manly; and his frank manliness is one of the few redeeming points of Juan's character. Moreover, in person, a breeched woman does not resemble a fine lad. She may look like Captain Flash, but never like Don Juan. The practice of putting our actresses into men's parts is altogether an odious one, and ought to be reformed.

Lastly, we have to mention the Somnambulist at Covent Garden, or rather Miss Kelly's representation of it, for the piece itself is paltry. And yet, we are almost afraid to speak of her acting—for we should be reckoned both partial and hyperbolic if we were to give expression to all we think of it—as it would be little more than a string of all the words expressing praise, admiration, and delight, that the language affords. Miss Kelly is a great favourite with the town, though scarcely, we think, to the extent she should be; and, certainly, not always in the manner she should be. She is reckoned an admirable comedian, which is perfectly just—and a first-rate melo-dramatist, which is just also—but few people consider her a great tragedian, which is perhaps the most just of all. Even in this piece, which is professedly a melo-drame, and of which a great portion is so in fact, there are, in Miss Kelly's performance, some beautiful touches of the finest tragedy. The distinction we draw is this,—where the interest arises from the physical circumstance, it is melo-dramatic—where from mental emotion and passion, it is tragic. And in the Somnambulist, as Miss

Kelly acts it, both these things occur within a very few minutes of each other. In the last scene, she comes out upon the roof of the house in her sleep, and walks along the parapet to a spot where there is no further footing, and where it seems she will be dashed to pieces at the next step. This interest, and it was brought out to a degree which made the house shudder, is melo-dramatic. But, afterwards, she comes down upon the stage, and, in what she says in her sleep, betrays the workings of a breaking heart; this, we say at once, is *tragedy* in its best sense, and every heart in the house felt it to be so, for we think we do not exaggerate when we say that *every body* wept. We ourselves were charmed to see an instance of a person, accustomed to the stage from infancy, down whose cheeks the tears ran as full and fast as any that flowed throughout the house. The Somnambulist dreams that her lover is going to be married to another, (as indeed is the case,) on account of a false suspicion of her truth. In imagination she believes that, *at that instant*, the marriage is being solemnized. The way in which Miss Kelly then fell upon her knees, and uttered the words "Bless him!" will, we are convinced, never fade from our minds as long as pathos is capable of touching it.

We recommend every one to witness this most exquisite performance.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Sayings and Doings; or Sketches from Life. Third Series. In 3 Vols. Post 8vo. London: Colburn, 1828.

MR. HOOK is a writer who possesses a certain flashy reputation, which it is difficult to say how he has obtained, but which, even such as it is, it is quite clear he does not deserve. That he may write a very lively ludicrous farce, or pen a biting squib or parody for a political purpose, we are very ready to admit; but really, in these days, when some of the first talent in the country is devoted to romance-writing, for such paltry, vulgar, ungrammatical, contemptible balderdash as these stories to be brought into discussion at all, is a little more than we can tolerate with patience.

In the first place, the style of this writer, not to speak of his ideas, is that of a chamber-maid. When there chance to be a few sentences consecutively without a glaring blunder of grammar, the whole tone and structure of the language is that of a female denizen of the steward's-room. His extraordinary affectation of gentility, also, is exactly on a par with persons of this stamp. He is always putting forward the most absurd pretensions to familiar knowledge of the habits of people of rank; and he cannot write or speak three lines in the character of one of them without betraying the grossest ignorance. Even his jokes—for which, in his farces, he used to have some talent—are here poor, borrowed, and old. He is often positively indecent; and constantly exceedingly coarse.

And yet, the former series of these tales undoubtedly acquired a certain degree of popularity. But there are many causes which contribute to this; he has an enterprising pushing publisher—and, moreover, the literary organs of the ultra party all make it a matter

of duty to puff Mr. Hook. But, supposing either of these sets of books had been put forward without any extrinsic advantages, the world would never have been entrapped into buying such poor, weak, ditchwater in mistake for champagne.

The present publication is probably the worst of the lot: for, humble as we have shown our estimation of Mr. Hook's merits to be, we really did not anticipate that anything so vulgar, so mean, so indecent, so stupid, and—we must use the word—so *dirty*, as the story entitled “Gervase Skinner” could have been sent forth to the world, at this time of day, even by him. Accordingly, we have observed, that the critics who have laboured in their vocation by puffing this work in the mass, have cautiously abstained from touching upon this tale at all, although it fills a volume and a half; viz., one half the work. But as this is the last story, we shall consider the other first.

The one entitled “Cousin William,” is certainly very greatly superior to the miserable farrago of low swindling of which we have just spoken. But, even of this, the great majority is vulgar, unnatural, and “of a nice morality, stap my vitals.” There is, however, towards the close of this tale, some hundred pages, or so, of a merit so much above all the rest of the work, that we scarcely know how to account for its being there. To be sure, though serving as the conclusion to the tale of which the prior part has been given in the first volume, it is very nearly complete in itself, and has more the appearance—we speak it without any exaggeration—of being the production of another hand, than of a higher effort by the author of what goes before, and of what follows.

The story of “Cousin William” is an exceedingly profligate one, and is scarcely at all redeemed even by a tardy poetical justice sneaking in at the end, for the punishment chiefly falls upon the innocent people. As a sample, what do our readers think of a heroine, the excess of whose passion for the hero is described by the following examples?—

“Her cousin William had seduced the orphan daughter of a clergyman—her brother called him out—him, cousin William shot—but Caroline found excuses for him. The artful girl no doubt made love to her cousin, and if her brother *would* fight, cousin William must meet him; and if they met, cousin William surely ought to defend himself.

“Morley had lost deep at play; but then, as Caroline said, it was when he was under age, and those who won his money absolutely cheated him; he was beaten in a cause, where the warranty of a horse having been proved, was denied as being *his*, although three witnesses saw him write it; but then, as Caroline said, the horse was spoiled after cousin William had warranted it, and besides, the opposing witnesses were all perjured.”—Vol. i. pp. 14, 15.

Now, we think, that it must need the acute moral sensibility of Mr. Hook to discover that a young lady is made more interesting by being represented as approving of her cousin shooting a man under the circumstances here stated—circumstances, under which, we do believe the being scarcely lives who could raise a hand; and that a captain in the Guards could remain in his regiment, and in society, after having been proved in a court of justice to be a swindler.

Again, this William is represented to be at least a gentleman in manners, and to mix in society of the best class. He is throughout,

too, stated to be, whatever moral faults he may have, a man of shrewd as well as brilliant talents. We will leave the reader to judge how far any one of these points is compatible with the following conduct:—

“What a striking contrast to the negative advances of Sir Mark Terrington, in the country, did the splendid preparations for Morley’s marriage in London afford: all that taste could devise, or wealth execute, was put in requisition for the approaching nuptials of Caroline’s cousin William with his Eldorado divinity—the brightness of her charms shed its splendour over her intended husband, and brought to view ten thousand good qualities which till then had lain concealed; and while its radiance thus successfully exhibited his merits and virtues, it dazzled the eyes of those who, before, were wont to seek for his faults and imperfections. He was now universally popular, universally praised, and his taste and his talents were eulogized from the corner of Bond-street to the end of Pall Mall; a space, which, however small in fact or law, comprises morally and conventionally, if not the whole universe, certainly all London.

“Amongst those most delighted with the prospect before him, Morley’s father was not the least enthusiastic. In the proposed union he saw not only splendour and fortune for his son, but a speedy extrication from embarrassments of his own; and it must be confessed that his candour kept pace with his satisfaction, for wherever he went he made his motives for pressing the marriage upon William perfectly understood; which candour, after all, had its origin in paternal vanity; for old Morley was one of those men, who, although perpetually at war with their sons on matters of finance, secretly glory in the advancement of the youths, and are pleased and tickled by the attentions paid to their hopeful scions, whose faults and follies are at the same time constant subjects of contention and irritation. He, therefore, exulted, first, in having a son able to command such wealth and connection as those ensured by a marriage with the Lady Anne; and, secondly, in having a son who would sacrifice his inclinations to the wishes of his father.

“William Morley, in his own particular circles, flourished off sundry declarations, differing in certain particulars from those published and circulated by the old gentleman; but the spirit of which was precisely the same: he, surrounded by those who had been the boon companions of all his profligate hours, laughed at the credulity of his intended wife, vaunted his own potentiality as a lady-killer, and bragged of the triumphs he had won, and the victims he had abandoned, for the sake of the gold which had been hoarded through a long minority, but which he promised them should be scattered forth to fertilize and fructify their future fields of action: nay, even did this gallant gay Lothario descend to jests upon her ladyship’s personal defects, and wittily attribute to the absence of one of her ladyship’s eyes, the facility with which he had gotten on the blind side of her.

“There were amongst those who heard this undisguised avowal of his real feelings towards the woman, to whom he was on the eve of pledging his faith for life, some who did not smile at the declaration, nay, one or two ventured to dissuade him from a connection, founded merely upon convenience and speculation, assuring him that happiness never could be expected from such a marriage; but Morley was too wise, and too well read in the world, to believe that anything like domestic life or retirement within the magic circle of home, *could* be comfortable, even were the partner of that home an angel; and, therefore, in his replies to such lectures (as he called them) he set forth the innumerable advantages of a wealthy woman for a wife, inasmuch as, however disagreeable she might be, her funds afforded the best means of enjoying the good things of the world without her.

“Some of his friends looked grave and shook their heads; others laughed until they shook their sides; all seemed to agree that Morley was a wild fellow: but most of them said marriage would tame him, and cure him, and set all to rights—and in the midst of all these opinions and observations,

cousin William led a life of gaiety and happiness; the joys of the present hour being heightened by the bright prospects of the future.

"Time wore on, and the awful ceremony was rapidly approaching, when a change was made in the arrangements at the desire of Lady Anne's uncle, who, although decidedly averse from the match at first, saw that it would be vain to oppose the ardent wishes of his plain, yet resolute niece, and now determined, since the thing must be, that the solemnization of the nuptials should take place under every possible circumstance of splendor and magnificence.

"It was, therefore, proposed that the lovers should proceed with Morley's father, and Lady Anne's cousin, Louisa, to Balraith Castle, one of his lordship's seats, in the chapel of which the ceremony should take place; and that thence the new married couple should start for Linderfield, her ladyship's family seat, there to spend the honey-moon; and that all these operations should be performed in the most stately and imposing possible manner, with sheep-roastings and ale-broachings for tenants, and banquets and balls for nobler guests; so that the marriage of the great heiress of Linderfield might stand recorded with all due splendor in the annals of the House of Séward.

"Morley did not by any means dislike the programme submitted to him; there would be vast *eclat* in such a wedding, and with due activity, and disbursement, he felt that he might judiciously circulate through the public press an account which, while it exalted himself and his new connection, would not unnecessarily dwell upon the homeliness of her face, or the equivocal correctness of her figure; and although the arrangements would delay the ceremony for a few days, still as it was held necessary by her ladyship's family in order to conceal as much as possible its degradation in the alliance, that he should previously assume *their* name, the postponement was little more than a matter of convenience.

"After a due consideration, however, of the important preliminaries, a new plan was suggested, and entered into with the most unequivocal cordiality by Morley, and which was adopted at the particular instance of Lord Dunbarry, the uncle aforesaid. It was, that the bride elect, and her *cortège*, should leave town previously to the bridegroom, and establish herself at Balraith; and that Morley and his father should, after the conclusion of the business at the Herald's College, travel with *their* suite separately—it would be better, the Earl said; it would distinctly mark the arrival of the lover; it would give more character and respectability to his family; and throw an air of solidity and independence over the house of Morley; for which, as perhaps the reader may already perceive, the said Earl had in his own heart of hearts the most sovereign contempt.

"Gallantry and good breeding would have induced Morley at any time to give way to the wishes of his bride and her relations, and his readiness to accede to this proposal was remakable. But why?—it secured him from the mawkish dulness of a long journey, with a woman for whom, to use his own amiable expression, he did not care three straws, and with whom he was about to undertake a still longer and more dull progress through life. It must be admitted, that short-sighted as Lady Anne might be, even *her* penetration was adequate to the discovery of his satisfaction at the new arrangement; and she even went so far as to check the expression of his approbation of it, in a manner which induced the heartless fortune-hunter to moderate his raptures.

"The march of time is certain; and though, as the immortal Shakspeare has so much better said than anybody else, his paces are different, under different circumstances, his regular progress brought about the fulfilment of the plans of Lady Anne's noble relation; and her ladyship, attended and escorted by servants, companions, &c. quitted her town house for Balraith, having been honoured by the chaste salute of her amiable lover, and, subsequently, handed by him with all possible assiduity into the travelling carriage, which, in a few minutes after, bore her away from his *admiring* eyes.

"In four or five days he was to join her again; for, as I have before premised, it was considered due to the dignity of the Swards that he should reverse the order of things as applicable to meaner persons, and change *his* name in marriage, to that of his wife, and the necessary preparations for this change required, at least, that period.

"Mr. Morley's life in London during this brief stay hardly requires notice or memorandum, since it was exactly like the life he had always led; not even was this week of probation distinguished by an abstinence from the society of ladies, whose attractions were of a character not quite consonant with the singleness of affection which a young gentleman on the brink of matrimony might be supposed to entertain for the object of his choice; indeed his good taste led him to appear in public with an individual who had long been notoriously under his protection, (as it is called,) on the very Saturday evening on which also appeared in the Gazette, the royal permission that he should assume the name of Seward.

But even this, was not the head and front of his offending: the following day, the first use he made of *the* bridal carriage, decorated with all the quarterings, and escutcheons, and supporters, and crests, and dragons, and griffins, and lions, and mullets, was, in company with the same lady, and her sister, and a mutual friend, to honour Salt Hill with a visit, and pass two days in that sweet seclusion. It was, as he said, a finale to his licentious career, and intended as the farewell *fête* to his free-hearted companions."—Vol. i. pp. 140—148.

Now to have acted thus, a man, so far from being a polished, clever, man of the world, must of necessity have been both a ruffian and a fool.

But we will, in fairness, give an extract from the better part of the story also. After a world of meanness and manœuvres, William goes abroad with his regiment, ruined; and Caroline marries Sir Mark Terrington, a country baronet, more stupid and absurd than even country baronets ever are; which shews to what extent the caricature must be carried. There is then a gap of about one-and-twenty years, and the author (who in this second part comes personally upon the scene, and writes in a totally altered tone) sees Lady Terrington in her box at the Opera, and behind her chair. "Sir William Morley, K.C.B." Lady Terrington has a son, who is just returned from his travels, and who is about to marry a Miss Flora Ormsby, a very beautiful and most coquettish young lady, who is the ward of his parents. All these persons are living together at Sir Mark Terrington's town-house; including Sir William, in the character of "mon petit cousin." Here the author, who now appears in the character of an old friend of the family, dines, and pays morning visits; in the course of which he beholds certain proceedings, which give rise to very serious doubts in his mind as to the state of things between Lady Terrington and her cousin; and, certainly, the suspense of the reader on this head is very skilfully kept up. Meanwhile, William Terrington, the son, hears some of the startling reports that are current concerning his mother's conduct, and is driven half wild by uncertainty how to act. Shortly after, the Terringtons, including Sir William and Miss Ormsby, go into the country; and the catastrophe approaches. We must also introduce to the reader a certain Mrs. Davis, own woman to Lady Terrington, having been so since the early days of her love for cousin William; and, having then been confidant, being now, in due course of things, tyrant. She, at last, is affronted,

and resolves on revenge. The character of Davis, in this part of the book—that of a wicked and wilful woman tinged with Methodism—is very powerfully drawn, and so differently from the foregoing volume, as to increase the suspicion that this (which, by the way, is far better *written* also) is by some other hand. There is still, however, the strong blemish of a total absence of moral taste, as exemplified in the footing upon which Lady Terrington and her intended daughter-in-law, Flora Ormsby, are represented to stand. As for example:—

“The day wore on—Flora and her betrothed returned from their ride—he seemed dispirited, *she* appeared tired—but her animation returned as she reached the house, and she flew to her room, where *her* maid was waiting, as Davis had truly told, with a letter from poor William’s rival, whose affection for Flora’s immense fortune made him doubly assiduous at what appeared the crisis of his fate.

“It may seem unnaturally base in Lady Terrington, to have been a party to this under plot against her son, but it is most certain, that although not privy to the secret correspondence which was now carrying on, she did not entirely discourage the attentions which the young nobleman was constantly paying to her future daughter-in-law; the conversations which passed, day after day, between Flora and Caroline, were made up of the theory of love, and discussions of the qualities, claims and pretensions of different sorts of lovers—the ardour of some, the reserve of others, the coldness of this, the animation of that—in short, their minds were filled with nothing but affairs, assignations, conquests, and flirtations; so that Flora at eighteen, was precisely what Caroline was at forty-one; and it is almost fair to suspect, that in this confidential intercourse, the natural enthusiasm and candour of Caroline had betrayed, even to her *protégée*, her overpowering affection for William Morley; for certain it is, that in society the two ladies were much in the habit of exchanging significant looks, in the meaning of which they appeared perfectly well versed, and which were played off alternately by one upon the other, as circumstances developed themselves, which related to the conduct or proceedings of *any of their beaux*; and thus committed to each other, stood two females, whose relative situations demanded the performance of duties, and the observance of conduct, in every way at variance with those by which they were pleased to regulate their career in the world of fashion.”—Vol. ii. pp. 117—119.

But now for something better. The lover, hinted at in the above extract, arrives—*tout exprès, par hazard*. He is an exceedingly stupid and very ugly lord—so that really the young lady has no excuse except that he *is* a lord. William Terrington takes huff. The *partie quarée* go out for an evening drive, and he retires to his own room. A knock is heard at the door:—

“‘Come in,’ said he.

“The door opened, and presented to his view his mother’s woman, Davis, who absolutely trembling with agitation, (how excited he could not conceive) and pale as death, entered, and closing the door, cautiously advanced towards him on tip-toe, casting her haggard eyes around the room, to assure herself that they were alone.

“‘Davis!’ said William, startled at her appearance, ‘how wretchedly ill you look.’

“‘Ill boy,’ said she, in a voice hardly audible; ‘who would not be ill, when such ill doings flourish—did you see them go?’

“‘You mean my mother and Miss Ormsby?’ said William.

“‘Yes, the fool and the knave that haunt their steps,’ said Davis.

“‘The what!’ said William: ‘of whom do you presume to speak?’

“‘Presume!’ said Davis; ‘it is no presumption brings me here—it is

the Lord has put me on this, and his will be done—I have nursed you, William Terrington—I have dandled you in my arms—I have fondled you—I have loved you—you must be saved from the snares of the insincere and ungodly—yes, William, *you* shall not be made a fool of, though others are—d’ye mark me—do you think, William Terrington, that that lord came here by chance to-day—or d’ye think your bonny bride invited him?’

“ ‘Are you mad, Davis,’ said William, ‘or would you make me so?’

“ ‘No, I would save you,’ said she; ‘you disbelieve me—you think I rave—talk without book—here, boy—here—out of her own writing desk have I fetched the evidence—here is the lord’s letter, which her maid treasured up for her—here is the permission asked to come to-day, which the young jilt granted—here—here—read it—her maid, who thinks herself faithful, would not trust me with the truth. *She* has her lover too—him, I brought hither myself this afternoon to soothe, and flatter, and please her—while with these keys—these never failing keys, I have drawn from her mistress’s hoard the proof of her unworthiness to be your wife.’

“ ‘Good God!’ said William, ‘how am I to act?’

“ ‘Take not that name in vain!’ said Davis; ‘I have been latterly taught to speak it with faith and reverence; but you live in the midst of sin and vice, make haste—read that—it must be returned before the beauty comes back to her bower.’

“ ‘What would you have me do with the letter?’ said William; ‘I won’t touch it.’

“ ‘Whisht boy, whisht,’ said Davis; ‘what are your scruples?’

“ ‘Honour forbids it!’ said William.

“ ‘Honour!—ha—ha—ha,’ said Davis; ‘are you serious? Honour in *this* house—the mark for fools and knaves to point and scoff at—honour!—God help the honour of your poor father—are you blind—are you deaf—will you read this letter?’

“ ‘No!’ said William; ‘I will not—and I do declare to you, that were it not for my mother’s affection for you, which I know would induce her to think me a causeless enemy to you, I would—’

“ ‘What!’ said Davis; ‘do you threaten *me* with betraying—do you tempt me with pretences of your mother’s love for me—your mother hates me, sir—hates—because she fears me—and I hate her.’

“ ‘You!’ exclaimed William; ‘this is insanity,’—and he moved towards the bell in order to call for assistance.

“ ‘Hold, child, hold!’ said Davis, seizing him with an iron grasp; ‘call none here—three words from my lips would send your mother from her home—from *you*, and from the world—provoke me, and they shall out.’

“ ‘Woman!’ said William, ‘or rather fiend in woman’s shape—thy calumnies are false—false as hell.’

“ ‘You reject my counsel too,’ said Davis; ‘you will not be saved—but you *shall*—it is a good work I am about, and it must be done—you refuse to read this letter—you refuse to open your eyes to the dupery of that young jilt, bred in the school of artifice and vice.’

“ ‘Davis,’ said William, ‘I’ll hear no more of this—another word, and by heavens I will summon the servants to thrust you forth from my mother’s roof.’

“ ‘Your father’s roof, young gentleman, if you please,’ said Davis; ‘and as for thrusting forth, we’ll see, proud sir, who shall be thrust out first. Oh, that this task should be upon me! but it must be done. When does Sir Mark return?’

“ ‘To-morrow, I believe,’ said William, ‘but why?’

“ ‘Why? ay! that’s the thing,’ said Davis; ‘spare to speak and spare to speed—to-morrow is the day—once more, will you read this lord’s letter?’

“ ‘Once more then, No,’ said William firmly: ‘and I do beg you will restore it to the place whence you so basely took it—I need no interference

in my affairs, much less that of a servant; and least of all, that of a servant who thinks so basely of her mistress's son, as to imagine him capable of grounding his conduct in life upon a stolen letter written in confidence.'

" 'Ah!' said Davis, laughing; 'that's honour, and very honourable too—and I am despised and villified—but such is the lot prescribed for me—suffering—suffering and reviling—no matter, sir—I tell you again, that the lord, whom you hate in your heart, was bidden here to-day, by the charming creature whom you love—see, hasn't he taken your place at her side—are they not laughing at your ill-humour, and enjoying your wretchedness, while your kind mother joins in the jests against you. Mercy! mercy! they are here,' cried she; 'returned—this fall of rain has driven them back—I must be gone—remember, William Terrington, I have tried to save you—I have been accounted mad—I have been threatened—I now threaten in my turn—vengeance is at hand—not mine on you, or yours—but the unerring vengeance of heaven upon sin and wickedness.'

"Saying this, she abruptly quitted the room, leaving William in a state of feeling perfectly indescribable."—Vol. ii. pp. 128—134.

His feelings are naturally still more agonised by this extraordinary scene. At last he determines to *write* to his mother; and he occupied himself in so doing all the evening:—

"He continued employed upon his most delicate and difficult task until past midnight, when the sound of voices in the lobby announced that the family were retiring to rest; they seemed to pause opposite the door of his study—and a sort of whispering contention evidently took place between his mother and Flora, followed by the sounds of footsteps hastily retreating—these were again followed by a rap at the door.

" 'Come in,' said William.

"It was his mother who entered—all beauty—all grace and gaiety—He trembled from head to foot as she approached the table at which he was writing, and on which lay several sheets of his letter to her.

" 'My dear William,' said she, 'Flora declares she will not bid you good night, because you have been so cross, and shut yourself up, and would not come down to *ecarté*. Mercy on us!' cried she, 'what sheets of writing—is it a sermon, or a lecture, or a history, or are you following the fashion and turning novelist?'

" 'Neither one nor the other,' said William—his eyes full of tears.

" 'Well, my dear boy,' said she, with one of her sweetest smiles, 'I'll not interrupt you—God bless you, William.'

"She kissed him fondly and fervently—and with a countenance beaming with innocence, left the room with a light step, and passed through the lobby to her bed-chamber.

" 'The world is a liar!' exclaimed William, as she parted from him, 'my mother is innocent—that woman *cannot* be guilty.'

"The kiss she had given him seemed printed on his very heart—and as he read the implied accusations, and all the worldly calumnies which he had collected in his letter to her, the tears fell from his eyes on the paper, and blotted the hideous charges he was preparing to make.

"William remained occupied, either in thinking over all the topics which engrossed his mind, or in committing his thoughts to paper, wholly unconscious of the flight of time, until the clock struck two, and the grey tint of morning was spread over the face of nature—still William was engaged in his task, nor was it near its conclusion, when a hasty footstep in the lobby caught his ear—again the door was assailed.

" 'Who's there?' said he—starting up—thinking at this untimely hour it might be some hostile visitor.

"Again the door opened, and again Davis stood before him.

" 'Are you up, boy,' said she—looking more horribly, and more wildly than before—'is your heart strong—are your nerves firm—have you faith?'

“‘For mercy’s sake, what do you mean?’ said William.

“‘Be quick, be quick,’ said Davis, ‘’tis a hard thing to do—but it must be done there’s fire in the house—fire—child—fire.’

“‘Fire!’ exclaimed William, starting up. ‘Why stand we here then—where is it?’

“‘Be cool—be calm,’ said Davis, ‘noise creates confusion—disturb none—look to Sir William’s room.’

“Saying this, she led the way towards the door of Morley’s apartment.

“‘There lies your road,’ said Davis, pointing, ‘I cannot enter—go you in—see! ’tis there—’tis there.’

“William, over-awed by the extraordinary manner of the woman, and not much disliking the idea of obtaining an ally in Sir William against her fury, should she prove, as he suspected, really mad, and become violent, did as he was bid; the door unfastened, yielded to his push, and he entered the apartment.

“In a moment he returned to Davis, who was standing in the passage.

“‘He is not here!’ said William ‘he is not in his room.’

“‘Ha! ha! ha!’ said Davis, with a hideous grin of triumph: ‘Fool, did you think he *was*?’

“‘Where is he then?’ said William.

“‘Stop,’ said she in a subdued voice, as if she had suddenly beheld a spectre, and catching him by the arm, she thrust him, with herself, into a deep recess, where the light of dawning day had not yet penetrated; ‘Hush—look there!’

“They could, from this place, see the entrance to Lady Terrington’s bedroom—William’s eyes were fixed on the spot; as they stood together, they could feel each other tremble, *he* shook with horror, *she* with anxiety and expectation; the door of Caroline’s room was opened slowly and cautiously—the cold sweat stood upon William’s brow, and his knees knocked together—his fixed eyes were blasted with the sight of Morley quitting the apartment of his mother, enveloped in his morning gown—he stepped softly yet quickly through the lobby—he passed near them—he saw them not—and as he came close to them, Davis grasped the arm and body of her victim, lest he should rush from his hiding place, and kill him on the spot—but the paramour was safe—for William had seen the horrid vision, and fallen senseless on a sofa which filled the recess.”—Vol. ii. pp. 137—142..

Now, in despite of all the abuse which we have showered, and, in our conscientious judgment, most deservedly—upon this book in the gross, we must say that we think these passages most powerfully conceived and wrought out—and, indeed, of a degree of merit so totally distinct from the rest of the work that we cannot understand its having emanated from the same mind.

From the same mind?—what!—as produced Gervase Skinner?—as painted the loves of that worthy with *the Fuggleston*?—impossible! This second story, Gervase Skinner, is the history of a mean, selfish, stupid, vulgar, stingy, country booby—and of some of the very most degraded members of a very degraded company of strolling players with whom he becomes connected. What do our readers think of the following scene, as compared with the last?—

“After a suitable pause, during which the Thespians had by turns ridiculed and joked upon every piece of furniture and ornament in my hero’s drawing-room, Skinner appeared; and just as Mrs. Fuggleston had declared with a sigh to young Mr. Kekewich, that she thought a boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding the most delicate dish in Christendom, was introduced to and received by that lady with one of her most graceful courtesies, and a look—*gods! what a look!* which nearly struck the modest squire to the earth.

“‘Sweet place, air, you have got here,’ said the lady, with reference to

the grounds which had formed the subject for their jests and drolleries five minutes before; 'all in such good taste—so quiet—so retired—so——'

" 'Mrs. Mac Brisket, how do *you* do?' said Skinner, overwhelmed with the compliments of his new visitor, 'you are no stranger, ma'am—Mr. Fuggleston, I am extremely glad to see *you* here.'

" 'Sir,' said Fuggleston, bowing, 'you do as Lady Macbeth advises—

'Bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your tongue.'

" Mr. Kekewich here presented his son to my hero, who gave him an equally cordial greeting; and immediately after proposed to the ladies, that the servants should shew them the rooms destined for their night's accommodation, himself proceeding to point out the apartments of the two single gentlemen. - - - - -

" It was Mrs. Fuggleston's principle to honour the maker of a feast, and to reverence the master of a house. In a very few minutes she saw of what stuff Gervase was made, and determined to mould the unfortunate victim to her purposes. It was not merely at Bagsden Parva that she resolved to make him useful, she had more extended views than his small villa could command, and flew at higher game than chickens, tongue, or roasted pig. She was on the eve of a London engagement: Skinner had, early in the day, mentioned his intention of visiting the 'great city'—to secure such a friend upon her first arrival in the metropolis would be most important. His money would procure certain articles of finery, which were wanting to her public magnificence. His protection would be every thing to a new comer—a patron from the country in her train would stamp her respectability and influence in the provinces; and give her a weight which, in addition to the testimonials of the doctor of divinity, and the two medical referees of the London manager, would quite set her up. In short, it was pretty certain that whatever merit she might possess as a performer, her tact as a *manager* was by no means to be despised.

" Skinner was quite enchanted with the brilliancy of his guests, although now and then a little puzzled at their allusions; their jokes were chiefly local or professional, and very frequently my excellent friend Gervase was, to use a modern phrase of general acceptance, 'basketted.' When he heard Fuggleston, who wanted a glass of something strong, 'after his game,' bid him—

'Summon up his dearest spirits;'

he took it literally, and, much against the grain, ordered up some Curaçoa, adding, that he, 'upon principle,' drank nothing but Hodges, or Burnett, upon such occasions—'No sooner said than done,' cried Fuggleston—and some of the commonest British full-proof was forthwith produced. The gist of the quotation was perfectly lost upon Skinner, when Fuggleston, taking the glass in his hand, exclaimed—

'Now is the woodcock near the gin;'

but still he laughed, until he nearly cried, because he saw the others laugh; and so, in truth, it was a mighty merry party; and not long before the ladies retired, Mrs. Fuggleston's feelings towards the squire had been made sufficiently manifest, by signs and tokens, which those who have mixed in such society, know to be given by certain conventional rubbings and treadings, performed under tables against the knees, or on the feet of the objects to be enlightened.

Fuggleston, who was no blinder than necessary, saw exactly what was going on; but he had so much reliance on his wife's prudence and knowledge of the world, that he rather enjoyed the fun, as likely to be productive of some benefit, (whether merely theatrical or not, as yet he could not guess,) than felt annoyed, at what a man of proper feeling would have set to rights in an instant: however, he was contented, and Mr. Gervase Skinner perfectly happy.

" The ladies sat a prodigious time after dinner, nor would they have departed till much later, had not Mr. F., as his wife called him, actually driven them off by a quotation—

“ ‘The red wine must first rise in their fat cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them talk us to silence,’ ”

cried he. ‘That’s by no means genteel, Mr. F.,’ said the heroine. ‘It is a sort of a hint,’ said Mrs. Mac Brisket, hastily finishing a huge bumper which she had just begun to sip deliberately, in order that nothing might be wasted. ‘If you are for a stroll,’ said Skinner unwittingly to the strollers, ‘you’ll find a pleasant walk in the rookery: that is, if you don’t dislike the noise.’ ‘What noise, Sir?’ said Mrs. Fuggleston.

“ ‘The cause, the cause, my soul,’ ”

as Othello says,’ cried Fuggleston. ‘Exactly so,’ said Skinner, ‘the caws—that is what I meant.’ ‘Oh dear, not I,’ said Mrs. Fuggleston: ‘I think the sound quite romantic. It inspires a thousand indescribable feelings. And what a nice thing a rook pie is, Mr. Skinner, with a bit of tender rump-steak in the bottom of it.’ ‘Mr. Skinner has heard of chattering pyes,’ replied her husband, ‘in dismal concord sung, as Shakspeare says.’ ‘Well!’ exclaimed the lady, ‘I never heard any thing half so rude as that, in my life—come, Mrs. Mac B., let us beat our retreat’—and then, turning to our hero, she added, with one of her very best Lydian languishes, ‘you’ll not be *very* long after us, Mr. S.’

“ ‘Poor Gervase! *that* was the finishing blow to the conquest—he could not speak; he looked again; and although it must be admitted that his countenance was not the most expressive in the world, he suited the action to the look, and pressing the hand which he so gallantly held, felt a reciprocal squeeze, which confirmed him in the opinion, that he had made a hit, (or as Mr. Fuggleston would have quoted it, ‘a very palpable hit,’) and that Mrs. Fuggleston, for the *first time* in her life, was really smitten.

“ ‘After the departure of the fair one, poor Gervase could not rally, and though he found that the wine passed briskly, and that his bell was rung rapidly under the active *management* of his vice, he was quite unfitted for the gay society, by which he was surrounded. Kekewich, according to annual custom, sang a comic song, with ‘patter,’ (as he called it,) between each verse: but the gibes and jests, which were wont ‘to keep the table in a roar,’ fell unheeded upon Skinner’s ear. Nay, so perfectly abstracted was he, that he did not even detect the capital imitation of *himself*, for which, as I have before said, Mr. Kekewich was eminently famous in his own circle, and which that worthy personage, implicitly relying upon the impenetrability of my hero, actually introduced at his own table, for the purpose of delighting his play-fellows, at the expense of their host.

“ ‘Pleasures, however refined, must have an end, and tea and coffee being announced, the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room; where they found Mrs. Fuggleston directing the administration of the former beverages with all the grace and elegance imaginable.

“ ‘We have not been long, Mrs. Fuggleston,’ said my hero. ‘To *us* it appeared long,’ replied the fair lady. ‘To *me* still longer,’ rejoined the squire, in a whisper. - - - - -

“ ‘Oh, Mr. Skinner,’ said the lady, when she returned half-breathless to the drawing-room, and endeavouring if possible to get rid of any needless allusion to the past adventure, ‘Oh, Mr. Skinner, I have a lecture to give you.’ ‘Then, Ma’am,’ said Gervase, ‘depend upon it, it will have its effect.’ ‘Then I’ll tell you,’ replied the lady, ‘your housemaid is too pretty.’ ‘Do you think so?’ said Gervase, who rather piqued himself upon the good looks of his establishment. ‘I never like to see pretty servants,’ said Mrs. Fuggleston, ‘particularly in a single gentleman’s house.’ ‘Nor any where else,’ said Kekewich, in an under tone, to his son, who in his heart hated the Fugglestons, although his conduct towards them was sycophancy double refined. ‘I like being surrounded by good-looking people,’ said Skinner. ‘I don’t know how it is, but a man feels, by reflection, good-looking himself, when every thing round him is handsome.’ ‘You need no such illusion, Mr. Skinner,’ said the lady. ‘Pretty well, I thank you, Ma’am,’ said Fuggleston, in

a stage whisper, 'how do *you* do?' Skinner blushed crimson. 'I know what I should do,' said the lady, 'if I were Mr. Skinner—I say nothing—but beauty, like every thing else, may be misplaced.' 'So may advice, my love,' said Fuggleston.

'Advise yourself,'

as Edmund has it.' 'I can assure you, Mrs. Fuggleston,' said Skinner, 'that your suggestion shall be law, for I am sure you have a reason for every thing you say.' 'And a motive for every thing she does,' whispered Kekewich, senior, to Kekewich, junior. 'No doubt,' said Fuggleston, 'Mrs. F.

'Hath reasons strong and forcible;'

but I cannot help thinking, my love, that Mr. Skinner is the best judge of what he likes best; and that it smatters something of presumption to dictate——' '——Dictate, my dear,' exclaimed the lady, 'I did not think of such a thing; I only suggested: did I, Mrs. Mac?'

"This speech was accompanied by a look to her crony, Mrs. Mac Brisket, which was answered by a look from that lady, which at once unsettled Skinner's security of mind, as to the propriety of his servants, and their conduct; for such is the artfulness of a cunning under-bred woman, that she can contrive, without saying a word likely to commit herself, to agitate and disquiet in a moment, minds which, for years before, have been as calm and as placid as mill-pools. What her object was, every body may guess; how the whole fabric of her scheming was suddenly overturned, as yet remains to be developed.

"The evening wore on, and a round game was proposed. Mrs. Fuggleston would be Mr. Skinner's banker, and they joined their little stock of fish, and she peeped into Kekewich's hand, and played accordingly, and trod upon Skinner's toe when he was going to play wrong; and in short, practised such manœuvres, as might have subjected her, and her new favourite, to the pains and penalties of a bill of indictment, had the cash, of which their joint efforts conduced to despoil the rest of the company, amounted to any sum of sufficient importance to render such a process advisable. Indeed, the coupled facts that the master of the house and his fair friend, sat next each other, and scarcely ever were 'loo'd,' while all the rest of the party suffered in turn, did not pass without some sly observations on the part of Mr. Kekewich, and some more home remarks from Mr. Fuggleston; however, as he, who saw no farther than he chose, considered that the moiety of the profits, (probably the whole,) of the card-partnership of Gervase and Amelrosa, would find its way into the pocket of his better half, he looked on with complacency, and contented himself by playing cautiously, and thus contributing as little as possible to the amount of plunder.

"After cards, came a good substantial supper, at which the worthy guests exerted themselves with great activity; and after supper, came brandy, rum, and hollands, tumblers, sugar, lemons, (on this special occasion,) nutmegs and all the et ceteras of punch-making: the task of 'brewing' was assigned to Mr. Fuggleston, who accordingly prepared a copious jorum of the smoking beverage.

" 'Here,' said the wag, 'here are the

'White spirits,
Red spirits and grey.'

and those who don't like my punch making, mix for themselves.

'Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.'

And accordingly the whole bevy was in motion, all stirring, and filling, and mixing, and drinking; until at last the sweet intercourse of eyes between Gervase and the actress, became too evident for even Fuggleston to wink at.

" 'Come, Mrs. F.' said her spouse, 'tis

'Time enough to go to bed with a candle,'
as the carrier says."

“ ‘I obey, sir,’ replied the lady, answering, with her eyes, that Mr. Skinner’s liberal potation had somewhat too rapidly forwarded his familiarity. ‘Come, Mrs. Mac B. ‘To bed, to bed.’

“ ‘One moment, my dear,’ said the lady, who always had something in her glass to finish, when called away in a hurry; and hastily swallowing the remnant of her ‘drink,’ she prepared to follow her leader.”—Vol. ii. pp. 213—232.

This, we think, is pretty well; and we assure our readers that we have omitted some of the dullest and most revolting parts. The whole history of this man, Skinner, is, indeed, of so low, base, and disgusting a kind—so full of scenes of the coarsest debauchery, and of accidents and embarrassments, pitiful in themselves, and leading to nothing—that one is constantly asking for what purpose it could possibly have been written?—what it can mean?—and how any body with the mere publishing experience of Mr. Hook, could have put forth such a thing to the world? Two or three chapters are taken up with a silly account of the temporary loss of a writing desk; the point of which is to show that it is better to be liberal to guards of coaches, that they may take care of your luggage! And what, for instance, could have induced Mr. Hook to insert the following description of the Fugglestons’ lodgings in London in a book meant to be read by gentlemen and ladies? He surely must know that mere filth, though it may sometimes degrade real humour, is not humour in itself; and that undoubtedly it is not either polite or clever to fill a large portion of one’s book with little else. There is, to be sure, the variety of gross and absolute indecency; but, of the two, we prefer the dirt:—

“The drawing-room door was speedily thrown open—a green baize cloth was spread over a round table, of which the moieties did not exactly unite—there was hanging in one of the windows a smoke-dried canary bird in a dingy cage—a print of Mr. Kean in a tarnished frame was fixed over the fire-place, opposite to which stood a very small piano-forte, covered like the table with green baize—against the wall over the instrument was what is called a mirror, a little convex piece of glass in a gilt frame, balled all round, (three balls absent) with two branches for candles, one broken off. The chairs were old and large, with spreading backs and horse-hair bottoms,—a once fine work-table with a sky blue silk bag very much stained, the top open, and the lock broken off, graced what appeared to be the side of the apartment honoured by the lady’s favour; and a short horse-hair sofa with an upright back, and two polished pillows, seemed to be the seat on which she loved to sit; there was, moreover, a threadbare rug before the fire, with a dirty white cat asleep upon it, around the neck of which was tied a still dirtier piece of pink ribbon; the Morning Chronicle of the preceding day, stained with sundry circles of either punch or porter, lay upon the rough baize of the table, together with an insulated ink-bottle, a few wafers in a piece of whity brown paper, and a papier maché snuff-box, value one shilling.

“The atmosphere of the room was close, and there was in the apartment a smell of London smoke generally, and of Fuggieston dust and dirt particularly, together with a savour of last night’s onions and tobacco; but Love is blind: and though in natural history it is believed, that the absence of any one of the senses increases the delicacy and power of those which are retained, it should seem that Skinner’s nose like Skinner’s eyes was in sensible to the little imperfections of the domicile of his beloved.

“After waiting a considerable time, during which there occurred many whisperings and hasty shuttings and openings of the door of the adjoining room, to which, as it turned out, Mrs. Fuggleston had retired on the first alarm of company ‘to put on her things,’ and in which she now was actually

engaged in decorating her person for conquest, by slipping on a smart pelisse over the less presentable parts of her drapery, and by disentangling from their paper cases those jetty ringlets which had so often caught the hearts of provincial beaux, and which were now destined to ensnare that of my honest friend Gervase.

"As Skinner sate and pondered on the approaching interview, it appeared clearly evident to him that the head of the family was absent: indeed, a sort of dressing-gown made of unwashable Bath coating, which hung over the back of a chair, and a shaving-pot half full of soapy water, which stood upon its proper rag just within the rusty steel fender, and a huge kettle which rested on the 'hob,' the colour of which rendered it completely obnoxious to any remark upon its appearance which the impertinent pot might have thought proper to make, proclaimed that Fuggleston had dressed: his domestic slippers, too, conjugally reposed upon the hearth: all indicated that his friend had since breakfast returned to complete the operation of 'adonizing,' which he had only half and hastily performed, when he rose in order that he might as early as possible have the pleasure of waiting upon his patron at Hatchett's, and had again sallied forth. Skinner's agitation increased with this discovery, for although a *tête-à-tête* with his fair one was of course highly desirable, yet his natural rusticity and timorous disposition took alarm at what he could not fail to wish for, and the next ten minutes were occupied in deliberating with himself what manner of salutation he should proffer, scrupulously anxious so to shape his behaviour as to steer equally clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of society—the appearance of vulgar forwardness, or the imputation of unworldly bashfulness.

"At length the trial came, and Mrs. Fuggleston made her appearance: the doubts and difficulties of my hero were all dispelled by the ardent manner in which the fair one ran to meet and greet him. She yielded her hand even before it was sought, and rewarded its owner with a squeeze of friendship, sufficiently hearty and unequivocal to bring tears into the eyes of the unsophisticated bachelor,—whether by the force of mental pleasure, or bodily pain, bachelors who are occasionally subject to flying gout will best determine.

"'Oh, Mr. Skinner,' said the lady, 'how kind it is of you to call; how delighted I am to see you; and yet how can I look at you with anything like composure, owing you such a debt of gratitude as we do?' 'Pray don't mention it, Ma'am,' said Skinner, dropping his hat at the moment, in an effort to recover his stick which had tumbled down the moment before: 'I am most happy to have been of any use, and I beg you will not say anything about it till it is quite convenient.' 'My husband breakfasted with you I believe,' said the lady. 'He did,' said Skinner; 'and I expect him to dine with me.' 'I shall be quite angry with you,' continued she, 'if you take him away from me in that manner, and he is a naughty creature to play truant; but I know he delights in your society, and therefore, as I cannot find fault with his taste, I ought not to be vexed at his indulging himself: there is one sad thing I have to mention to you, which is the accident to the carriage—he told you of it—didn't he?' 'I heard something of it,' said Skinner, who, in his way to Martlett-court, had been to Long Acre and seen it. 'What to do I don't know,' said Mrs. Fuggleston, 'for it was all my fault; but Mr. F. is really at times, what with vexation, and worry, and one thing or another, so cross, that I am afraid always to tell him the truth—but I am the culprit, and will you forgive me?' 'Forgive you,' said Skinner: 'the only favour I ask, is never to allude to the subject again; I have given orders about it, and it will be all set to rights in a day or two.' 'Is that the only favour?' said Amelrosa, with a look quite indescribable. 'Well you are a moderate creature, indeed, considering how I am indebted to you.'—Vol. iii, pp. 6—11.

But there is one adventure in the book which deserves even more serious reprehension than the coarse and unveiled exhibition of the

loves of this amiable couple. We allude to the introduction of Skinner into the mad-house ; in which all manner of paltry ribaldry is put into play, to expose and ridicule that awful infirmity of human nature, which ought never to be mentioned or thought of without pity and awe. The incident of mistaking a sane man for a mad one is exceedingly hacknied, and at best disgusting. But to revive it for the twentieth time, with fresh combinations of impertinent ridicule against this awful visitation, speaks something more than bad taste—it is bad feeling. Making jokes upon a man having the *tic douloureux*, or upon a city being attacked by the plague, would be decent and humane in the comparison.

We have now given the opinion of this book which we think it really deserves—and we have produced samples of such length to support our judgment, that, if they do not support, they must destroy it. We have given very considerable praise where we believe it to be deserved—and we have expressed still greater censure, because we think, in fairness, that censure ought exceedingly to preponderate. In conclusion, we recommend those who may be guided by our judgment, to read the first half of the second volume, and not to touch upon the rest ; and even this advice, we must qualify by the request that *mammas* and *aunts* will read it themselves before they pass it on to their young people. We individually think that the scenes which in themselves are questionable are rendered innocuous by the circumstances under which they are presented : but on this head, we know, doctors disagree—and we do not desire to be snubbed on so momentous a topic.

ON THE AUTHOR OF THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

[*From a Manuscript Letter of the Time of James II. addressed to a Lady.*]

At the primary visitation of the Archbishop of York, Doctor Dolben, holden lately at Nottingham, the archbishop did then and there declare who certainly was the author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, and all those other genuine pieces, such as the *Art of Contentment*, *Decay of Piety*, *Gentleman's Calling*, and the *Lady's Calling*, &c. which came under the name of the author of the *Whole Duty of Man*. "To the shame of our cloth," the archbishop said, "it was no clergyman." One of the clergy replied, "whosoever the author was, the *Art of Contentment*, and the *Decay of Piety*, were books that showed the author well skilled in the learned languages." To this the archbishop answered, "that the author was very well read both in the Latin and Greek fathers ; yea," adds the archbishop, "to my shame I may speak it, the author understood the polyglott bible, and the several languages therein, better than I myself do ;"—and yet it is known he was bred up in Westminster school ; and to add to their surprize, he in the conclusion assured them that the author was no man, but a woman, in whose closet was found the originals, and the last subject not perfected, viz. the *Government of the Thoughts*, which last piece, unfinished, were left in the hands of Dr. Hall, Bishop of Oxford. Thus you see that the world has been held in suspense near thirty years concerning the author of them, and that many guesses (though mistaken) had been spread abroad of this learned man, and of that, the

glory of all does at last redound to God alone and your own sex; and that which to me seems equally admirable with the design and achievement of the work, is the discreet management of the publication thereof; that though they were the works of a woman, yet her tongue was so well governed as never to raise so much as a suspicion thereof; they that know this, and how natural even to the wisest of philosophers the love of glory is, will more easily believe her able to write the Government of the Tongue; and those that know her circumstances, how unequally she was yoked, will more admire her practice of Contentment than that she should be the author of that book, called the art thereof.

I remember very well that sometime before his late majesty's happy restoration, when I heard this character of this extraordinary lady, it was objected by some as a thing to be wondered at, that Dr. Hammond, whose character for sobriety as well as learning was so great, could content himself to live in such a family, where the master of it was so notoriously intemperate: the reply was, as I well remember, that though the master of the family was a good fellow, yet he had a wife, a most virtuous lady; you long to know, I suppose, what the name of this virtuous lady was; she was the lady of one Sir John Parkington, whose house near Worcester I have often seen. In my opinion it contributes great matter and occasion for admiration, that a woman in her circumstances, being a wife to a person of that quality, and mother and mistress of a great family, (their estate, I guess, is about three thousand per annum; and seated amongst numerous visitants, their seat being not above five or six miles from Worcester,) should be able to redeem her mind from distraction of business, and to enjoy herself and her own thoughts as freely as if she lived in a nunnery; and I never heard that what concerned her part in the government of her family was in the least neglected. It is thought that many of Dr. Hammond's notions in his Expositions on the Psalms and the Testament were suggested by this admirable lady; admirable for piety, learning, prudence, diligence, contentiveness, and humility. Had the author been known before the world had so generally passed their public approbation of her works, they doubtless would not have been so easily approved by all sorts and sexes; but now it is too late to retract or detract. She has done her work, and is gone to rest.

November the 16th, 1685.

THE SPLÜGEN.

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

I PROMISED to give you some account of the new route over the Splügen, by which way, tired of those staunch Napoleonists, your Simplons and Monte Cenisios, we had determined to make our exit from Italy. This road has only been lately finished by the Austrian and Swiss governments; and as yet has scarcely been trodden by any English. Besides lying entirely out of the way of travellers coming from our country to Italy, it is attended with the no small inconvenience of ending at the Riva of Chiavenna, at the head of the lake of Como; where it is necessary to take shipping, carriage and all, for

Lecco or Como, the two southern extremities of the lake, a distance of fifty miles. This is no slight voyage, as we have partly experienced, when made against the wind. Besides, even for travellers who should happen to come in that direction, it is more convenient to cross the mountains by another new road, which diverges to the right at the village of Splügen, on the Swiss side of the Alps, and passes over the St. Bernardino, and so down upon Bellinzona, and by the lake of Lugano to Milan. This road is likewise a new work, made entirely by the Swiss government, whose territories I need not inform a man of your general knowledge, by a sufficiently bizarre adherence to ancient limits, indent, in this quarter, into Italy to the south of the lake of Lugano; while the Austrian power extends, on the one hand, to the top of the Splügen; and the Piedmontese, on the other, to the foot of the Simplon.

Mais pour commencer par le commencement, we proceeded to Bergamo, for the express purpose of avoiding Milan, having been there twice before, and of making our attack upon the heights of Splüga, from the side of Lecco. To this picturesque village, after spending a night at the birthplace of Harlequin, we proceeded. But the deities of the mountains were not propitious; for, as we approached them, they shewed their displeasure by expressing the juices of their clouds, in a manner more like what one has heard of an Indian monsoon, than what might have been expected within the temperate zone. The inn at Lecco is tolerable; but it "nocte pluit totâ;" and the morning brought no spectacula for us: but thunder, lightning, and their accompaniments, re-echoed from the rugged lofty mountains that overhang the village. It was curious how little satisfactory information could be procured of the Splügen passage at this place; the waiter, indeed, of the inn, otherwise an intelligent person, insisted that it was necessary to take our carriage to pieces in crossing, as the road was not nearly finished. Indeed he looked upon it rather as an enterprise our attempting to brave La Splüga, *whom* he seemed to hold in great awe, calling her "La montagna quasi la più alta di tutta l'Italia;" and to alarm the female branch of the party by adding, that there were "orrori in questa strada." This advice at least may have been disinterested; which can scarcely be suspected of the boatmen, who were to have conveyed me up the lake, and who, of course, were clear for our proceeding. While again the master of the inn, as a profound secret, advised us to employ him, or rather his horses, to take us round by the Bellinzona road, which he offered to do at a price considerably above that of going by post. All their advice, however, was thrown away upon us, from the malevolence of the weather, which continued to pour incessantly, and fatigued our patience to the degree that taking the pet, we took post, and turning our faces once more to the south, we set out for Milan; determined to repay ourselves for our bad weather and accommodation, by two days of the comforts of the Albergo Reale, and the pleasure of counting the two hundred and forty boxes of La Scala, and voting it a good fourth larger than our Haymarket, and wishing it new gilt and painted. The opera was very *così*, though Bellocchi sang, and the scene was Scotch, with a *Sir Donald il Lord Governatore d'Edinburgo*, as a prominent personage. The ballet was a kind of melo-drame,

Mathilde and Malek Adhel; with an introduction of horses, and triumphant cars; a very poor imitation of our former acquaintances, Timour the Tartar and Co. of Covent Garden. The *ballerine* were mal-chaussées to a degree; and their dancing was bad, in the proportion of the inferiority of their dirty loose cotton stockings, and ill-made shoes, to the tight elegant silks of the same gentry of London and Paris. But *Caro lei* is not a dancer, though he may shine in higher branches of the fine arts. I went behind the scenes, where I was admitted by the delegate of police, as being a foreigner; but, excepting in size, it was very much like the stage of our own opera.

But, at this rate, we shall never get to the Splügen; so tearing ourselves away from Milan, I shall bring you with us to Como. I shall not detain you long there; though we remained two nights, and were much delighted with the place, as every one must be. Neither our enthusiasm, nor our prying disposition, carried us to inspect the Villa d'Este. Torlonia, the Roman banker to whom it now belongs, has given orders that the private apartment of our late queen shall no longer be shown; but in case you should suspect me of not going on that account, I must do myself the credit to assure you, that I was not aware of the circumstance till afterwards.

I hired two boats; one for the carriage and two ponies which I have lugged after me from Rome, for no good reason that I know of, but to ride up the Splügen as I did up the Simplon with you last year; and the other for ourselves, lighter, and fitted with awnings, table, and other conveniences. We were not fortunate in our first day. "Nostro lago non é tenero," we were assured by one of our friends already mentioned at Lecco; and we found the gusts of wind between the high mountains which bind the lake, accompanied by waves which would have done no discredit to salt water. It was ridiculous to be sea-sick on *fresh water*; but sea-sickness there was among the party. With difficulty and very hard rowing we reached La Caddenabbia in ten hours. Had the day been fine, we should have enjoyed our sail much; even as it was, we were decidedly of opinion that all we have hitherto seen in Italy, including the lakes Maggiore and Garda, must yield to the magnificence and brilliancy of the scenery which bounds this piece of water. It even, I think, excels our old friend of Geneva in many respects; indeed, except in the great expanse of water, in all. The richness of some of the mountains, verdant with vines, and every luxuriant foliage, to the top, and covered with villas in the truest Italian taste; the rocky wildness of others, their giant heads covered with snow, of themselves formed a contrast, to a superficial observer, of no common nature. But do not think I am going to inflict a regular description upon you, or myself. Descriptions of this nature, from a pen like mine, cannot convey the slightest idea of what has not been seen; and there cannot be a better reason for my refusing from giving you what you can read in most of the printed journals of Italian tourists. Without infringing upon this rule, I may make you a little acquainted with the locale, by informing you that Caddenabbia is immediately opposite to Belaggio, which forms the wedge which divides the lake into its two southern branches. There is a totérable inn at the former, where we spent two nights, being detained by a *contre temps*, our servant having left the pole of our carriage at Como,

to which place we had to send back for it. We amused ourselves in looking at some of the villas in the neighbourhood, amongst which that of the Conte Somariva is the most remarkable. The owner was a Milanese advocate, but rose under the auspices of Napoleon to considerable wealth. He generally resides in Paris, but spends some part of the winter here, where the climate, we are told, is particularly mild. He has fitted up his palace with many pictures, by the best modern painters, French and Italian.

On Sunday, the 30th of May, we left Caddenabbia, and proceeded to the top of the lake, called the Riva of Chiavenna; our boatmen assured us that this was thirty-two miles, but, *meo periulo*, I deny its being more than twenty. On landing, we found four horses put to the carriage, to take us the sixteen miles to Chiavenna, though the road is level and good; but from there being no posts, we were at the mercy of the person who keeps them there. At Chiavenna we found not a bad inn, but our difficulties began to thicken upon us; as from all quarters we were assured, that at this season it was scarcely possible to pass the mountains in a carriage, there being still six miles of very deep snow on the road, softened by the hot weather and the quantity of rain that had lately fallen. Sledges, it is true, pass daily, but they have formed a track for themselves, so deep and narrow, that even by putting our carriage upon one of them, its superior width would scarcely allow it to pass. To all this I paid but little attention, having found through life, that difficulties are generally at least twofold exaggerated. In the sequel, however, we found this information pretty correct. Chiavenna is a very remarkable place, situated at the foot of lofty mountains, or rather rocks; for the mountains for the most part are perfectly perpendicular. In their sides various houses are built, called *Le Grotte*, which are resorted to by people of all descriptions, to enjoy themselves over their cool wine; and it was always to these places I was obliged to repair, whether in search of a *voiturier* to find me horses, or of Signor Leva, the engineer of the road, from whom I wished to procure information. With some difficulty, we started next morning, at ten o'clock. The road on leaving Chiavenna immediately begins to ascend, and assumes some of the very striking features, which mark it more strongly in the sequel. A torrent roars down on your left hand, while the mountains rise precipitously on both sides of it. You pass the villages of San Giacomo and Santa Maria in this ascent, which continues for about six miles. The road there becomes more level, and passing another village called Campo Dolcino, from its being somewhat in a plain, with a little verdure! Three miles more brought us to Isola, at the foot of Monte Splüga proper. I had insisted, at starting, that we should proceed to Splügen in the same day, but as it required two hours to refresh the horses, and to make various other preparations, we were obliged to give up the idea of crossing on that evening, and to take up with such accommodation as the small *auberge* afforded. It was no consolation to us to be told, that Prince Ranieri, Viceroy of Italy, had slept in one of the beds in our room two or three years before: the said bed, and its fellow, were so damp, not to say wet, that we relinquished them for one of the ordinary apartments, where those useful articles, from being almost nightly occupied by *vetturini*, and such like gentry, were in

drier state. The mountain from Isola rises most precipitously; the road is narrow, to a degree approaching danger. The work, though new, is so slight, that it is fast falling into ruin; and the zigzags are so short, that they add to the risk by the frequency of the turns. Moreover, the ascent, I should think, cannot be less than thirteen per cent. The parapet rail in many places had given way, from the ground having yielded under it; and in such places there was barely room for the wheels of our carriage to pass. It rained moreover; so, had we been inclined to be nervous, we could only have walked at the expense of a wet skin, which, to me, is a greater danger than an Alpine precipice. We passed two very fine galleries, which, with one we had already seen before reaching Isola, are the only real substantial workmanship the road can boast of. In less than three hours from leaving Isola, we reached the second Casa di Ricovero, or house of refuge; here the snow was no longer passable in the carriage, and we descended from it. The rain poured incessantly; but, in the face of it, madame, the baby, and maid, were shipped on an open sledge, and set off for the small albergo, about a mile and a half in advance, whilst I, "mounted on my Naples pony, Carbonaro," accompanied. I had been told, by the bye, that it would be no easy matter to carry through a horse unaccustomed to the snow, as the only path (that is, where horses have trodden before, and beaten the snow somewhat hard) is not above a foot broad; and on the slightest deviation from it, a horse at once plunges up to the shoulder, and if alarmed, may, on the next plunge, go over a precipice. Even on this path, from the snow in many spots having melted underneath, I found there was considerable risk; but the snow hitherto was not in any part above nine feet deep on the road—as you could always see at least the tops of the higher posts of the railway, made of unusual length at certain intervals, in order to mark the track. We got to the albergo in about half an hour, but it was two hours before the carriage came.

The albergo, adjoining which is the frontier Donago, of the Austrians, is about a mile and a half from the third Casa di Ricovero, which is still farther on, and almost at the top of the mountain; to which place, and for two miles down on the north side, the snow was of a depth far beyond what I should have conceived possible on the first of June. In fact, at this place, the eye could see nothing that was not covered with snow; all the mountains round were as white as in January; and as yet we could see nothing of the descent, or where the snow was melted. I followed the sledge, and admired the skill of the driver, and the sagacity of the horse. We deviated from the road on several occasions, more particularly to render a descent more rapid than I should have imagined possible, by which an hour's road was saved. The whole of this portion of the way, the horses were up to the body in snow. The sledge-men know by the eye, in a certain degree, where the snow will bear; and, on meeting a string of horses coming up the mountain, one of the men at once fixed on a spot for their standing aloof from the path, to let us pass, and shewed it was strong by going on it himself. On another occasion, when I had come near to the sledge, while it stopped, he told me not to come into the path, though only a few feet from it, as he was not sure of the inter-

mediate snow, but to go back the way I had come, and to rejoin the path whence I had left it. All this time the tops of the upper mountains around were covered with mist, and it rained for the most part. I need not say, that riding was here out of the question, the snow not being strong enough for a mounted horse. At last we were well pleased to regain the road, where the snow was pretty well cleared from it; but here the sledge could proceed no farther, and it was necessary for my woman-kind to be transhipped into one of the numerous small cars, which are always lying at the end of the snow. The road now begins to go through that huge ravine, or cleft in the mountain, down which rolls one of the sources of the Rhine, and in about three or four miles reaches the Splügen, where we arrived "sair droukit," in about four hours from our albergo. We found a large and not uncomfortable inn, and the carriage arrived in about two hours afterwards, with only the damage of three of the glasses broken. Splügen village is by no means at the foot of the ascent to the pass. This may be said to commence sixteen miles nearer Coire, the capital of the Grisons, at the village of Tüsis; between which latter place and Splügen, the road (called the Via Mala, from the *horror* of the adjoining scenery) is more frightfully awful than any thing I have as yet encountered. For the most part, you are between rocks some thousands of feet in height, and so perfectly upright, or rather overhanging, that you feel as if you would be crushed to nothing every instant. This feeling is not diminished by the huge masses which have crumbled, and are constantly crumbling down; and in our case it was added to, by our being the first to use the post, established only the day before; and, in consequence, having the benefit of being drawn by horses never before in a carriage; and driven by a postillion who had never driven any thing but one of the narrow cars of the country. The consequence was, we were run against the walls and carts five different times, though never out of a walk; one of these shocks was at the Patten Brücke, one of the most dreadful parts of this most terrific road. The Rhine roars along, many hundreds of feet below you, and the rocks through which it passes are so near each other, that in many places, on looking over the dwarf wall, you can see nothing of the river. These rocks are covered, even in the most precipitous spots, with immense pines. The whole thing, to use a common phrase, begs description. It really does so; so come and see it. At Tüsis the passage of the Splügen may be said to finish. There are no more *horrors* at least, and the road becomes broader, though before we reached Coire, we again felt the freshly made posts by running against walls and carts three times more. The poverty of the Swiss government does not permit its making the road of the necessary breadth, and the narrowness of the Via Mala, as I have already said, is terrific. The same unequal principle continues the whole way up the Splügen, and the Austrians have not put their republican neighbours to the blush, by making their side much better. I am afraid that arch rogue Napoleon managed these, as well as other things, better; for however the Splügen scenery may exceed, as it does, the Simplon and Mount Cenis—in the workmanship it is far behind them; and by no means calculated to resist the fierceness of the mountain elements it

has to withstand. Indeed, the Splügen being seldom free from snow above four months in the year, will ever prevent its being a road much resorted to, even were it in other respects good. I should think, therefore, that its proposed continuation from Chiavenna to Lecco along the banks of the lake of Como, not a very useful extension: with us, and with our steam vessels on the lake, even were there a road, it would scarcely be used. Between Tasis and Coire we passed the two bridges at Rheichenau, where the Upper and Lower Rhine meet, and got to Coire at eleven at night; where, from the bad state of the streets, we found it difficult to get the carriage up to the door of the Croce Bianca.

I have omitted mentioning the cascade of Pianazzo, on the way from Chiavenna to Isola, which resembles the Pisse-Vache, but is considerably higher; and while on the subject of waterfalls, I might say a good deal of several falls of the Rhine all along the Via Mala. In this part of the road we noticed a small stream which poured over from the highest part of the rocks above us, but which, long before it reached half way down, was quite lost in a thick mist; a small ledge of the rock again collected the shattered fragments, and it resumed its course to the river below in a tolerably collected manner, from having worn a sort of channel for itself, and the rock not being projecting. The galleries on the Splügen passage are different from those of the Simplon: the latter are excavations through the rock, while those of the Splügen are all built of stone and lime, and, as already observed, are the most workmanlike part of the whole. We were told that the engineer (Donegani) who planned the road on the Austrian side, did it in twenty-four hours time. Perhaps its defects may be owing to this haste; though I find no fault with the laying it out, further than the shortness of the zigzags already mentioned. The Swiss frontier is on the top of the mountain, and their side was done by themselves, and is not quite so good as the Austrian. They have the merit, however, of having lately finished a similar road over the San Bernardino, where both sides of the mountain belong to them. This road proceeds from the village of Splügen to the westward, and crosses the mountain of San Bernardino, and so down by Bellinzoni to the extremity of the Swiss possessions in Italy, on the south side of the Lake of Lugano, to within twenty-five miles of Milan.

FEBRUARY.

THE earth lies quiet in its wintry sleep,
But Spring is dancing in the cloudless sky.
Month of sharp rains, and driv'ling sleet, and fogs
Tenacious of their sway, thou com'st so lightly
In thy first steps, that thou would'st seem to bring
The perfect budding-time, and bid the flowers
Leap from their cloistering cells, and the brown woods
Be cloth'd with verdure. Thou art a faithless one;
But thou art beautiful in morns like this,

When the grey mist glides airily away,
Like the white silken robe of a fair night.
How lovely is the drapery of Frost!—
Whether the mystic influence knit all moisture
In solid masses,—or ingem each branch,
And twig, and trailing weed, with silvery flakes,
More gorgeous than the palaces of pearl,
Or grots of purest coral,—or besprinkle
The fields with brilliant whiteness, and enfold
The quiet water with the thin crisp ice
That quivers in the wind! The kindest glances
Of Frost's bright ministry are round us now
In beauty, and in power such, as all life
May feel and shrink not.

From the leafless hedge

I heard the woodlark pour his mellow note,
A solitary songster: yet the morn
Was chill and grey, and the inspiring sun
Not yet had lighted up the russet plain:
He sang with a full voice of inmost joy
His prelude to the deepening harmony
Of Spring's rich choir: his seem'd the single sound
Of gladness waking from its annual sleep
Of renovation. Did he raise his song
With that instinctive feeling of the power
Of all-pervading life, which calls the buds
Forth in their freshness, and impels the flowers
To woo the sun, and brave the nipping wind?

Sweet was this music in the silent dawn,
While the red east, nor luminous nor dim,
Diffused no lustre; but the amber light
Came rolling on like one broad sea of gold,
Till the magnificent disk at once uprose
In visible motion. Not the distant woods
Shrouded his presence, for the leafless trees
Ribb'd the full orb. I stood upon the plain,
And saw him mount, as from the level sea,
In glory that the sense might gaze upon
Through the thin veil of mist. Then the sere boughs
Warm'd into beauty; and the commonest weed,
The fern that throws its mantle o'er the turf,
And the thick knots of rank and wither'd grass,
Were lovely in that light: the frosty robe,
The thin pale robe of powdery dew, was bright
As tissued silver; and the sheep that graz'd
The close-cropp'd sod were ting'd with living fire.

The mist still hovers on the distant hills;
But the blue sky above us has a clear
And pearly softness; not a white speck lies
Upon its breast—it is a chrystal dome.
There is a quiet charm about this morn

Which sinks into the soul. No gorgeous colours
 Has the undraperied earth, but yet she shews
 A vestal brightness. Not the voice is heard
 Of sylvan melody, whether of birds
 Intent on song, or bees mingling their music
 With their keen labour ; but the twittering voice
 Of chaffinch, or the wild unfrequent note
 Of the lone woodlark, or the minstrelsy
 Of the blest robin, have a potent spell,
 Chirping away the silence. Not the perfume
 Of violet scents the gale, nor apple blossom,
 Nor satiating bean-flower ; the fresh breeze
 Itself is purest fragrance. Light and air
 Are ministers of gladness ; where these spread
 Beauty abides and joy ; where'er life is
 There is no melancholy.

JOHN ROSE, THE GAUGER.

THE rapid change which has, since the alteration of the feudal system, taken place in the Highlands of Scotland, has swept into oblivion the peculiarities of a whole people ; and thus the history of the world has lost many singular touches of character, of which there is now nothing to recal the remembrance.

Had the Highlanders been fortunate enough to possess a Walter Scott, who could have caught enough hold of the varied colours of their evening sky, just as the sober grey of forgetfulness was beginning to come over them, a good deal would have been added to the library of intellectual pleasure. There has been none such, however. Sir Walter's Highlanders are, with the single exception of Evan Dhu Maccombish, Borderers ; and now the character has vanished altogether ; and the Highlander does not differ much from the Lowlander, excepting that his dwelling is more humble, and his fare more homely. A double emigration has visited that once singular land : the strong have gone from the country, and the country has gone from the weak ; and, whether in the glens of Lochaber, or the wilds of Canada, the Highlander lays down his bones in a land of strangers. Whenever a touch of Highland history, or of Highland character, can be given, it may therefore, always be considered as something saved from absolute forgetfulness.

In those lonely wilds, the gauger, or exciseman, was, some thirty years ago, a man of many woes. The sending him thither could not be with any view to augmenting the revenue of the country ; for, in many of the " divisions," and those too, in which there was no want of " dew upon the heather," the whole of the levies and seizures did not bring half the gauger's salary. The real causes were, to enable the great distillers in the south to continue their monopoly, and to add to the patronage of that party, to which Scotland happened for the time being, to be farmed by the minister. The people of the mountains, who though a plain, were a very shrewd people, saw this well ;

and therefore they considered playing tricks upon the gauger, as being a virtue rather than a vice. When, too, the gauger was a man of sense and feeling, he could not help seeing the total uselessness of his labours for any public purpose, either political or moral; and thus the gauger became, in many places, the protector of illicit distillation, by keeping more prying persons out of the district.

All, however, were not of this forbearing character; and of these, one was John Rose, the gauger, who was, as the story goes, for a considerable time, the execration of all the whiskey-loving inhabitants of the remote and romantic valley of Strathglass; or rather of that still more remote and romantic dell which lies above that most picturesque of all cascades, the *Ess nan Phidaich*, or the "Raven's Linn," upon, I forget what brawling mountain stream.

I do not mean to say that the "dew distillers" of this singular place were much disturbed by John in their fastnesses above the cascade; for there nature had defended them in her strongest manner. As one ascended the torrent, there was on the left a forest thick with pines, and interrupted by lakes and marshes; and, on the right, a succession of crag rising over crag, in such a manner that no human being, or indeed wing-less thing of any sort, could attempt to descend, without the certainty of being dashed to pieces. In those crags, the ravens, from which the cascade takes its appropriate cognomen, build their eyries, and rear their ravenous brood, despite the muttered vengeance of the neighbouring shepherds, whose flocks are made to pay tithes to those dark-nested gentry, and in contempt of the efforts of the most daring hunters.

Nor is the place more accessible from the source of the torrent that lies distant in the summit of a mountain, which can be passed with difficulty by the most adventurous traveller; and even though the road that way were easy, it is long,—full thirty miles to go, and twenty to return; and though John Rose might have continued to make the former part of the journey upon his poney, in about two days, it would have taken him at least an equal time to perform the latter on foot, in a place where peat and heather would have been both his bed and his board. Besides, though John had undertaken this long and perilous journey, and though there had been no chance of his meeting "the braw M'Craws," bringing tea and tobacco from the west coast to barter for that dew, of which he wished to prevent the circulation and influence; and against whom, if he had happened to meet them, the insurance of his safe return would have been full cent per cent upon his value; the alarm would have been given, and John would have been drubbed and driven back, long before he had reached the place of his desires.

In the fourth quarter, or from the Strath, the approach is more terrific, because all the terrors of it are huddled into a small compass and seen at once. The waterfall shot from a height of about seventy feet, and the precipitous rock on each side, had an elevation of at least twice as much more; so that to have gained the top, John must have climbed like the mountain cat, or soared like the raven. There was, indeed, one little path, (if path it could be called,) in which one had to creep in the dark below fallen fragments of the rock, for some ten feet at a time, and through a crevice of about two feet in diameter, in

which there was no knowing what might be concealed ; and in which the gripe of a mountain-cat, or a mountaineer, would have been alternatives equally fearful and fatal to John Rose. Nor was this all ; for, just as one approached the falling sheet of water, and was drenched by the spray, and made dizzy by the motion and the din, one stood upon scanty and slippery footing, and looked down upon a tremendous cauldron of black and tumbling water, full fifty feet below, of which no one could see the entrance or the outlet for the overhanging and frightful crags, and of which no man knew, or felt disposed to fathom, the depth. In short, if they who first prepared "the pit of Acheron," as the place of final retribution for iniquity, had previously looked into the *Coirè nan Phidaich*, they would have made choice of it as far more dreadful and hopeless than the other.

Into this abyss would John Rose have been compelled to look, after he had overcome the perils of the passage formerly mentioned ; and not only would he have had to cast upon it, what would have been fatal to most men under such circumstances, a passing look ; but he would have had to hang suspended over it for some time, to ruminate upon the still greater peril which then presented itself. At the point where one comes so near to the fall, that the spray makes sight difficult, and footing and grasp impossible to any thing but naked feet, and hard hands which have long been inured to cling to the rock, as a fly does to the window, or a boy's "sucker" to a pebble—being pressed down at the sides, and drawn up in the middle by that peculiar action of the muscles which the hands and feet of climbers of rocks acquire, without the owner being able to tell how,—just at that point, a plate of schistus, of much harder texture than the rest, projects about two feet forward, and overhangs from an elevation, to the top of which one dares not look up.

It is true that, upon the edge of this curtain of rock, there is a little step, or indenture, of the depth of about three inches ; and it is also true, that one who knows the other side of the rock can grasp it with perfect security, and, by dexterously "changing step" and making a spring, land upon a stony platform on the other side, where all is safe, and where there is a natural parapet, to protect one equally from the gulf and the cataract. At the same time it is equally true, that no one who has seen only one side of the rock, could easily prevail on himself to pass it either way, though those on the other side were making their every effort to encourage and aid him. Much less could John Rose, the gauger, against whom every vengeance was vowed, and every hostility carried on, dare to make the attempt, where one child of ten years old might have stood in safety and silence, and plunged ten thousand gaugers, *seriatim*, into the abyss, whence they would have been carried, the Lord knows where.

In consequence of these formidable barriers in the way, John Rose, the gauger, could not interfere with the distillation of the dew ; and thus his operations were confined to intercepting the malt, and seizing the spirits when made, and in the act of being conveyed to other parts of the district ; operations in which, from the numbers and determination of the escorts, John had usually more broil than profit. He used to watch in the neighbourhood, however ; and when the wind set down the dell, he has often been seen snuffing up the scent of that

which he could not reach ; or eyeing the operations, as a cat eyes a sparrow on an unaccessible twig.

Often did John Rose linger about the place ; but that which, if he could have reached it, would have given him a little profit to console him for the banterings and bangs to which he was forced to submit, and, what was his grand object, have recommended him to a more lucrative and less perilous district, was quite inaccessible ; and though John Rose could see the blue smoke curling through the crevices, and though the breeze came perfumed with the fragrance of the dew, when not one thimbleful of it could he set the broad arrow of our lord the king.

So totally unproductive was John's district, that his superiors began to hint that he was in league with the illicit distillers, and cognizant of the spoliation of that revenue ; upon which he was, at the same time, a dead weight to the full amount of his salary. To John Rose, the most zealous of gaugers, to him whose days were spent in watching and his nights in dreaming of that prey, which, had he been ten John Roses, he could not have reached, this was a most bitter accusation ; and the bitterness was deepened by the reflection that it would lead to his dismissal ; and John Rose, the gentleman gauger, would have to sink down into the laborious ditcher, which was his calling before he was united in holy wedlock with the handmaid of parson Rory ; and soon thereafter made to taste the sweets of patriarchal blessedness.

Out of this unpleasant predicament, John Rose was determined to work himself, or perish in the attempt. But how to do the former, and avoid the latter, was the rub. The fatal rock and the yawning gulf, the dreary forest, the stupendous height of Mam Suil, the everlasting ice of Loch na' Nuin ; with the crags, the wild cats, and worse than all, the cudgels and dirks of the Chisholms, beset the place in formidable array. He thumped and scratched the outside of his cranium, to stimulate his organ of investigation ; and he kept cannonading the same with snuff, pinch after pinch, till resolution came upon him to thread the mazes of the forest.

Arming himself with pistols and provend, he began his journey at midnight, and ere grey dawn he was on the outskirts of the forest, and had the satisfaction of being secured against the heat of the sun, by that close and cooling investure, a Scotch mist ; which, at the same time that it watered him copiously for his journey, so circumscribed his vision, that it did not extend beyond the next pine. If you take a kitchen-poker, which has stood for some time by the fire (if leaning southward all the better), give it two or three smart taps on the floor, to shake out any disturbed polarizations that may be in it ; and then holding it as nearly as you can in the direction and dip of the magnetic needle, bring the south or upper end of it near the north of a compass, it would attract the said north very powerfully. But if you then, holding the south where it was, reverse the poker by turning it over, and making that which was the south the north, the north point of the compass will fly, and the whole will be reversed. Those who have been in the habit of travelling in trackless country, get a compass in their heads. How it comes there one cannot very well tell : but it does come, and clear or cloudy, day or night, it

points out the direction with wonderful accuracy. Nature sometimes reverses this compass, without any application of a poker; and so powerful is the impression, that when under its influence, one can hardly persuade one's-self that the midday sun is not due north. What influence the whiskey that John Rose took with him and in him, in order that it might instinctively go to that of which he was in quest, might have had in the matter, there is no knowing; but certain it is that the compass in John's head got sadly out of sorts; and through the live-long day he could not get out of the forest, unless at the point where he entered, to which he came unintentionally more than twenty times; so that, when evening came, there was nothing for John Rose but to make the best of his way home.

The best of a disappointed man's way is not very good, even in the best kept thoroughfare in the world; and those who have had the fortune to be alone in the dark upon the hills of Strathglass, need not be told that the best of John Rose's way, was nothing to be desired or boasted of.

The physical perils in his way were not small; pits, precipices, pools, cataracts, and quagmires; besides the unpleasant yelling of the wild cats, on all sides of him, the sharp bark of the fox upon the hill, and the ear-piercing boom of the bittern from the mire. There were metaphysical alarms too. John was deeply imbued with the superstitions of his country: he heard the mocking- neigh of the "water kelpie" through the mournful wail of the falling stream; and that fellest of imps the *ignis fatuus*, was ever and anon holding up his lantern, to lure John Rose into all sorts of dangerous places.

Still John tottered and trembled on, mingling prayers and curses, till he came to a place more tangled and wild than any he had yet encountered. Here a real light glared upon him for a moment, and as its last flicker stole from him, the little glimmer that the stars cast through the fog, there glided past, plain to his vision, that horrible apparition, the *Bhodaich Ghlais*, the certain harbinger of death. John yelled out; forward he sprang, and the next instant he was many fathoms under the earth, not much stunned by the fall, but so hurt with heat and smoke and sulphur, that he verily believed that he had passed the doom of which the *Bhodaich* had warned him, and entered upon his final retribution in the place of woe.

To suit the action to the place, he began his "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth;" and the instant that these were in full play, a gripe like that of a tiger was upon his throat; a dagger gleamed over him; and a voice which made the earth rock again, exclaimed, "Are you Shohn Rose, ta gaäger?" "A-ay." "Tid ony poty saw you come in?" "No-a." "Then," flourishing the dagger, and dashing John on the floor, "tam ta one shall saw you go out!" The heart of John sank within him, and his recollection did not return till he found himself at the door of his own house, with a whole skin, but bound hand and foot; and so heartily tired of Strathglass, and of those dens of distillation which he had been unable to reach with his will, but had reached against it, that he applied to Rory, his patron, and soon took his departure for another district, amid the jeers and hootings of the people.

John Rose next set up his staff upon the west coast of the Highlands.

It seems, however, that he was destined to give additional force to the proverb, "If you flee from fate, it will follow;" for the rumour of John's zeal outran him, and the story of the subterranean distillery, the *Bhodaich Ghlais* and the dirk, met him on his arrival. He was now, however, in a more open country; there was a company of volunteers, whom he could call upon on any emergency; and, backed by them, John Rose had still hopes that his zeal would be crowned with success, and lead to that promotion which was the operating principle in all his exertions.

In those days, the people on the west coast of the Scotch Highlands were annually supplied with brandy, tea, claret, and various other exciseable commodities, by a smuggling cutter, which came nominally from Guernsey, but which, in reality, was the property of Highlanders, and navigated by a Highlander who knew every creek and bay on the coast. This vessel had carried on her contraband trade for many years, without once having been encountered by the custom-house yacht, which generally contrived to stand off in the direction of the Orkney and Shetland Isles, until the cargo was landed, and the cutter gone.

John Rose resolved to make this same cutter the lever which was to hoist him up to the desired elevation; and from the day of his taking up his abode in his new district, his whole wishes and wits were at work, devising means by which he should seize the cutter. Upon the high seas he had no means of getting, and therefore he had to wait till the prize should come to him; and as his district was the last at which the cutter touched, the capture was delayed, and the value diminished. There is nothing that spins time to such an unbearable length as expectation; but even expectation does not spin it out for ever.

Many a long and weary day did John Rose nestle upon the highest summit of the peninsula—looking wistfully toward the whole sea part of the horizon; and many a fishing-boat from Barra to the Clyde, and kelp-sloop from the Long Island for Liverpool, cheated his expectation ere there was any news of the cutter. The cutter did come, however at last, and had been snugly laid up in a little creek for several days before John Rose was apprized of the fact. When that came to his ears, he called the assistance of his reluctant soldier-craft, the volunteers, and, ensconcing them behind a knoll which was covered with coppice, he directed them to rush forward when he should give the signal. They, or some one else, had, however, given the signal before him; and so, though he went in the costume of a mendicant, the better to conceal his purpose till the proper time came, those on board had notice of his quality and intentions.

John Rose was received with a frankness which, if it had not been for the value of the prize, would have unmanned him for his project; and his spirits were somewhat damped by the array of pikes, pistols, and cutlasses which he saw. No pike was brought to the charge, however, no pistol was cocked, and no cutlass was grasped; the people on board were swinging almost the last tub of brandy overboard; and the weapons of death lay by as harmless as if John Rose had the power of charming them into wreaths of myrtles, roses, and the olive. "They

do not know me now, but they shall know me by and by," whispered John Rose to himself: John was a true prophet, but he did not know it.

Upon the deck of the vessel, there was a small cask of the choicest cogniac, in which there was a crane, and to which a small silver jug was attached. It caught John's attention; and forthwith, as if by magic, he was seated on a camp stool, and the fascinating chalice was at his lips. It was nectar and ambrosia. John Rose quaffed and quaffed again; and at the seventh age of the draught, he essayed to rise for the purpose of making his signal; but the heels of John only rose; the head fell; the cutter sheered out, and sailed with the tide; and when the senses of John Rose came back to him, he was in the wide Atlantic with not even a distant peak in sight. Drowning, or something worse, was his anticipation; but John Rose was not destined to have his exit in that element. They stood across the Bay of Biscay, and landing him at Corunna, gave him dollars to the value of five pounds. With no language, save Gaelic and Scotch, he plodded his way to Oporto; and from thence he returned to England, where he ceases to be matter of history.

SCANDAL OF THE COURT OF NAPOLEON.

Memoires d'une Contemporaine; ou, Souvenirs d'une Femme sur les principaux Personnages de la République, du Consulat, de l'Empire, &c. 6 Vols. en 8vo. Paris 1827—1828. Londres, Dulau.

The desire to pry into the private actions of illustrious persons has become a disease of our times. It is difficult to say whether England or France excel in administering provocatives to this depraved curiosity. We call it *depraved*, because the great object of all the writers of scandalous memoirs, and the great point of *gusto* with all the readers, is, that the commonest order of minds shall be upon a level with the highest, in having cognizance of their vices and foibles; in other words, that all the countless thousands who derive wit and wisdom from circulating libraries, shall degrade every "hero" or man of genius, into a very common-place fellow, by being, with reference to his habits, in the condition of his "valet-de-chambre." This is the secret of the attractive memoir-writing of the present day; and whether the dose be administered to the public debility by the scandal-mongers of Paris or of London, it is equally stimulating, enfeebling, and destructive of the heart and the understanding.

But the seductive draught is still more alluring when we have a chance of beholding the weaknesses of great men in a point where most men are weak. The memoirs of mistresses have ever been attractive, from Ninon de l'Enclos to Ann Bellamy. Our own day has seen such productions rendered a vehicle for the most infamous frauds that the united power of the courtesan and the swindler could devise. The success of an unnameable person in England has, perhaps, in some degree produced the volumes before us. But we must be just. This lady does not record her adventures for the purpose of pillaging

or scandalizing those whom she has, unfortunately for themselves, entrapped into her net. Her destiny brought her acquainted with some remarkable men; and now she is glad to eke out the means of gratification, both of her pocket and her vanity, by writing her reminiscences. The book is as amusing, and perhaps as instructive, as many of more virtuous pretensions. At any rate, it is very curious; and we may therefore, without any dereliction of principle, tell the English public something about a work, which, at this moment, occupies no inconsiderable portion of the attention of the salons of Paris. The confessions of a pretty woman, who has been familiarly known to the most celebrated characters of modern France—who participated in the glories of her chieftains and warriors—has been the friend and confidant of queens and mistresses; who narrates with grace and elegance—who speaks with enthusiasm of her military exploits, and of her amorous adventures with modesty and reserve,—could not fail to obtain a temporary celebrity, and to excite a lively interest, among the frivolous inmates of the boudoirs of that talking city.

The Contemporaine must be an object of great interest to those who are not at once revolted by the style in which the lady has passed her life. Beside the oppressors whom she has known, and whose characters she delineates, and the multitude of events, of busy and tumultuous catastrophes, which she records, this much admired lady has, according to one of her energetic expressions, *lived double*, nearly all her life. Very different from those women who imagine it impossible to love seriously more than once, she being of an *impassionable* nature, and one whose heart frequently beats to escape from her bosom, had, in addition to a husband, whom she married for love, at the age of twelve or thirteen, three other titled lovers, the young Marescot, General Moreau, and Marshal Ney. Besides, "love alone has not filled up the span of her existence," as she was incessantly tormented with the resistless stimulus of curiosity and activity. She was contemporary with all the great events of the revolution, and of the empire; and as she expresses it herself, within the compass of twenty-three years she had witnessed the triumphs of Valency, and the funerals of Waterloo. The following fact is connected with the commencement of her career, and we introduce it because it proves that the martial inclinations of our heroine (for she was a follower of Mars as well as of Cupid) had not closed her heart against the tender feelings, and because, moreover, it tends to exhibit in the clearest light the spirit which animated the generals of France at the commencement of the revolutionary war:—

"Some despatches were now received by General Dessoles, which gave a new turn to our conversation; and, fortunately for myself, proved favourable to the execution of my plan. The subject of these despatches related to some new measures of severity which were to be put in force against such of the emigrants as the French army might make prisoners in Holland. How great was my joy when I heard the principal officers that made part of our society, deplore bitterly the extreme severity of the orders which were conveyed to them, and communicate with each on the means of eluding them! They all concurred in loudly condemning the harshness of General Bournonville, and the connection which he still kept with several of the most violent revolutionists. They all likewise condemned the cruelty of General Vandamme.

'We all certainly desire liberty,' exclaimed Generals Saint-Suzanne, Saint-Cyr, Dessolles, and Grouchy; 'without liberty there is no safety for France, but it must be liberty without the scaffold.' I then by degrees mingled with the conversation, and more than once I had the pleasure of hearing the same generous sentiments repeated in my presence, which animated the breasts of the greatest number of the French officers. But however they might deplore the severity of the laws against the emigrants, the republican officers did not spare their censures on the fatal determination adopted by such vast numbers of Frenchmen who had abandoned their native country, and allied themselves with foreign despots for its subjugation.

"Grouchy, however, remained obstinately silent, though I was very eager to hear his opinion on the subject. I ventured to pronounce a few words in favour of the emigrants, and observed, that they were justified in following the standards of their king, and that besides flight was the only means of safety left to the body of the noblesse from the very commencement of the revolution. 'Madam,' replied Grouchy, 'it was in France that they ought to have reared the royal standard; I belonged to the noblesse myself, yet I have never quitted France; I have continued to serve my country, and my country has never rejected me.' After these few remarks, he remained silent, while the discussion was carried on between the other officers. I afterwards went up to him, and fixing a significant look upon him, I exclaimed, 'Well, general, you whom I was inclined to consider as the most indulgent of all, I now find to be the most cruel.'

"I hung down my head and sighed, as I made this short remark; and as this sigh seemed to reveal to Grouchy the extent of my fears for the two fugitives, and the hopes which I first founded on him, he instantly approached me and said, 'Madam, if they interest you in their favour, I shall consider them less culpable.' I now clearly perceived that he understood my intentions, and a smile on my part was my only reply. 'Ah!' exclaimed Grouchy, 'I would give my life for such a smile.' But I stopped the conversation abruptly, and contented myself with promising him to renew the conversation that evening, at six o'clock, in the garden. Tea was now served up; the ladies, like so many Hebes, were occupied pouring out nectar to these gods of war; and each of them endeavoured to shew off to the best advantage. As for myself, I always entertained great contempt for the routine of house-keeping; and seating myself before an old harpsichord, I endeavoured to cloak the anxiety that overwhelmed my breast under the appearance of extreme gaiety, and began to play some waltz tunes with all possible vivacity and animation. Grouchy displayed more attention than usual, and endeavoured to remove the melancholy which inwardly preyed on my heart, and occasionally appeared upon my brow; and in this effort he frequently succeeded. At the same time, General Desolles amused himself with teaching the beautiful Madame Vandestra the military motions; but at the third 'half face to the right,' the young recruit, not being yet sufficiently drilled, upset the tea-table, and threw down the beautiful Japan porcelain with which it was decked out. This awkward circumstance produced endless bursts of laughter; but in the midst of the general confusion, I distinctly heard these words pronounced in my ear: 'It is now six o'clock—repair to the garden.' I started at the sound, and hung down my head in silence. Grouchy went out; and after a little hesitation, I quitted the apartment, repeating to myself whatever occurred to me to excuse the indiscretion of my conduct.

"It was still day light when I arrived at the place of rendezvous; the general came to meet me with a respectful politeness, and a manner calculated to remove the uneasiness I must have felt at such a proceeding. 'Madam,' said he, 'if it were not for the desire you feel to do some service to others, I should not undoubtedly have the honour of seeing you here. It is my wish to second your generous intentions; but you know the obligations

which honour and duty impose upon me. I am persuaded that you will request nothing contrary to these sacred obligations. Speak, madam, and tell me what I am to do.' 'General,' replied I, 'I want a passport for two of my attendants, who are going to the Texel; they set out to-night.' 'What is that which you require from me? It is not in my power; I am not in command here.' At this flat refusal, my heart was rent with distress. 'Unhappy wretches!' I exclaimed; and renewed my suit with the general, who for some time made no reply; but at last stated to me in a few words all the difficulties that stood in the way of my request; though I must do him the justice to acknowledge, that he did not even once allude to the personal danger which he was liable to incur by such an act of complaisance towards myself. We had now gradually reached the door of a very elegant pavillion, situated at the extremity of the grove, where we were walking. Preparations had been made in it for a musical entertainment in the evening; the weather was cold, and the darkness increased every moment. The pavillion was well lighted; we went in and placed ourselves by the fire side. I then renewed my supplications; I painted in strong colours the afflicting condition of the two emigrants—their extreme misery and distress. Grouchy beheld me in silence, and afterwards sighed and turned away his eyes. At last, after considerable hesitation, he exclaimed, 'They shall get out to-morrow in one of your carriages.' 'Yes,' replied I, 'and they shall be joined by two of their relations, who are also in my service.' A fresh silence succeeded these few words; and as I perceived that I could not bring the general to a formal consent to my request, I employed every form of persuasion, and every expression of esteem and confidence that was justifiable, in order to obtain the signature that was to save the lives of my dependants. The materials for writing were at hand, and Grouchy took up the pen, and repeatedly threw it down again. The time was now rapidly elapsing, and every minute added to the anguish and sufferings of the unhappy fugitives. 'Alas!' cried I, at last, 'you pretended a few minutes ago, that you would give your life for a single smile of mine; but has it since lost all its charm and efficacy in your eyes?' At these words, Grouchy seized my hand with transport, and devoured it with kisses. He then took up the pen and signed the passport. A smile was the remuneration of his kindness."

There is, it must be acknowledged, something very picturesque and interesting in the description of this female; who, at the early age of sixteen or seventeen, was living in the midst of the *états majors* of the republican armies, clad in a military uniform; and who partook, with a degree of nonchalance perfectly feminine, the fatigues of the camp, and the pleasures that usually accompany victory. When she became the mistress of Moreau, she followed him in his marches with the [army of the Sambre and Meuse; and afterwards in the less dangerous occupation of the command of the army of Italy. It is pleasing to read her narrative of the first exploits of the republican armies.

The conquest of Belgium—the moral disposition of the French army—the heroic defence of Lisle, when besieged by the troops of the Coalition, while the inhabitants beheld with indifference the burning of their houses, and vied with the soldiery in acts of bravery—the Austrians compelled to raise the siege after having nearly reduced the city to ashes.—Such were the first military achievements that fired the ambition of the Contemporaine, attached her to the revolution, and made the republican Moreau the hero of her heart.

With the memorable events of the early wars of the republic, our Contemporaine was intimately connected; and she speaks with a

lively admiration of the gallant chiefs who figured so conspicuously at that period of busy warfare. Kleber, Grouchy, Berthier, Pichegru, and Ney, were her intimate friends; and she describes them, as she describes herself, with their virtues and defects. Unfortunately, both in politics and love, constancy is not the predominant quality in the character of our heroine: for a single audience with Napoleon, against whom Moreau had bequeathed her a share of his hatred, was sufficient to banish all her republican principles, and to fasten her as a slave to the victorious car of the great paradox of the revolution. The manner in which this extraordinary metamorphosis was achieved is thus recorded:—

“ I was invited to a grand supper; and as I was repairing to my toilet, I found, to my great astonishment, a note from one of the most intimate friends of the emperor, requiring me to attend at the imperial palace with the person who was sent to me. I could now, if I were writing a romance, give vent to fine expressions of offended virtue, and magnificent terms of refusal and disdain; but I write facts and events resulting from an eccentric and adventurous character. But let that sincerity which makes me spurn at lying and hypocrisy, be allowed in some degree to be a virtue in me, to console me for the absence of the other virtues. I manifested no irresolution, for was not my vanity engaged? But though ambition was not my ruling passion, yet I must confess, that my toilet on this occasion was not neglected; and that my dress displayed ambition, if not my mind. When I arrived at the palace, I found the emperor's friend, who complimented me on my punctuality, and assured me of the high esteem which his majesty entertained for me. ‘It is not necessary for me,’ said he, ‘to dictate to you the language you are to hold; but I venture to recommend to you very gravely, not to be intimidated if you are spoken to about Moreau.’

“ ‘Intimidated!’ cried I. ‘But if I am spoken to about Moreau, or Ney, farewell to his majesty.’

“ ‘Foolish eccentricity,’ cried he. ‘Prevail on yourself to be agreeable, and you will thank me for my advice.’

“ At this very moment a door that I had not perceived was half opened; the emperor's friend withdrew, and I found myself in a closet of ten feet square with one for whom an empire was too scanty. At first there was neither salutation nor compliments; but coming up to me he said, ‘Do you know that you look six years younger here than you do on the stage?’

“ ‘I am happy to find it so.’

“ ‘You were very intimate with Moreau?’

“ ‘Extremely so.’

“ ‘He has committed many follies for your sake.’

“ I made no reply to that observation. The emperor came nearer to me, and we chatted with a little more freedom. He became very agreeable, and I found him so much so that I gradually forgot Moreau, and, what is more, the emperor and king; but the conversation was more brisk than sentimental. It was easy, however, to discover that Napoleon was not a man over whom women could rule; not that he was exempt from weaknesses, but because he was above those blind attachments which prove so ruinous to princes and to states. There never would be any reasonable apprehension, under his sway, that the public treasures would be wasted away to dispel the vapours or the head-ache of a female favourite. He was fully acquainted with my whole history, and the singularity of my life; and he asked me if I was engaged at the theatre of Milan, and intended to continue at it. I replied, that ‘It was my intention to travel into the Tyrol, as soon as the holidays were over.’ He then gave me a very significant glance, and asked if I was not a German. ‘No, sire,’ replied I; ‘I am a native of Italy; but my heart is French.’

He then looked at me more steadfastly ; and after a moment of indecision he he said, in the true style of royal or ministerial nonchalance : ' I shall not forget you.' After this reply in the official style, he disappeared, and I was reconducted by my introducer, who overwhelmed me with questions, to which I replied in a manner to satisfy his curiosity and his benevolence, and we separated very good friends. On my return home I experienced an extraordinary agitation : I was proud, and was now humbled ; and the past seemed to upbraid me for the present. I could not help reflecting, that nine years before I occupied the same palace, since become the imperial residence, with a degree of splendour equal to that enjoyed by its royal inmates ; and I returned from it with a strong impression of admiration for the persecutor of him to whom I was indebted for those honours ; a persecutor who now substituted his own idea in the place of that of the exiled victim. Tormented by these reflections, I was on the point of forming some prudent resolutions, but fatality interposed to check them. Two days elapsed, and I heard no more on the subject. The wounded spirit of vanity amalgamated with the pangs of ennui, when I received a visit from the grand marshal of the palace. He astonished me much more by the magnificence of the present which he brought me, than by the intimation of a second audience with the emperor. I was inclined to refuse a present to which I had no just title ; but Duroc gave me such valid reason for accepting it, that I submitted from excess of loyalty ; asking his opinion, at the same time, whether I should thank the emperor for it. ' Undoubtedly,' said he ; ' otherwise he would ask after you with a degree of peevishness and uneasiness : and would, at any rate, look upon your refusal as a *finesse*, or an offence. The emperor is not like other men ; nor should he be treated like them.' In the evening I repaired to the palace, having received an order to that purpose. My introduction was as before ; but I had a longer time to wait. The grand marshal led me into a spacious apartment, which had rather the appearance of a ministerial office than the boudoir of a prince. The emperor was engaged in signing a vast number of despatches, and only cast a glance at us in coming in. The marshal made me a sign to sit down, and then retired. A long quarter of an hour elapsed before the emperor seemed to recollect my presence ; but turning round on a sudden, without dropping his pen, he observed that I was tired and uneasy. ' That, sire, is impossible,' replied I. ' How impossible ? ' ' Am I not present at the avocations of a great man ? Is not that sufficient ground for interesting my vanity ? ' Upon that I rose, and he did the same ; and approaching me with much more ease and grace than at our former interview, on a sudden he turned towards his bureau, crossed the apartment, and rang the bell, when I saw a mameluke, with several men remaining behind, enter at a door opposite to that by which I had come in. I was so thunderstruck by this sudden apparition, that I did not hear a word ; the eyes of the mameluke were fixed upon me in a frightful manner, and he delivered a packet to the emperor, who turned in silence to his bureau. I arose in a state of uneasiness, and walked about with an air of freedom, as if I did not perceive the emperor coming gently behind me. I soon caught his eye ; he viewed me with glances more expressive of Italian energy than of imperial dignity. I did not attend to the strictness of etiquette, but this freedom only rendered him more agreeable than usual, and our familiar conversation was prolonged, without being observed by him or myself, till two o'clock in the morning. ' Then, sire, it seems you do not sleep ? ' observed I. ' As little as possible,' replied he. * *Whatever is stolen from sleep, is added to our real existence.*

" In speaking of so extraordinary a man, the most minute particulars possess a certain degree of interest, and therefore I hope to be excused for a few details. Much has been said about his blunt and abrupt manner, but hatred has dictated those remarks. Undoubtedly Napoleon was not a great man after the lady style, but his gallantry, inasmuch as it possessed a shade of originality, became more pleasing and seductive ; it charmed because it was

all his own. He never told a woman that she was beautiful, but he detailed her charms with the taste and discrimination of an artist.

"It has been also observed that his complexion had a disagreeable tinge, which is visible in men of colour, but this was not the case; those who have seen him near will join their testimony with mine in contradiction to that report. Napoleon appeared to me in a better light as emperor than as consul. His countenance acquired dignity in the former rank without losing its original simplicity; his glance was deeply penetrating; and the fine outlines of his profile especially recalled the idea of Cesarian dignity, as indicative of imperial pre-eminence. His hands, which were spoken so highly of, did not belie their character; and I did not fail to make a remark at their astonishing whiteness, a compliment which he replied to with a smile resembling that of a pretty woman. Thus, even in the most superior characters, there is always a little niche for childish vanity."

From this interview, Napoleon occurred to our heroine as the greatest man of the age. The concentrated rays of glory emanating from genius, military renown, and vast achievements, played round his brows. "He was the victorious warrior, the sovereign legislator; and even his military enterprises were acts of profound political wisdom." Henceforth her enthusiasm for him knew no bounds. She no longer recollected the Moreau, in whom, she says, she had always rather a protector than a lover: she even was on the point of forgetting Ney himself; the only man to whom it was allotted "to inspire her with that exalted love, that towering passion that repays with tortures for a momentary period of happiness." Napoleon himself was not insensible to so much devotion and tenderness; the Contemporaine received from him a very magnificent present, and was placed at a later period, by his all-powerful protection, with the Princess Eliza.

When we read the long list of the various personages that the Contemporaine harnessed to her car of victory, we are convinced that she must have been, at least, beautiful; and, that at the period which she styles, the "Saturnalia of the Directory," she must have shared with Mesdames Recamier and Tallien, the admiration of the circles of Paris. After the death of her husband, whom her conjugal infidelities had precipitated into the grave, Moreau revealed his intention to her, "to raise her to the rank which she might justly claim in the world, and the privileges of that public estimation which she had wantonly sacrificed." At the very moment, when, as she expresses it herself, "she had fallen not only from her claims to consideration, but was placed, by general opinion, among that class of females, whose beauty is their only merit and their only fortune," Marshal Ney loved her to distraction. Grouchy, at her request, had hazarded the dangers of the scaffold by assisting the escape of two emigrants. Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely reckoned her among the number of his dearest friends, and used to read to her, (as Molière did to his servant maid,) all the speeches which he had to deliver, in the Legislative Chamber, or at the Academy; and when she manifested an intention to appear on the boards of the Theatre Français, he gave her some excellent instructions in declamation, which, however, did not prevent her from being hissed. Talleyrand carried his gallantry towards our heroine so very far, as to roll up her hair in

banknotes in the guise of papillotes. Bonaparte, to use her own terms, "preserved a delicious recollection" of her while he lived; and even the austere physiognomy of Fouché melted before her eyes.

In reading the narratives of the various campaigns in which the Contemporaine was engaged, we are compelled to allow her the merit of bravery and courage. While she was yet a child, she shared in the triumphs of Valmy; and when more advanced in life, she was present at the sanguinary battle of Eylau, where being engaged in the thickest of the fray, "she received a stab over the left eye which covered her face with blood," on which Ney exclaimed, "Now we are truly comrades in arms;—that deserves the cross!" She was, also, engaged in the dismal campaign of Russia, in which she shot a Cossack; and in that of 1814, "My countenance," says she, "was known to all the grenadiers of the Old Guard." She was witness to the abdication at Fontainebleau: she beheld, as Napoleon reviewed the guard, "the big tears falling on the mustachioes of the oldest grenadiers." She even beheld the tears dropping from the noble eyes of the emperor himself, who then appeared so beautiful to her, that she was on the point of throwing herself on her knees before him, and making him an offer of her remaining days for his service. Last of all, she was present at Waterloo, where she was covered with dust and glory, and after the battle she returned to Paris to repair the ravages of her toilet, and to offer to Napoleon, who was then confined at Malmaison, "an heroic and royal counsel; something very generous, grand, and gigantic." What this counsel was, she does not state, but gives us to understand that the great man, whom she found feeble and dejected, had not resolution enough to follow her advice, and on that occasion displayed less courage than a woman. After this most awful crisis, the Contemporaine, finding herself useless in the field of love and glory, devoted herself to the cause of the unfortunate, and to the practice of diplomatic intrigues.

It was under the princess Eliza, the beloved sister of Napoleon, who ruled over Tuscany, like a true Semiramis, that our heroine served her apprenticeship to the difficult trade of the Metternichs and Talleyrands. Profiting by the privileges usually granted to crowned heads, Eliza, though married to the old adjutant Bacciochi, had nevertheless lovers by the dozens, and it was to bring back to her the handsome Count Cenesi Albizzi, who had fled from her chains, that our heroine received her first mission to the court of Murat, where the faithless lover had taken refuge, whom she, as she represents, brought back repentant to the feet of the grand duchess. It appears that this successful essay, and the compliments and presents that resulted from it, inspired our Contemporaine with a strong inclination for diplomacy; and, if we may believe her half-official hints, we should suspect her of having had a share in the return of Napoleon from Elba. M. Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, to whom she never ceased to repeat, after the first return of the Bourbons, "Are my attachment and devotion required?—I am ready to devote myself to the cause," had once invited her to a breakfast party, composed of military men, at which politics were most formidably introduced; and "entre la poire et le fromage." Nothing less was talked of

than a change of all the reigning dynasties of Europe; and in all these plans of universal regeneration, an assurance of success was manifest, and a confidence "that overruled my imagination, volcanic as it is by its own nature and constitution. The voice of these brave men resounded like the shout of victory." The champagne, which produced its usual effects, made it plain to our Contemporaine, that the valiant men with whom she breakfasted, were privy to the intentions of Napoleon, and that he only waited for a favourable moment to re-occupy his throne. Being totally devoted to the interests of the hero, "who had loved her for a moment," she scrupled not to promote the designs of Regnault and his friends. Being then a conspirator without knowing it, she set out for the island of Elba. She went ashore there, and "a certain dignity of manner, acquired by mingling largely with the great world, an advantage which the theatrical profession rather increases than diminishes," caused her to be taken for the empress! She visited the man who had loved her for a moment, returned to Paris, and distinguished herself on 20th March by her zeal in favour of her hero. At the close of that day, on which she had displayed such ardour for the Bonapartists, she returned home "harassed with happiness."

The ceremony in the Champ de Mars, during which she was so deeply agitated, that she assures us, that had she possessed the virtues of Iphigenia, she would have consented to be immolated as a victim for the welfare of all, and for the welfare "of one;"—the battle of Waterloo, in which she introduces groups of celebrated soldiers around the emperor; and the second abdication of Napoleon; the death of Murat; and all the particulars of the arrest, trial, condemnation, and execution of Marshal Ney, occupy the last part of the sixth volume.

The memoirs of our Contemporaine have obtained a high degree of success, but that circumstance does not excite our surprise. For we meet in them with several valuable and curious points of information respecting the political history of France, with a great number of particulars of the public and private life of Napoleon, and other conspicuous characters, who have figured away during the revolution, and under the imperial regime. Yet we still indulge the privileges of laughing (a right which we justly claim) at the parade which she makes of her disinterestedness, and her military prowess and achievements; at her extravagant amours, and the air of mystery in which she shrouds several of her personages. However the Memoirs of Madame Ida Saint Elme (for that is the true name of the Contemporaine), if not the best written, and most instructive, are at least as amusing and interesting as any that have appeared for a considerable time.—She may be as great a falsifier as Madame Genlis; but she has not the vice of hypocrisy.

1828.]

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, FROM JANUARY 20, TO FEBRUARY 19.

Days of Week and Month.	Luna- tions.	Barometer.		Thermometer.		Winds.	Atmospheric Variations.		Prevailing Modified or Cloud.
		Neon.	94 h. A.M.	94 h. A.M.	84 P.M.	Neon.	94 h. A.M.	84 P.M.	
JAN. Sun. 20		28.72	51° 5	45°		S.W.	Serene.	Serene.	Cirrus, Cirrostratus.
Mon. 21		28.66	43	45		S.W.	Hazy.	Serene.	Cirrostratus.
Tues. 22		28.52	51	46.75		S.W.	Clear.	Cloudy.	Ditto and Cirrocumulus.
Wed. 23	D	28.87	49	46		S.W.	Serene.	Serene.	Cirrostratus.
Thur. 24		28.82	49	49		W.	Hazy.	Hazy.	Ditto.
Frid. 25		28.94	51.5	50		S.W.	Hazy.	Wet.	Ditto.
Sat. 26		29.02	48	45		W.	Serene.	Clear.	Ditto.
Sun. 27		29.62	48	43		S.W.	Serene.	Clear.	Ditto.
Mon. 28		29.32	49.5	42.5		S.	Hazy.	Wet.	Ditto.
Tues. 29		28.94	55.5	41		S.W.	Clear.	Clear.	Ditto.
Wed. 30		28.36	42.75	39.5		S.W.	Clear.	Cloudless.	Cirrus, Cirrocumulus.
Thur. 31		28.42	46	49.75		S.	Hazy.	Wet.	Ditto.
FEB. Frid. 1		28.66	51	48		S.W.	Moist.	Clear.	Cirrostratus.
Sat. 2		28.44	50	42.5		N.W.	Foggy.	Clear.	Ditto.
Sun. 3		28.36	43.5	42.75		W.	Serene.	Cloudless.	Ditto.
Mon. 4		28.44	49.75	48.5		S.W.	Hazy.	Hazy.	Cirrocumulus.
Tues. 5		28.45	49.5	51		S.W.	Cloudy.	Cloudy.	Ditto.
Wed. 6		28.46	53	51		S.W.	Hazy.	Cloudy.	Ditto.
Thur. 7		28.55	45	50		S.W.	Hazy.	Cloudy.	Ditto.
Frid. 8		28.24	43	40.5		N.E.	Serene.	Clear.	Ditto.
Sat. 9		28.25	43	40		N.	Fazy.	Rainy.	Cirrostratus.
Sun. 10		28.02	36.5	32.5		N.E.	Hazy.	Clear.	Ditto.
Mon. 11		28.05	33.5	31.5		N.E.	Snow.	Hazy.	Ditto.
Tues. 12		28.06	31	30.5		N.E.	Snow.	Hazy.	Ditto.
Wed. 13		28.25	31.5	33		S.W.	Foggy.	Foggy.	Ditto.
Thur. 14		29.15	34	33		W.	Cloudy.	Snow.	Ditto.
Frid. 15		29.25	37	35.75		Variable.	Serene.	Serene.	Cloudless.
Sat. 16		29.26	37	37.5		S.E.	Serene.	Foggy.	Cymoid Cirrostratus.
Sun. 17		29.56	40.5	33.75		Variable.	Serene.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus.
Mon. 18		29.42	35.5	36.5		Variable.	Foggy.	Rain.	Cumulus.
Tues. 19		29.25	46	41.5		S.E.	Serene.	Serene.	Ditto.

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
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CANALS.	Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.	Amt. paid.	Per share.
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Huddersfield	57	18	Globe	100	150
Kennet and Avon	40	29 5	Guardian	100	10
Lancaster	47	25	Hope	50	5
Leeds and Liverpool	100	392	Imperial	500	50
Oxford	100	700	Ditto Life	100	10
Regent's	40	25	Law Life	100	10
Rochdale	85	100	London	25	12 10
Stafford and Worcester	140	800	Protector	20	2
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Worcester ditto	78	54			
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Commercial	100	81	Anglo-Mexican	100	90
East India	100	92	Bolanos	300	225
London	100	88 5	Brazilian	100	20
St. Catherine's	100	70	Colombian	100	22 10
West India	100	206	Mexican	100	23
			Real Del Monte	450	410
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Grand Junction	50	62	MISCELLANEOUS.		
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			Colombian ditto		
GAS COMPANIES.			General Steam Navigation ..	100	13
City of London	100	90	Irish Provincial Bank	100	25
Ditto, New	100	50	Rio De la-Plata Company ..		
Phoenix	50	31	Van Dieman's Land Ditto ..	100	5
Imperial	50	43 10	Reversionary Interest Society	100	70
United General	50	40	Thames Tunnel Company ..	50	46
Westminster	50	53	Waterloo Bridge	100	5
			Vauxhall Bridge		

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press, *The Americans As They Are*. Exemplified in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi; embracing Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, &c. By the Author of "*Austria As It Is*."

A new edition of the *Adventures of Naufragus* is in the press, and will be ready in a few weeks.

In the press, *Gomez Arias, or the Moors of the Alpujarras*; a Spanish Historical Romance. By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Holland.

In the press, *Observations on Projections*, and a Description of a Georama; by Mr. Delanglard, Member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and Inventor &c. of the Georama there.

Shortly will be published the *First Lines of Philosophical and Practical Chemistry*, including the recent Discoveries and Doctrines of the Science; by Mr. J. S. Forsyth, author of many useful and popular medical works.

On the first of April, in one vol. 12mo. with plates and map, *Private Journal of a Voyage to the Pacific Ocean, and a Residence in the Sandwich Islands during the Years 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825*, by C. S. Stewart, late American Missionary at the Sandwich, with an Introduction and occasional Notes by the Rev. W. Ellis.

Preparing for publication, and will appear in the course of a few weeks, in 18mo. Too Early, and Too Late; a collection of Poetical Pieces, by Mrs. C. E. Richardson.

To be published by subscription, The Life and Travels of the Marchioness de Solari, 3 vols. 8vo.

The new edition of the Anatomy of Drunkenness, by Robert Mac Nish, is announced for publication. It will now extend to more than double the size of the original work.

Speedily will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo. with a Map, &c. Researches in South Africa; by the Rev. John Phillip, D. D. Superintendant of the Missions of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, &c.

In the press, Tales for my Young Friends; translated from the French of M. Bouilly. Shortly, Penelope, or Love's Labour Lost.

Nearly ready, A Guide through Belgium and Italy.

An Illustrated Annual, to be edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts, and entitled, The New Year's Gift, will, we understand, be published in the course of the ensuing season.

The Juvenile Forget Me Not for 1829, is in preparation, and will appear in November.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is preparing the first of a series of volumes under the title of The Anniversary; or Poetry and Prose for 1829. The work will, under the superintendence of Mr. Sharpe, be illustrated with engravings from the most celebrated pictures of the British school.

A Second Edition of Hamilton's East India Gazetteer, enlarged and improved, and brought down to the end of 1827. In 2 vols. 8vo. with 2 maps.

In the press. A Translation of Conde's History of the Dominion of the Arabs and Moors in Spain; from the French of M. de Marlés.

Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants, Lodging-House Keepers, and Lodgers; with a Summary of the Law of Distress, &c. will appear in March; by the Author of Plain Instructions for Executors and Administrators.

Mr. Emerson, one of the authors of a Picture of Greece in 1825, has nearly ready for the press, an Historical View of the Greek Revolution from its Origin to the Battle of Navarino, illustrated by maps, plates, and plans of the principal fortresses.

Burghley Papers. We have great pleasure in announcing that from the progress made by the Rev. Dr. Nares in his laborious and highly important Memoirs of the great Lord Treasurer Burghley, as well as from the advanced state of the embellishments, it is probable the work will be ready for publication early in the month.

The Manual of Rank and Nobility, or Key to the Peerage, combining the Origin and History of all the various Titles, Orders and Dignities, Armorial Bearings, Heraldic Emblems, Rights of Inheritance, Degrees of Precedence, Court Etiquette, &c. &c. of the British Nobility, is now nearly ready for publication.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus, translated from the Original Sanscrit; together with an Account of the Dramatic System of the Hindus, Notices of their different Dramas, &c. By H. H. Wilson, Esq. Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, &c. In 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s. boards.

Ad Clericos. Conciones sacre viginti quinque nunquam antea in lucem prolatae, de rebus ad Vitam pie sancteque agendam pertinentibus arte Lithographica nitidissime impressae.

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